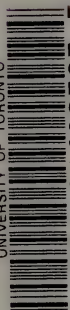


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History of SOUTH AFRICA and the

BOER-BRITISH WAR

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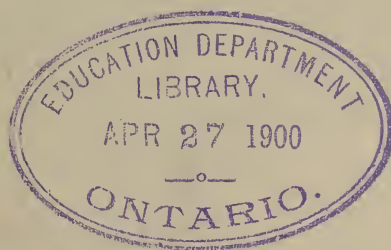


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History of South Africa and the **Boer=British War.**

Blood and Gold in Africa.

The Matchless Drama of the Dark Continent from Pharaoh to "Oom Paul."

The Transvaal War and the Final Struggle between Briton and Boer over the Gold of Ophir.

A Story of Thrilling Romance and Adventure among Wild Beasts and Wilder Men, in Search of Sport and Gems and Gold.

Profusely and Superbly Illustrated with Photographs, Sketches and Maps from Official Sources.

Written and Edited by

Henry Houghton Beck,

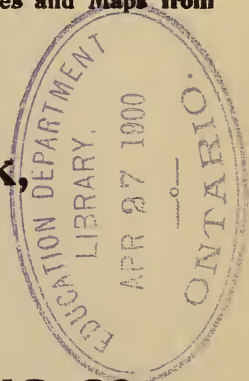
Author of "Famous Battles," "The Greco-Turkish War," "Cuba's Fight for Freedom and the War with Spain," etc., etc.

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PREFACE.

THE century ends in war. The next to the last year of it was marked by a gathering of the Powers at The Hague to make plans for the maintenance of peace. But at the very moment when that august and benevolent assembly was deliberating upon its task, the elements of war were vigorously at work. Nor was the latter on a small scale. A war was in menace which was destined to overshadow half the world.

For ages Africa has been the wonder-continent of the globe. "Ever comes something new from Africa," said Pliny, and his words hold true to-day. After centuries of adventure, discovery, and what not else, that continent is made at the end of the nineteenth century the battle-ground on which is to be decided the fate of the greatest empire the world has ever seen.

That is the paramount feature of the case. The strife between Briton and Boer in South Africa is an old one. It had its origin a century ago. The discovery of diamond mines at Kimberley, surpassing those of old Golconda, roused it into new activity. The discovery, or rediscovery, of the gold mines of ancient Ophir, whence King Solomon drew his unrivaled wealth, brought it to a crisis. But it was not a mere strife between Briton and Boer.

For many a year Cape Town, the British metropolis in South Africa, had dreamed her dream, as Kipling has put it, of "one land from Lion's Head to Line." Similarly, the sturdy Dutchmen of the Transvaal and Orange State, with not a few of those of Cape Colony itself, had dreamed of one day undoing the ancient British conquest, of driving the hated British away from the Cape, and of making of all South Africa a purely Dutch confederation.

For the accomplishment of these ends, both parties worked. The British were over-confident of their strength. They reckoned that they were bound to win, and that by the steady influx of their settlers they would gain control of the land. The Boers were more shrewd. They guarded against British political control by passing

laws forever excluding British and American and all English-speaking settlers from citizenship, and they prepared to execute their plans with force and arms by secretly developing great military potency.

It was in the penultimate year of the century that the crash came. In October, 1899, the war began. To-day, as this volume is issued in the beginning of 1900, it is still raging fiercely, with a promise, or a threat, to continue through the year, to the century's end.

The purport of the present book is to present the history of the origin of that war, and to narrate the story of the actual conflict as it rages. While these pages are being written battles that may decide the fate of the Empire are being fought. The emergency is unique, and must be met in unique fashion. Mankind cannot wait a generation for a history of such a war. The history must come hot from the press, as the cannon-shot comes hot from the deadly tube,

In the performance of this task, writer and publisher have spared no pains. It is necessarily a case of "history written while you wait." The first edition must be given to the waiting world before the issues of the war are fully decided. The writer must tell his story in the present tense. It is not the war that was, but the war that is. When the last chapter is written, and the last edition sent forth, the war will be done. Until that time, the historian is the chronicler of the day's doings, awaiting the morrow for the continuation of his tale.

Never, perhaps, was history written from more romantically-gained advices. One correspondent sends his contribution from a beleaguered city under the wings of a carrier dove. Another sends his by a lithe native runner, who slips through the enemy's lines at risk of life. A third gives his bulletin in flashes of fire upon the sky, read thirty miles away. And all come quivering over the thousands of leagues of wire, stretched on the deep sea floor, to where the historian, and the typesetter, and the lightning press, wait to put them into the finished form of a book for a million eager readers.

Such is the present work. As such it is commended to the public that awaits it as the contemporaneous record of one of the most momentous wars the present generation has beheld.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

The Dawn of History—Origin of Egypt—Israel in Egypt—The Plagues of Egypt—The Mystery of the Nile—The Persian Conquest—The Christian Era—Growth of Egyptian Commerce—Alexander the Great—The Ptolemies—The Founding of Carthage—Growth of Carthage—The Opening of Africa—The Punic Wars—Hannibal—Invasion of Italy—The Defeat of Carthage—The Fall of Hannibal—Rebuilding Carthage—The Last Struggle—"Carthago Defenda Est"—The Final Scene—Cæsar and Pompey—Antony and Cleopatra.....	PAGE 17
---	------------

CHAPTER II.

The Mohammedan Invasion and Colonization of Africa—The Mohammedan Invasion—Mohammedan Colonization—The Coming of the Portuguese—War in Morocco—Henry the Navigator—Explorations and Conquests—Trade in Slaves and Gold—Vasco Da Gama—Prester John's Kingdom—The West Coast and the Congo—The Kingdom of Congo—On the East Coast—Advent of the Dutch in Africa—Foundation of Cape Colony—Trouble with the Natives—French Huguenots at the Cape—Growth of the Colony—Trouble with the Kaffirs—A Bankrupt Colony—British Seizure and Annexation—Story of South Africa	38
--	----

CHAPTER III.

Early Explorers of the Dark Continent—Early Explorers—Greeks and Romans—Ptolemy—Portuguese Explorers—Exploring South Africa—British Adventurers—Seeking the Source of the Nile—Timbuctoo—Mungo Park—Dutch Settlements—Portuguese Activities—The British in South Africa—Congo and Niger—French Explorers—The Sahara and Soudan—Lander's Work in Nigeria—Borrioboola-Gha—British Enterprise—Barth's Great Work	57
---	----

CHAPTER IV.

The Dutch Settlements at the Cape of Good Hope—A Despotie System—Growth of the Colony—British Acquisition—Establishing British Rule—Origin of the Boers—The Missionaries—Increasing Colonization—Friction between the Briton and Boer—The Slave Question—Effects of Emancipation.....	74
---	----

CHAPTER V.

Chaka, the Zulu Tyrant—Chaka Comes to the Throne—A Bloody Beginning—The Zulu Army—The Deadly Assegai—Schemes of Conquest—The Zulu Government—A Reign of Terror—At the Height of his Power—Scenes of Slaughter—Chaka's Dream—The Crowning Infamy—The Tyrant's End—The World's Worst Monster.....	PAGE 83
---	------------

CHAPTER VI.

The Great Trek—Triecharde begins the Exodus—Settling the Transvaal—Moselekatshe—War with the Matabeles—An Awful Massacre—A Bloody Struggle—Losses of the Boers—A Campaign of Vengeance—An Unfortunate Halt—"Trekking" in Earnest—Dissensions Arise—In Dingaan's Country—A Savage Trick—The Slaughter of the Boers—Massacre at the Camp—Flight of the Missionaries—Invading Zululand—Death of Uys—Another Disaster—Zulu Raids—To the Rescue—Action of the Government—A Halt in the Campaign.....	96
---	----

CHAPTER VII.

The Great Kaffir War—A Change of Policy—Advance in Education—The "War of the Axe"—Sir Harry Smith—Missionaries and Convicts—Witch Doctors Cause Trouble—British Disasters—The Birkenhead—Progress of the War—Sir George Grey—The Kosa Kaffirs—A Disastrous Movement—Sending Aid to India—South African Federation—Progress at the Cape—The Discovery of Diamonds—End of Kaffir Troubles	118
---	-----

CHAPTER VIII.

Dingaan and the Dutch—"Dingaan's Day"—Fall of Dingaan—British Jealousies—Natal Seized by the British	136
--	-----

CHAPTER IX.

Progress of the Republic—Prosperity—Rise of the Transvaal—Pretorius and Kruger—British Annexation—Opposition of the Boers—The War for Independence	141
--	-----

CHAPTER X.

The Zulu War—Moving Against the Zulus—The Zulus Defeated—Invasion of Zululand—End of the War—Boer Seizure of Zululand—In-	
---	--

crease of Cape Colony—Basutoland—The Basuto War—The Basutos and the Orange Free State—Annexation of Basutoland—Bechuana- land	PAGE 148
---	-------------

CHAPTER XI.

Outbreak of the First Boer War—Outbreak of the War—Disaster for the British—Advance of the Boers—Defence of Potchefstroom—Fierce Assaults—Colley's Campaign—Sympathy with the Boers—The Rival Forces—Laing's Nek—Ingogo—British Reinforcements—Majuba Hill —The British Routed—End of the War—Compensation for Losses —Transvaal Finances.....	159
---	-----

CHAPTER XII.

The Conventions Between Great Britain and the Boers—Suzerainty—Mr. Gladstone on Blood-Guiltiness—The Convention of 1884—The Trans- vaal Constitution—The State Church—The President—The Army— The Judges—The Second Volksraad—Purport of the Constitution— The Orange Constitution.....	173
---	-----

CHAPTER XIII.

The Explorations and Missionary Work of Livingstone—Burton and Speke —Up the Nile—Baker and His Work—Livingstone in Zambezia— Stanley's First Venture—Dr. Rohlfs—Dr. Nachtigal—Miss Tinne— Paul Du Chaillu—Serpa Pinto—Dr. Schweinfurth—On the Zambezi —The "Scramble for Africa"—Rhodesia—Joseph Thomson—Stanley and Emin Pasha—West Africa—Somaliland	184
--	-----

CHAPTER XIV.

The Transvaal Parliament—Secret Sitzings—The Favorite Topic—Kru- ger's Influence—The Second Raad—What the Members are Like— The Cape Parliament—Plenty of Room—The Sessions—Winter Ses- sions	199
--	-----

CHAPTER XV.

The Famous Diamond Mines of Kimberley—A Unique Scene—Discovery of the Diamonds—View of the Mines—How they are Worked— "Spreading the Blue"—Washing Out the Stones—Searching the Work- ers—In the Offices—Who Owned the Stone?.....	206
---	-----

CHAPTER XVI.

Cecil Rhodes—Made by Diamonds—His Only Chance—Mr. Rhodes and General Gordon—Dealing with the Basutos—Making a Dream Come True—A Fitting Leader—The Jameson Raid—Never Caught Napping—In the Matoppos Hills—In the Savage Council—Talking with the Savages—A Daring Speech—The Making of Peace—A Conqueror—A Typical Empire Builder.....	PAGE 212
---	-------------

CHAPTER XVII.

The Cape-to-Cairo Railroad Scheme—From Cape Town to Cairo—The Road now in Operation—The Next Stage—On the Lakes—The Final Stretch—Some Account of the Country—North of the Zambezi—In the Highlands—Lake Tanganyika	222
---	-----

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Story of Khartoum—The Time of Change—The Rise of the Mahdi—The Soudan in the Mahdi's Hands—The Mahdi Comes to Khartoum—The Siege of Khartoum—The Effect of Abu Klea—The Death of Gordon—The Death of the Mahdi—The Rule of the Khalifa—The End of it All—Adowa—Kassala—The Victory at Firket—Up to the Atbara—The Atbara Campaign—The Night March—The Battle of the Atbara—The Final Advance on Khartoum—The Concentrating Point—The Shabluka Cataract—The Sirdar's Calculations—The Battle of Omdurman, September 2, 1898—With Sword and Spear and Banner as of Old—The First Attack—The Second Dervish Attack—The Final Advance—The Sirdar Enters Omdurman—In Memory of Gordon.....	232
---	-----

CHAPTER XIX.

The Great Chartered Companies—Origin of the Matabeles—First Steps toward Colonization—The South Africa Company—Trouble with Lobengula—The Shangani Patrol—"Men of Men They Were"—Fall of the Native Power—The Last Struggle—Railroad Building—Up to the Lakes	252
---	-----

CHAPTER XX.

Discovery of Gold—"The Rand"—Johannesburg—The Outlanders—Origin of the Transvaal Wealth—Adventures—Features of the Mining Region—How the Gold is Found—Cost and Profit—Equipment of the Mines—In the Assay Office.....	262
--	-----

CHAPTER XXI.

Grievances of the Outlanders—Equal Privileges Promised in 1881—Changing the Law—How the Promise was Kept—Condition of Citizenship—Allegiance, and Nothing in Return—The Agitation for Redress—Another Turn of the Screw—The Demands of the Outlanders—Beginning Agitation.....	PAGE 270
--	-------------

CHAPTER XXII.

The Story of Delagoa Bay—Great Britain Gets the Bay—MacMahon Against England—Impossible Condition—Slow Work in Court.....	277
---	-----

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Story of the Jameson Raid—Services Among Savages—A Fine Administrator—Fighting the Matabeles—How the Raid Began—Inspired by Clive—Preparations for the Raid—Recruiting a Motley Host—On the March—The Raid Condemned—Progress of the Raiders—The Battle of Krugersdorp—The Boers "Lie Low"—A Desperate Charge—A Bad Night—The End of the Game—How the Raiders were Trapped—The White Flag—Treatment of the Raiders—A Tell-tale Letter—Magnanimity of President Kruger—Handed Over to the British—Punishment of the Raiders—The Transvaal's Bill.....	283
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIV.

Renewed Agitation—The Outlander Petition—The Mining Industry—Interference with Justice—Conduct of the Police—Summary of Grievances—The Right of Public Meeting—The Reply to the Petition—Arrests by the Boers—Failure of the Conference—Schemes and Counter-schemes—Suggesting Another Conference—The Final British Proposal—Acceptance Urged—The Offer Rejected—Attitude of the Orange State.....	302
--	-----

CHAPTER XXV.

General Joubert's Address to Queen Victoria—The Boers' Discontent—The 1815 Rebellion—The Trek from the Colony—The Dangers of the Wilderness—First Kaffir Engagement—Ill-fated Trekkers—The Dingaan Massacre—Visit of Captain Jarvis—Defeat of Dingaan—The English Occupation—Emigrant Boers Resist—Antagonism to British Rule—The Boomplaats Engagement—Sand River Treaty—The Disruption—War with England—The Retrocession—Discovery of Gold—Discontent in Johannesburg—Mr. Chamberlain's Statements.....	315
---	-----

CHAPTER XXVI.

"Oom Paul"—Taking Part in the "Great Trek"—A Panther Fight—Rising to Leadership—Leader of the Transvaal—The Rush for Gold—Personal Appearance—His House and His Lions—Mr. Kruger's Wealth—Hardihood and Hunting Prowess—Characteristic Incidents—Kruger's Diplomacy—A Curious Combination.....	PAGE 339
--	-------------

CHAPTER XXVII.

Boer Leaders—Joubert and Kruger—A Much Camera'd Man—How He Helped Kruger's Election—A Great Letter Writer—The Boer Ambassador—A Man of Craft—His Rise to Power—A Social Leader—Sent Abroad—A Boer Judge—Secretary Reitz—Landdrost Smith—A Boer Jingo—A German Officer.....	348
--	-----

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Negotiations Ended—Reaction at Pretoria—Moving for Action—Preparing for the Plunge—The Boer Ultimatum—Complaints Against England—Military Menaces—The Final Demand—"All South Africa"—An Afrikaner Nation.....	358
--	-----

CHAPTER XXIX.

Sir Alfred Milner, British Governor of the Cape—Beginning a Great Career—In Politics—A Born Diplomatist—Personal Traits—The British Commander—In the Thick of It—From Sheer Fatigue—Buller and the Drunkard—Buller on Colley's Blunder.....	369
---	-----

CHAPTER XXX.

Outbreak of the War—The Great Exodus—Commandeering—A Multitude of Exiles—British Preparations—Under-rating the Boers—Beginning the War.....	379
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Boer Advance—The First Shot—Hot Fighting—On the Hill—General Symons's Courage—A Comical Sight—Abandoning Dundee—Flight of the People—A Veritable Panic—Entry of the Boers—Scenes of Loot—Boers in Full Control.....	386
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Battle of Elandslaagte—Elandslaagte—A Challenge—Shot After Shot—An Ingenious Device—The Infantry Charge—Incidents of the Charge—"Most Awfully Proud of My Regiment"—"War is a Funny Game, Mother"—Explosive Ammunition Effects—A Boer Soldier's Story—The British Attack—Gordon's Final Rush—Col. Chisholme. . .	PAGE 394
--	-------------

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Battle of Rietfontein, or Tinta in Inyoni—Rietfontein—The Fiercest of the Fight—Valor of the Boers—A Victory of Strategy—The Retreat from Dundee—Moving in the Rain—Shell Took Effect—Party of Boers—A Narrow Escape—A Night March—An Anxious Time—Tired Out and Sleepy—The Imperturbable British Soldier—A Trying Experience—More Misadventures.	408
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXIV.

The Boers Advance to the Siege of Ladysmith—Beginning the Battle—Among the Hills—A Desperate Conflict—An Artillery Duel—Good Work of the Boer Guns—The Navy to the Rescue—A Heavy Loss. . .	419
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXV.

Sending a British Army to South Africa—Feeding the Army—The Hospital Ship "Maine"—The Ship of Mercy—Arrival of General Buller.	427
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Boer Advance—The Defender of Mafeking—Defying the Boers—An Armored Train Fight—A Unique Scene—Falling Back in Good Order—Small Losses—In a Beleagured Town—Boers and Natives—The Kimberley Pot—At Ladysmith.	433
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Plan of General Buller's Campaign—Lord Methuen's Advance—Belmont—A Gallant Charge—Graspan and Enslin—The Great Charge—A Rude Surprise—Marvelous Valor on Both Sides—Modder River—The Boer Position—Fully 10,000 Boers—The British Advance—Terrible Shell and Rifle Fire—It Simply Rained Bullets—Rushes for the River—A Welcome Reinforcement—Cavalry in Pursuit of Cronje.	441
---	-----

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Situation in Natal—Naval Batteries for Inland Work—Estcourt— The Armored Train—The Boer Advance—Disaster to the Train— A Correspondent's Work—The Naval Batteries on Land—Good Work of the Guns—Gun Mottoes—A Brilliant Sortie—Surprising the Boers—Destruction of the Gun—The Return to Camp.	451
--	-----

CHAPTER XXXIX.

A Week of British Disasters—Meeting the Foe—Forced to Retire— Magersfontein—Making the Attack—Fine Work of the Boers— Heroic Deeds—Dreadful Losses—The Third Disaster	461
---	-----

CHAPTER XL.

Great Britain Roused to Action—Great British Preparations—Lord Rob- erts—The Hero of Kandahar—Lord Kitchener—Winning His Way —The March to Khartoum—MacDonald.	468
--	-----

CHAPTER XLI.

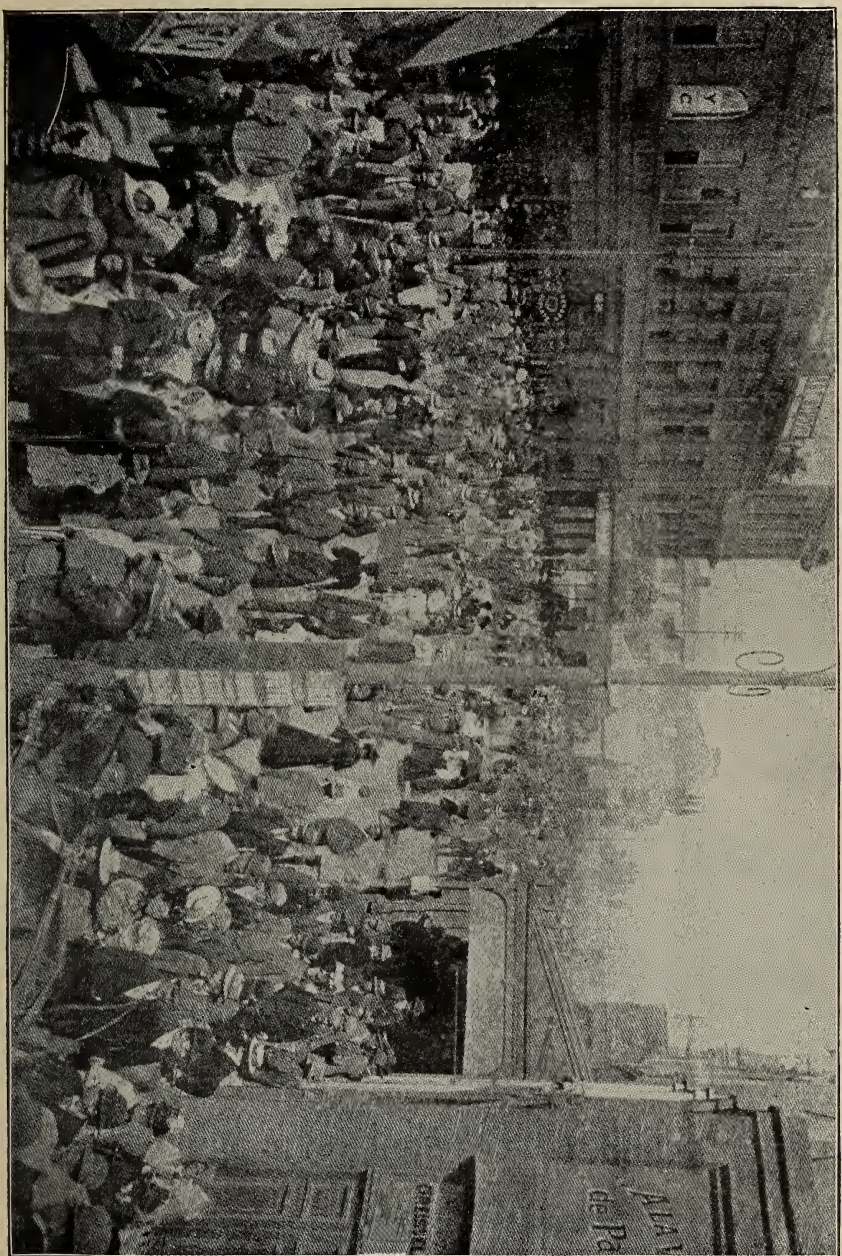
After the Week of Disaster—On the Road to Kimberley—Baden-Powell's Proclamation—Sortie from Mafeking—After the Battle—Surrender of Kuruman—Operations at Dordrecht—General French's Victory —Another Boer Repulse—Pilcher's Raid—Colonial Troops in Action—Accuracy of Gun Fire—Winston Spencer Churchill's Escape—Boer Aggressiveness—Delagoa Bay—Stopping German Ships	475
--	-----

CHAPTER XLII.

Boer Movement Against Ladysmith—The Boer Attack—The First Re- pulse—A Fight at Daybreak—On Wagon Hill—A Critical Position —The Final Charge—Buller's Co-operation—The British Advance— Crossing the Tugela—Across the Tugela—The Advance upon Spion Kop—The Plan of the Trap—The British Retreat—Colonel Thorneycroft—Preparing for Another Attack	488
---	-----

CHAPTER XLIII.

A Shrewd Feint—Roberts' March to Kimberley—Kimberley Relieved— Pursuit of Cronje—The Boers at Bay—The Anniversary of Majuba —How the Work Was Done—Valor of the Canadians—The Sur- render—The News in London—Hard Fighting Around Ladysmith —Entering Ladysmith—Buller's Dispatch—General White's Speech —Story of the Siege	497
---	-----



Prichard Street, Johannesburg.



Boer Family of Sharpshooters.

CHAPTER I.

The Dawn of History—Origin of Egypt—Israel in Egypt—The Plagues of Egypt—The Mystery of the Nile—The Persian Conquest—The Christian Era—Growth of Egyptian Commerce—Alexander the Great—The Ptolemies—The Founding of Carthage—Growth of Carthage—The Opening of Africa—The Punic Wars—Hannibal—Invasion of Italy—The Defeat of Carthage—The Fall of Hannibal—Rebuilding Carthage—The Last Struggle—"Carthago Defenda Est"—The Final Scene—Cæsar and Pompey—Antony and Cleopatra.

"Always," said Pliny, "there comes something new from Africa." It is equally true that from Africa came that which is oldest in civilization and in history. The human race is reputed to have been cradled in Asia, and it is said that the first nations arose in that continent, afterward migrating to Africa and founding new nations there. That may be. But of those times we have no definite record. For us history begins with Africa. Upon the threshold of the world's records stands Egypt, mysterious and complete.

THAT marvellous valley, extending for six hundred miles between the African wilderness on the west and the barren mountains of the Red Sea on the east, developed the history of one of the most remarkable nations of the world. The Nile was considered in mythology to have been one of the paradisaical rivers; and as such received idolatrous honors in common with the Ganges and Brahma-pootra of Bengal. A branch of the Caucasian race, it would appear, crossed the straits of Babelmandeb, mastered the Ethiopians whom it met; founded an empire on the Oriental system of castes in Nubia; then advanced with the stream and established that of Upper Egypt; and lastly spread over Lower Egypt and the Delta. Originally they came from India, and are enumerated by Manetho and Josephus as the Royal Shepherds, or Shepherd Kings, under whom the Pyramids were constructed; their irruption may be fairly dated at B. C. 2160, or five years before the birth of the patriarch Abraham.

Origin of Egypt.

In the division of the earth, Egypt had fallen to the family of Misraim, who erected Thebes, naming the city after the wonderful vessel in which their diluvian ancestor had been preserved, and a model of which served as their principal temple. The old chronicle of Syncellus declares that the eight demi-gods reigned as an ogdoad, with their posterity of the Cynic or Canicular Circle, for fifteen generations, through a period of 660 years; suprisingly correspondent with the Chaldaic calculation mentioned by St. Epiphanius as to the residence of the Noachidæ in Armenia. The posterity of Misraim must have maintained their occupancy, however, for rather more than another two centuries and three-quarters, until the irruption of the Royal or Cuthite Shepherds; who in their turn were driven out by the native population after a period of about 260 years, or B. C. 1900. Their withdrawal left very much at the national disposal the nome of Gessen, or Abaris, which the Shepherds had so long retained as their stronghold, being the most fertile pasture-ground in Lower Egypt, lying on the east or Arabian side of the Nile.

Israel in Egypt.

Within fifteen years, the patriarch Joseph was sold as a slave to Potiphar, then master of the forces to King Pharaoh, whose prudent policy led to the settlement of his brethren in the country, as detailed in the Holy Scriptures. For nearly four generations they there prospered and multiplied; when the Cuthite Shepherds once more returned, 145 years subsequently to the former expulsion of their forefathers, (which explains the statement, in the second book of the Pentateuch, that "there had arisen a new king or dynasty over Egypt, who knew not Joseph,") B. C. 1756; and this second domination lasted down to the Exodus of the Children of Israel, B. C. 1650. The ten plagues had by that time exhausted the persecutors; receiving also, as the latter did, their final overthrow in the waves of the Red Sea at Phihahiroth before Beelsephon.

It was probably in B. C. 2080-1650, that there occurred this marvellous exodus of the Israelites; multiplied, as they now were, from

the seventy-five souls with whom Jacob and Joseph had addressed Pharaoh, into 600,000 warriors, besides their wives and offspring. After a sojourn in the land of Gessen for little more than a century, the Royal Shepherds had reinstated their dynasty on the banks of the Nile, in no way disposed to recognize the claims of the Hebrews ; occupying, as they did, a territory or nome which the invaders looked upon as most peculiarly their own, their ancestors having been expelled from it about fifteen years prior to the arrival of Joseph in Egypt. The Israelites, therefore, had to endure the hardest bondage in those horrible brick-kilns, where the materials were prepared for the public edifices of Memphis and other splendid cities. The more, however, they were oppressed and persecuted, the faster they increased ; until a cruel edict for the massacre of their infants led to the rescue of one of them by the daughter of Pharaoh, who discovered among the flags an ark of bulrushes, in which a lovely babe appealed to her compassion with its tears.

This was Moses, destined to become the meek and yet mighty man of God, the legislator and deliverer of his people. Exchanging for their sake the delicacies of a court for the wildernesses of Madian, he there received, as he was feeding the flocks of his father-in-law Jethro, a divine commission from the angel of the Lord, who appeared to him in the burning bush, and appointed him to his exalted office. For forty years, with the assistance of his elder brother Aaron, he braved the rage of tyranny in palaces, the dullness of his own nation crushed under its terrible task-work, and the malice of the old serpent as manifested among the magicians of Misraim.

The Plagues of Egypt.

Waters were turned into blood ; frogs, lice and flies scourged the unhappy country ; the flocks and herds failed in the forsaken fields ; boils and blains broke out upon man and beast ; thunder, hail and lightning roared and fell, and flashed in the rear of murder and universal malady ; locusts destroyed what the tempest had spared ; a horror of great darkness wrapt every quarter, except that of the children of Israel, in an awful pass of alarm and panic for

three days ; until the final plague smote down every first-born, from the throne of the sovereign to the hovel of the slave and the captive in the dungeon, and not a house existed where the death-wail was unknown unless it had been solemnly consecrated by the Paschal Lamb of the Lord. Jannes and Mambres then acknowledged openly, as they had before done secretly, that their sorceries were futile ; whilst, at the request of all Egypt, Moses and his people withdrew in triumph, and laden with spoils, from the scene of their bitter bondage ; encamping over against Phihahiroth, between Magdal and Beelsephon. Thither the last of the Royal Shepherds destined to reign over the valley of the Nile madly followed ; the waves of the Red Sea, miraculously divided for the Hebrews, overwhelmed the pursuers. Egypt recovered her independence, and once more expelled the Cuthites from her coasts.

The Mystery of the Nile.

The mean width of the valley between Syene and Cairo has been calculated at about three leagues ; and the whole area of cultivable soil, exclusive of the lateral valleys and the oases, at eleven thousand square miles. It cannot fail to strike the mind, that there seems something mysterious in the history of this fruitful country from its very commencement, with its peculiar system of laws and customs, its gross and yet stern superstitions, its reverence for the state of the dead, and its theocratically sovereign priesthood. This last became a depository for all arts and sciences ; possessing also enormous wealth, of which it could never be deprived. Meanwhile a system of castes pressed upon the entire population as onerously as in Hindoostan ; and yet the natives, although so often vanquished themselves, never amalgamated with their victors, but in their turn not unfrequently produced mighty warriors, who threw off one domestic yoke after another, or even overpassed in military triumph the narrow limits of their territory. Under several of their ancient kings, conquering expeditions appear to have extended towards the east as far as Bactria and India, or northward and southward to the Caucasus and Ethiopia. The symbols of their idolatry also blended easily together, being derived from common sources ; for the Egyp-

tian Apis found itself identical with the sacred bull of the Assyrians, and the Nandi, or consecrated cow, of the Brahmins.

The Iranian and Nilotic monarchies were in fact contemporaneous empires; nor is it a little remarkable that the name of Nineveh is found in the statistical tablet of Karnak, B. C. 1490. Some have actually believed that much of Assyrian civilization had an Egyptian origin; but the former has evidently a more natural, and the latter a more conventional character. For any permanency, the arms of Egypt perhaps scarcely ever extended further than Mesopotamia; but that region, at all events, at one time sent its tribute to Thebes and Memphis in the shape of corn, dates, palm-wine, honey and incense. Absolute as the sacerdotal dignity proved in a religious sense, the royal prerogative claimed to be in a secular one often exempted from its operation, at least during the life of the sovereign. As to all the visible representations of social life, whether public or private, we now gaze with astonishment at the vases, bracelets, embroidered robes, ornamented chariots, utensils, weapons and engines of war, enormous galleys, ingenious developments of mechanism, modes of administering justice, carrying on agriculture and architecture, which must have existed under the ancient Pharaohs, exhibited on the solemn walls of their mausoleums; to say nothing of the pyramids and obelisks, or the ruins of Thebes and Elephanta.

The Persian Conquest.

We cannot here trace, even in outline, the long intricate story of Egypt, but must hasten on to the end of its independent existence. This came with the Persian conquest.

Nabonadius, a Babylonian nobleman, had been left by the Median Darius as his viceroy in the metropolis of Nabuchodonosor and his successors. The rebellion of such a satrap seemed to follow, as almost a matter of course, on oriental principles. Cyrus, however, conquered him, and captured the proud city itself, B. C. 536; which also led to the subjection of Egypt, and his acquisition of the entire Assyrian empire. His government appears to have been eminent for its moderation and energy; and for the seven years previous to his death remained unshaken, like a mountain of ada-

mant. His eldest-born son, Cambyses, a monster of iniquity, succeeded, B. C. 529, to the bulk of his wealth and power; Smerdis, the younger brother, being invested with the vice-royalty of Media, Armenia and a third part of Cadusia. Egypt, after no very long interval, struggled vainly to throw off the Persian yoke. It had always been ready to resist Assyria whenever possible; and with that view had acted with the monarchs of Sardis, or any other country, as occasion offered.

In the seventh century before the Christian era, a Greek colony had been introduced under Psammitichus, who fostered their language and customs, imbibing from them, in his own opinion, higher elements of civilization. He explored the fountains of the Nile, sanctioned the cultivation of vines, allied himself with the Scythians, then domineering over Upper Asia, and died after a reign of fifty-four years, B. C. 619, or perhaps a little earlier. He was the father of Pharaoh-Necho, who slew the pious Josias, king of Judah, and took Jerusalem; ending his career, nevertheless, not so prosperously as he commenced it, the Assyrian-Babylonish sceptre proving too strong for him. His grandson Apries, or Pharaoh-Hophra, connected with the scriptural Zedekias, ran an exactly analogous course.

Growth of Egyptian Commerce.

Egypt itself, however, amidst these revolutions of political fortune, grew so rich and commercial that a canal through the Isthmus of Suez was seriously contemplated, and the voyage round the African continent by the Red Sea, the Cape of Good Hope, and the Pillars of Hercules, would really seem to have been accomplished. Yet iron is stronger than gold; so that Nabuchodonosor and Cyrus subjugated the noble valley of the Nile, and received tribute from its inhabitants. It revolted, indeed, under the successor of the latter potentate; but Cambyses crushed the insurrection with atrocious cruelty, B. C. 525, contemplating, upon his success, an extended invasion of Carthage by sea, as well as Libya and the Ethiopian Abyssinia by land. Failure followed upon all these projects.

The Phœnicians in his service refused to fight against the Carthaginians, descended with themselves from common ancestors. His

army destined for the Ammonians perished beneath the blast of a simoon in the sands; that portion of the troops attendant on his person, on the journey to Abyssinia, had to drink their own blood, and kill, if not devour, every tenth man for the subsistence of the survivors; and his retreat to Memphis covered him with shame and mortification.

He there lost the remnant of whatever sense he might have once possessed. The priests of Apis were scourged, and their sacred heifer wounded; he murdered his brother Smerdis; married two of his own sisters, and kicked the younger to death for daring to bewail the fratricide; he violated the sanctity of graves in exhuming mummies for the gratification of his insatiable curiosity; and, above all, he made an onslaught on the mysteries of the Cabiri. The whole empire groaned, until a Magus set himself up as the real Smerdis, supposed to have been assassinated, but who, as he averred, was not actually destroyed. Cambyses hurried back towards Susa, and expired on the road, in part from an accident, B. C. 521. The impostor reigned for seven months.

Alexander the Great.

The next great event in the Egyptian history was the conquest by Alexander the Great. In the nomes of the Nile there was no opposition shown towards any one ready to liberate them from the bondage of Persia. Alexander pressed on as far as the great oasis in Libya, where, either through policy or superstition, the oracle pronounced him to be the genuine offspring of Jupiter Ammon. The winter was spent at Memphis. It was in that metropolis that he developed those talents for administrative government which showed that he was something more than a merely fortunate soldier. He not only conquered the land of the Pharaohs, but instructed his representatives how to rule it.

In the first place, he separated the financial, judicial, and military functions, to prevent the oppression of the people by their union; each official was responsible to himself, his own presiding mind combining the various departments into one comprehensive system. He then founded Alexandria, to become an emporium of

commerce between the eastern and western worlds, through its marvellous river, with its seven mouths and two adjacent seas.

The Ptolemies.

Egypt appears to have been the most fortunate of the four Macedonian kingdoms founded after the death of Alexander. At the third and final partition, consequent on the battle of Ipsus, Ptolemy, the son of Lagus, acquired the entire valley of the Nile, with part of Arabia, Libya, Cyrene, Palestine, and Coelosyria. He erected the pharos of Alexandria, enlarged and adorned that flourishing capital, collected its celebrated library, invited learned men from all countries to his court, and encouraged every kind of trade and commerce. His son, Philadelphus, trod in his footsteps, as did his grandson Evergetes. The Septuagint was composed or translated; literature found greater patronage than ever; a canal was constructed between the river and the Red Sea, or rather a former one re-opened, to facilitate intercourse and traffic with India, particularly through the harbor of Berenice, which was then formed for the purpose. The three tolerable Ptolemies were followed by ten degenerate ones, down to the sentimental and profligate Cleopatra.

In Egypt in these later times the Jews constituted an important portion of the population. Ptolemy Lagus carried home with him to the homes of the Nile 100,000 captives from Jerusalem and Judæa, upon whom afterwards he not only conferred innumerable favors, but extended his patronage to their native pontiffs on Mount Sion. His wise and liberal policy permanently added to his dominions Cyprus, Arabia, Libya, and Ethiopia. Beneath his auspices the high-priest Simon the Just, B. C. 300–291, repaired and fortified the sacred city with its temple, illustrating the inspired eulogy of Ecclesiasticus; besides revising the canon of the Old Testament; of which, under his son Eleazar, a translation was commenced by the seventy interpreters, called the Septuagint version.

The Founding of Carthage.

The other great African State of antiquity was Carthage, which was founded B. C. 878. The Phœnicians had long been familiar with

the African coasts, where they fostered the cultivation of corn, or still more that of commerce, although convenient harbors were far from being numerous. On a rock, in the background of its bay, stood Byrsa, or the higher part of the city, the primeval settlement of Dido. She is described in history and poetry as sister to a king of Tyre ; and, absurdly enough, as having entertained Æneas only too hospitably on his voyage from Asia to the Tiber. The lower streets, on the narrow spit of land which formed the double haven, were called Megara ; the tract adjoining the greater port was styled Kotton ; whilst an island opposite to the projecting point protected the whole. It seemed a location providentially arranged for an ancient emporium. Its political constitution claimed the admiration of Aristotle. Two judges, chosen annually from the most distinguished families, were at the head of the government. Their subjects styled them Suffetes ; almost an identical title with that which was conferred upon Barak, Gideon, and Jephthah in the sacred Scriptures. Under them a cabinet of five self-elected officials managed the details of public affairs, without any salaries for their labors. But they nominated the senate of one hundred members, who, with themselves, and a few others as assistants or assessors, constituted an omnipotent legislative authority. If they differed in opinion, there ensued an appeal to the general assembly of the people. Morals were more attended to at Carthage than in most Grecian cities ; and there was a magistrate there corresponding with the Roman censor. National idiosyncrasies also assisted in preserving the state from democratic convulsions. The people were of a grave or even gloomy character. Their commercial and religious tastes combined into one horrible union the worship of Mammon and Moloch. On occasions of panic or alarm three hundred noble children were sacrificed in the red-hot arms of iron idols glowing over as many fiery furnaces ; so frightfully complete had the transfer been made of Phœnician superstitions from Syria to Africa.

Growth of Carthage.

For several centuries the Carthaginian republic maintained its power and prosperity. Three hundred populous and wealthy towns

or cities acknowledged its sway between Mount Atlas and the Mediterranean. It undertook many distant and dangerous enterprises, by means of which discontent was diverted or allayed, energy encouraged, and poverty lessened. Sicily, Malta, the Baleares, Sardinia, Corsica, and Spain were conquered. Wars were waged against the Etrurians in Italy, as also against the Massilians or Egyptians. Punic vessels frequented the west of Africa down to Cape de Verd, discovered the Canaries, sailed in the British, German, and Baltic seas, and possibly crossed the Atlantic Ocean. Silver mines in Spain proved to the countrymen of the Hannibals and Hamilcars what the American Peru and Mexico afterwards became to their explorers in later and modern ages.

The possession of the precious metals enabled them to hire mercenaries, and thereby ultimately undermined and enervated the national spirit. Campaigns, after many generations, came to be carried on for venal purposes; yet, down to the Syracusan and Roman expeditions, patriotism still stood its ground. Trade and commerce have their bright as well as their dark aspects

The Opening of Africa.

There was an intercourse carried on through the deserts which may well excite our wonder and admiration, extending from the metropolis as a centre over the arid wildernesses of Fezzan and the Garamantes to Zuila, the Greater Oasis, Ammonium, Zala, and Thebes; whilst another route penetrated the barren wastes of the Syrtes and the Lotophagi: a third, branching from the two former, ran in a southern direction through the territories of the Atlantes, to Bournou and the Soudan; so that the entire northern continent, with its dreaded Sahara, witnessed at certain seasons the arching necks of the camel-caravans, laden with dates, oils, silver coin, and embroidered fabrics, going to be exchanged for the gums, spices, ivory, and slaves of the interior. Wells were excavated and maintained as watering-places at regular distances; vestiges of their extent and utility being still traceable.

It may be safely affirmed that the Carthaginians knew more of Central Africa than the contemporaries of Shaw or Mungo Park.

They not merely extended their native trade to the Niger and the Nile, but connected the Cyrenian pentapolis with their mercantile transactions in Upper Egypt. Battus, the Theraean, founded a rather flourishing monarchy about B. C. 631, which included all the regions between Marmarica and the Syrtes ; celebrated as they were for the valuable silphium, roses, violets, and other odorous aromatics. The Punic merchants exported them as far as Meroë in Ethiopia across the sands of Nubia. Thence there was a circuitous route through Edfu to the Arabian Gulf and Berenice, as well as from Thebes to Cossier and Myos Hormos ; the last rivalled by another from Memphis to Phœnicia and Ezion Gaber.

Egypt, therefore, became the centre of that increasing traffic circulating from Carthage to India, and flowing from the interior of Africa into Syria, Persia, and Asia Minor. Her own emerald mines contributed to those luxurious yet easily portable treasures which attracted so many expensive and oriental refinements to the banks of her mysterious river.

The Punic War.

In time, however, Carthage came into fatal collision with Rome. Rome had resolved upon having a fleet ; when a single Carthaginian ship of war, driven by an accident on the Italian shores, happily served as a model. The future mariners of the Eternal City received their earliest lessons in rowing upon dry land ; and, inferior to their foes in the science of manœuvring their vessels, they invented machines for grappling the galleys together in an action, and thereby reducing nautical tactics to the level of a land fight. The consul Duilius won the first naval victory. The Romans already triumphed in Sicily. Regulus, in imitation of Agathocles, carried the war into the Punic provinces, spreading terror to the gates of Carthage. Xanthippus, a Spartan mercenary, there defeated and captured him, with his entire army. The character of the unfortunate general has been unduly elevated by a legend describing him as a political martyr, put to death for his patriotism in a barrel lined with knives.

At length a signal discomfiture off the Ægatian islands convinced Hamilcar Barcas that there must be a suspension of the

struggle. Roman privateers had ravaged the African coasts, and even entered the port of Hippo, setting fire to the merchantmen, and retreating with immense booty; nor were the Carthaginian forces to be quite depended on for their fidelity. Peace was therefore made at the expense of surrendering all Sicily, and paying a large sum of money under color of the balance being against Carthage in the exchange of prisoners. Besides which, they were to give an indemnity to the Romans of 110 talents of silver for twenty years, notwithstanding the protests of the African leaders, which only resulted in more onerous pecuniary terms. Finally, a thousand talents had to be paid down, with the period for paying the remainder shortened one-half; all Italian captives to be set at liberty without ransom; and Hiero, sovereign of Syracuse, to be recognized as an inviolable ally of the Senate.

Hannibal.

The second Punic war had its commencement in Spain, where Hasdrubal and Hamilcar, the most illustrious generals of Carthage, were training Hannibal to avenge the misfortunes of their common country. At a distance from the mean factions of the capital, this youthful hero had been long educated to a life of energy and valor among the best soldiers of his government; deriving as it did the very sinews of its existence from the great silver mines. His father fostered in him, for good or for evil, an almost fanatical hatred against Rome; so that, it is said, at an early age the obligation of a solemn oath was imposed upon him never to make peace with the present masters of Italy. His genius and prowess commanded the admiration of antiquity. When twenty-six years old, he assumed his military leadership, with abilities on a par with those of Alexander, the Greek chieftains his predecessors, Pyrrhus of Epirus, or any other warrior who had yet appeared.

To break the truce with Rome, he attacked Saguntum, an ally of the republic, B. C. 219; satiating his first fury amidst the massacre of its inhabitants, after they had defended their walls with a valor which should have encountered a better fate. The consuls had scarcely disentangled themselves from the sanguinary resistance of

the Gauls ; so that some time elapsed before war was formally declared. Then it was, B.C. 214, that the adventurous son of Hamilcar marched a thousand miles in little more than five months across the Alps into Piedmont, losing by the way 30,000 infantry, 3000 cavalry, all his elephants, and finding himself near the modern Turin at the head of only about 26,000 effective troops.

Invasion of Italy.

His entire course through the Pyrenees to the confluence of the Rhone and Saone, and then over the snowy summits and slippery glaciers of Mount Cenis, amidst the gathered winters of ages and the constant aggressions of hostile assailants, has ever been deemed almost equivalent to a miracle. His first battle secured him the submission and attachment of the recently devastated districts on the banks of the Ticino ; so that no sooner had the consul Scipio retreated, both baffled and wounded, than every kind of reinforcements and supply accumulated round the standard of Carthage. Then followed his second grand triumphant the Trebia ; with his subsequent advance through mud and water for four days and nights into Etruria, which cost him the loss of an eye, from exposure to the wet weather, and an enormous number of horses.

Meanwhile Cneius Scipio, brother of the unfortunate consul, had landed in Spain, reducing what is now the country of Catalonia, and entirely overthrowing Hanno. Important advantages were also gained at sea, near the mouth of the Ebro, by the Romans ; all which advantages, however, received a fearful counterbalance in due season on the fatal margin of Thrasymene, where the Romans under Flaminius were drawn into an ambush by their astute and active adversaries, and severely beaten, with the slaughter of 15,000 soldiers, their rash generals, and a multitude of auxiliaries. The famous Fabius Maximus then received his appointment to the office of dictator, in which he restored the affairs of the republic, shattered as they seemed by a social and political earthquake not less tremendous than the natural one, which made the ground literally rock and reel during the late combat with Hannibal, although neither of the armies is said to have been conscious of it at the moment. Yet not

even the prudence of Fabius could avert the catastrophe of Cannæ, B.C. 212. It gave the mighty victor possession of some of the fairest provinces for a considerable series of years. He could acquaint his friends in Africa, that in a succession of pitched battles he had slain or dispersed 200,000 of their enemies, taken 50,000 prisoners, overrun Apulia, Brutium, Lucania, and Campania, and that three bushels of golden rings had been torn from the dead fingers of Roman knights and senators.

The Defeat of Carthage.

These last, nevertheless, found an abundance of avengers. The constancy of the city on the Seven Hills, throughout its multifarious misfortunes, can never be over-praised. The Roman ladies were not even allowed to shed tears. Their husbands and relatives remembered the traditions of their ancestors; offered more frequent and expensive sacrifices, in the fervors of a religious spirit however erroneous; and rapidly recovered their energies. Fresh forces were sent into Spain, for some time with rather doubtful success: until, under the auspices of the greatest of the Scipios, the troops of Carthage at length succumbed. Gracchus conquered Sardinia; Syracuse, which after the decease of Hiero had changed sides, had to yield to Marcellus, although defended by the machines of Archimedes for three years, B. C. 207; and the last hope of Hannibal, the army led to his assistance from beyond the Pyrenees by his brother Hasdrubal, was annihilated on the Metataurus by Tiberius Nero, B. C. 203. Yet he still maintained himself at the expense of the Roman provinces.

The Fall of Hannibal.

The warrior destined for his humiliation was to meet him on the plains of Zama. Scipio transported his forces thither, and compelled the Carthaginian senate to recall their champion from Capua, where enervating enjoyments had helped to undermine those energies which had conducted him from Saguntum to Campania. The purest of the Roman heroes was a youth in years, but an adult in wisdom and virtue. His splendid integrity and patriotism had induced the elders amongst his contemporaries in rank and position to forego

their jealousies, and acquiesce in his palpable superiority. In chastity he stood alone as an example of that excellence, so rare in heathen annals : from his own camp he had banished 12,000 women of loose or dubious character. It was now to be decided whether Italy or Africa was to rule the Mediterranean. Hannibal intended with his elephants to break through the Roman lines, and then bring his armies into action on all sides. On the other hand, Scipio penetrated his design, and allowed those tremendous animals simply to meet his light infantry, which opened and let them pass without injury ; immediately closing up his intervals, and falling with the flower of his troops upon his adversaries. Everything that generalship or courage could do was done ; but Rome and her fortunes rose triumphant over the slaughter of 20,000 men, and the total defeat of Carthage.

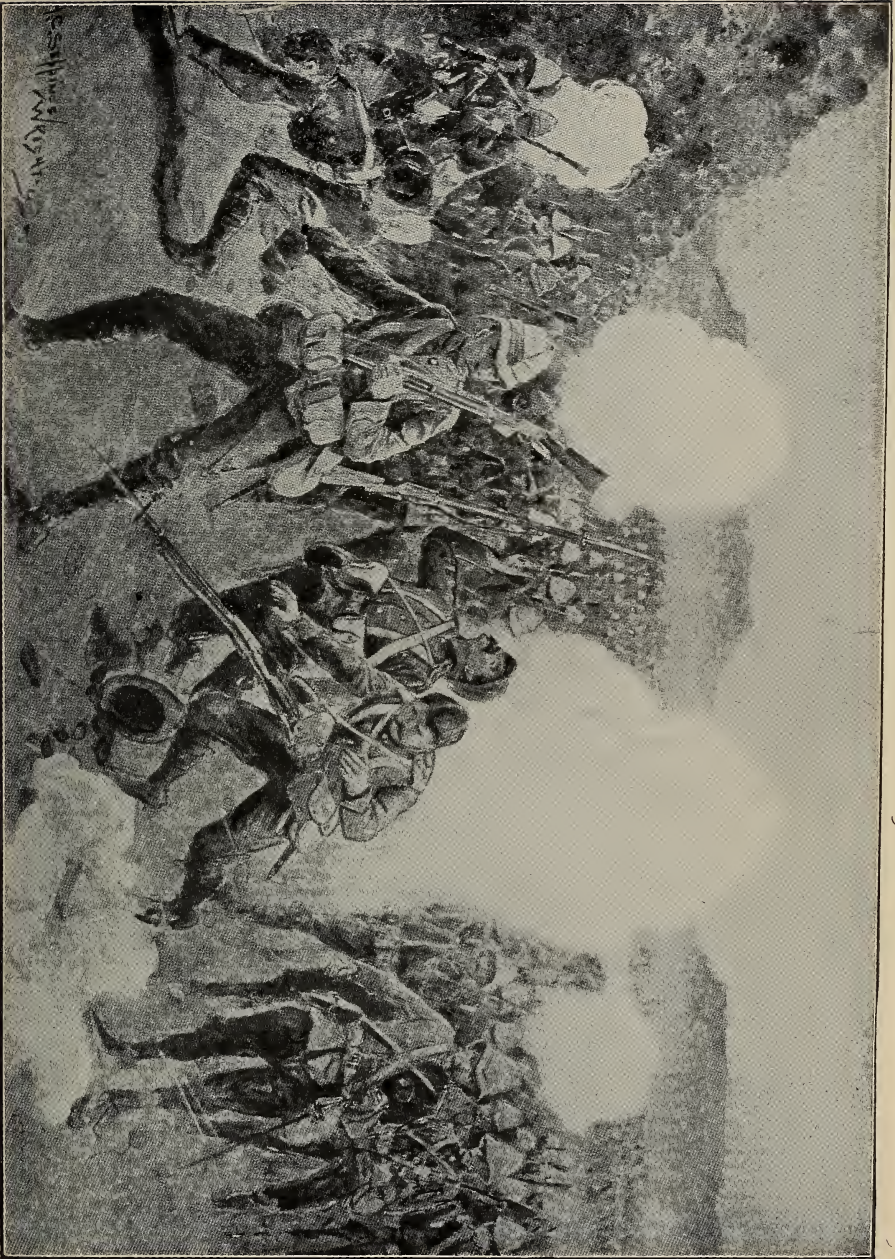
The second Punic war thus closed in unclouded victory, about two centuries before the Christian era. Rigorous terms of peace were imposed upon the prostrate foe. She was limited to her disarmed metropolis and its proper territory. Numidia was taken from her and assigned to Masinissa, another Hiero in his aptitude for discovering the right mistress to serve. All her magnificent navy had to be surrendered, with the exception of ten triremes. Their liberty of declaring war, or making peace, ceased as to the free action of the Carthaginian authorities without the consent of the conquerors. Exactions upon a large scale ensued both in money and produce ; such as a tribute of 200 talents per annum for fifty years, besides an enormous quantity of corn and other supplies. All the elephants had to be given up ; nor were any more to be tamed and trained for warfare. Scipio, on his return, brought into the treasury 120,000 lbs. weight of silver bullion. His triumph surpassed those of any of his predecessors in pomp and gorgeousness. Yet, when offered the dignity of perpetual dictator, he at once declined it, simply accepting the well-merited title of Africanus.

Rebuilding Carthage.

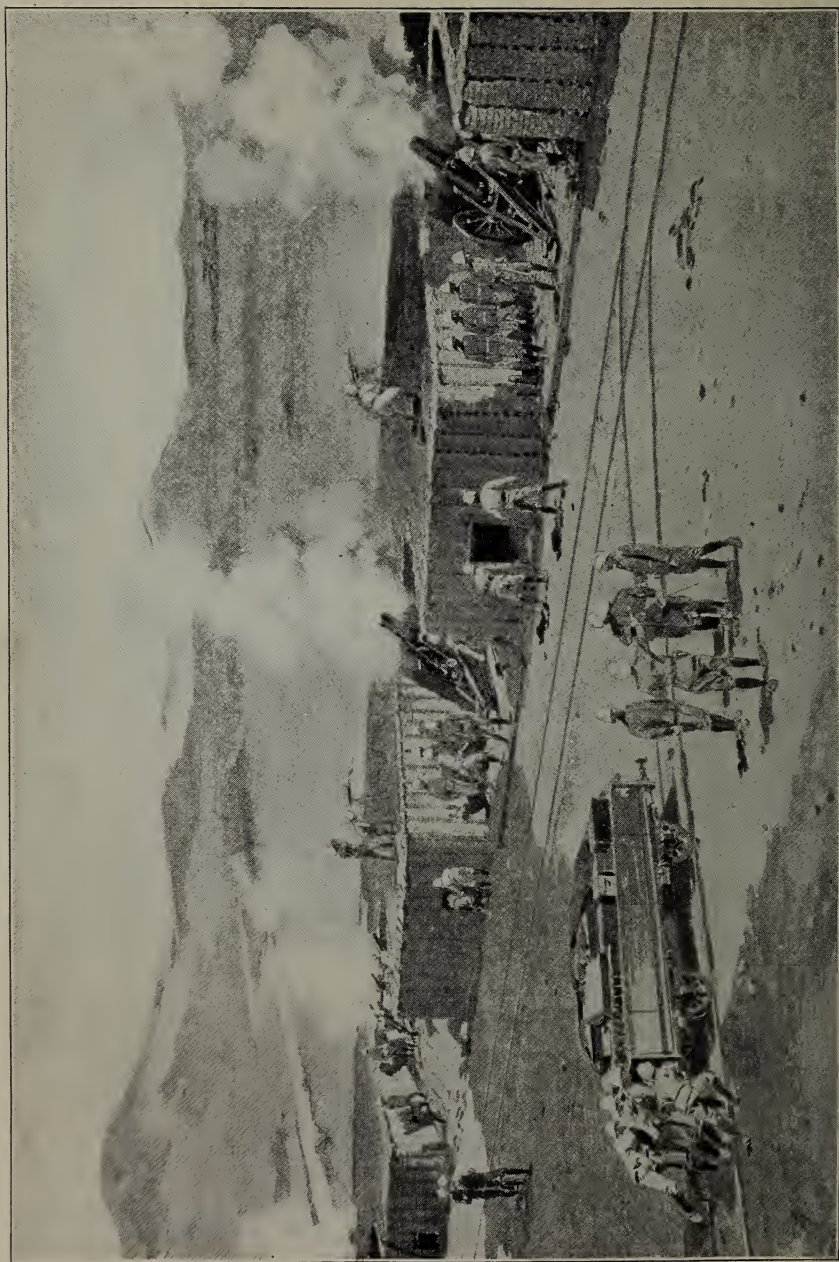
Hannibal, not long after the misfortune of Zama, had become praetor of his humbled republic, and employed his incomparable

talents in effecting some domestic reforms. No greater encomium could be pronounced upon him than the undying apprehension and vigilance with which his adversaries, both home and abroad, watched his words and actions. Many deeply-rooted abuses had crept into the Carthaginian government; while the nobility, who throve on them, abhorred the reproofs of a general cast down from his high estate; and at length hunted him into exile, with the base connivance, and at the probable instigation of Rome in the very altitude of her glory. He betook himself to the court of Antiochus, whither Thoas the Ætolian had also repaired, in a spirit of discontent with the senate and consuls; these functionaries not having sufficiently estimated or rewarded, as he thought, his services against the Macedonian monarchy. As a profound politician, he pointed out to the descendant of Seleucus, that if the tide of Italian ascendancy were not arrested at the present crisis, the victorious Roman republic would rapidly overwhelm Asia. The suggestion came before a shallow and imperious mind, accustomed to consider orientalism as an emanation of the divinity existing for the protection of kings: and Hannibal was on the spot to support every specious argument.

Antiochus, now and then styled in history the Great, was slumbering moreover under the laurels of his earlier years, in a capital founded for his dynasty, where voluptuousness knew no limits, and where dreams of invincibility might be almost naturally indulged on the part of a mighty eastern potentate, acknowledged from the Troas to the Caucasus, with Media, Syria, Palestine, and Phœnicia, altogether some of the fairest portions of the earth, crouching beneath his sceptre. Crowned with garlands, surrounded with eunuchs, amidst the music of flutes and lyres, the sultan of 400,000 men in arms with condescension listened to the bravest and wisest among soldiers and sages; believing them when they flattered his ambition, and scorning the only counsels which could enable him to realize it. In pavilions of silk and purple, or upon an elephant covered with scarlet and gold, he expected after a pompous declaration of war to trample in the dust those legions and leaders whom neither Macedon nor Carthage had withstood. Acilius Glabrie and Scipio Africanus had slight



Battle of Lombards Kop.



British Batteries in Position During an Engagement.

difficulty, after the action of Thermopylæ in Europe and that of Magnesia in Asia, in compelling him to purchase an ignominious peace at the price of all his territories to the westward of Mount Taurus, and the surrender of half his navy. Their ally, Eumenes, the king of Pergamus, was presented with the greater share of these conquests, B. C. 190; after having chastised in Galatia the ferocity of those Gauls whose progenitors a century before had terrified the interior of Macedonia. Antiochus had to defray the whole expenses of the war, and consent to pay besides an annual tribute of one or two thousand talents for twelve years. Hannibal and Thoas were also to be given up; but both withdrew, and the former found a wretched refuge with Prusias, the sovereign of Bithynia. His stratagems, however, enabled that prince to defeat Eumenes once at sea, and twice on land: yet Prusias would have yielded his benefactor to the Romans, if he had not poisoned himself.

The Last Struggle.

The third Punic war at length approached: when the influence of Italy had overawed Greece, Thessaly, all the various regions to the Bosphorus, the islands of the Adriatic, the coasts of the rebellious Istria, as well as the empires of Egypt and the East. Civil dissensions, the sure forerunners of national dissolution, ran high at Carthage. Forty senators, driven from that city, besought the venerable Masinissa, at that time ninety-six years of age, to effect their restoration. His interference was spurned by the dominant faction, since he had ever been the faithful partisan of their conquerors; and when the affair was referred to the latter, the Romans at once gave their decision in accordance with the wishes of the Numidian. His own interests and influence, beneath the shadow of their patronage, had immensely increased among the tribes of the desert; over whom several of his forty-four warlike sons reigned with absolute authority. Intercourse with Europe had also taught him much with regard to the science and importance of agriculture; so that various wastes, apparently condemned to perpetual sterility, now developed a rich and extensive system of husbandry, probably through improved means of irrigation.

The commercial predilections of Carthage were thus interrupted, either in reality or by anticipation, from the jealous, watchful, and suspicious ambition of this inconvenient neighbor ; to say nothing of the rivalry and occasional hostilities which actuated and harassed their mutual caravans coming across each other, sometimes in the distant halting-places of the interior. The prostrated metropolis of Africa, moreover, as her spirit revived, had commenced the construction of vessels rather beyond the strict and stern limitations of the last humiliating treaty ; a circumstance sure to be reported at Rome in no very amicable manner by Masinissa.

Carthago Delenda Est.

Cato the elder, far advanced in years, and full of anti-Punic prejudices, imbibed in his Sardinian praetorship and Spanish proconsulate, was at that time a sort of oracle on the Seven Hills, where the recollections of the terrible Hannibal remained as vivid in his own mind as in those of the more elderly among his hearers. It was an assertion perpetually on his lips that Carthage ought to be destroyed ; notwithstanding the opposition of the Scipios, whose profounder judgment predicted the corruption of their country, from the moment when there should cease to be any boundary to its aspirations, or possible source for its fears. Public opinion had, therefore, reached a considerable state of effervescence upon the subject of African politics in general, when Masinissa appealed to the senate against his opponents. The pretext suggested by their old and constant ally found favor with the majority everywhere for annihilating forthwith their once formidable rival, ready to rise up and regain her former potency, as it seemed, unless the present opportunity should be seized of crushing her forever.

It was resolved to proceed at last to the utmost extremities, and that without further delay. Every ship that had been built contrary to stipulation was now demanded, and given up amidst groans and indignation ; inflamed almost to madness, as these sensations became, when the surrendered galleys were openly burnt in the harbor by the commissioners sent to receive them. The inhabitants of the mortified capital were then ordered to withdraw some leagues from

the coast, and found a new city inland, at a certain distance from their native and paternal homes.

Human nature could bear no more ; desperation supplanted prudence ; resolutions to resist were universal ; each member of the council swore that he would perish with Carthage, except one of the Suffetes, who, on hinting the omnipotence of destiny, was stoned immediately on the spot. From that hour any pause in their exertions was unknown. The instant object was to replace the lost navy ; all the timber that could be collected was brought to the dockyards ; all metals, noble and ignoble, holy or profane, were melted down for the manufacture of arms ; even the women cut off their long hair for bowstrings and cordage ; all ages, ranks, and sexes shared the dreadful danger ; and for three years these devoted defenders of their country defied the domination of its assailants. More than once were the legions defeated ; two walls were taken, and yet the besieged braved an assault from behind the third ; the haven was lost at last ; and no sooner were the citizens aware of it than they began to dig a new one. It became a death-struggle, in other words, between vengeance and despair ; and the star of the younger Scipio alone it was which ultimately triumphed.

The Final Scene.

By an ingenious stratagem he secured the recently constructed harbor ; while the city, thus laid open and defenceless, still waged the gory and hopeless warfare nearly a week longer. Insurrection at last inflamed the horrors of resistance ; certain partisans declared for the besiegers ; and whole streets of houses were set on fire by their obstinate owners. Hasdrubal, at the end of another interval, went over to the enemy ; upon which his consort kindled some prepared combustibles in their palace, throwing herself, with two of their children, amid loud cries of malediction, into the enormous furnace of its flames. Many citizens slew themselves on the graves and mausoleums of their forefathers ; as mansions, monuments, and magnificent temples, illuminated the firmament for seventeen days. Such was the funeral pyre of expiring Carthage, or at least the capital of Dido, with its 700,000 people, and the associations of a mil-

lennium of years, B. C. 147. When Scipio beheld the conflagration and carnage, he wept, as well he might, over a fallen foe, with tears of generosity, and sympathy, and melancholy prophecy. The metropolis of Africa was never again to rise from its tomb in the character of a permanently independent state. It is conjectured that not a few of its survivors may have escaped to the banks of the Niger, and settled on the site of Timbuctoo; but the vast bulk of the population must have been either massacred, or sold into captivity, or reduced with the adjacent provinces under the Roman yoke.

Cæsar and Pompey.

Egypt again played a conspicuous part in history in the days of Julius Cæsar and his immediate successors. Cæsar was in Egypt when the head of his murdered rival, the great Pompey, was presented to him. It was in Egypt that the degenerate king, Ptolemy, whose father had been indebted to Pompey for the throne, had basely connived at an assassination of the great Roman, in the very presence of his virtuous consort, Cornelia. Cæsar, indeed, remained far too long in that country, entranced by the wiles of Cleopatra, who had a couple of children by him. In a tumult at Alexandria, originating from his base partiality for the fascinating queen, against her brother, he narrowly escaped destruction by throwing himself into the sea and swimming off to vessel. He avenged his peril, however, in the next battle, by severely chastising the Egyptians: the last of their degenerate Ptolemies lost his life in the waters, and Cæsar bestowed the whole kingdom on his paramour, Cleopatra.

Antony and Cleopatra.

Cleopatra in turn enslaved Mark Antony, and then, with artful ingenuity, Octavius appealed to the Roman republic whether the forms of the ancient constitution were to be preserved, or to be laid on the lap of a degenerate daughter of the Ptolemies? He proceeded to Greece with eight of his best legions, five cohorts, and an admirable fleet of 250 vessels, under the guidance of Agrippa, an officer of experience and ability. The engagement occurred near

the Cape of Actium on the coast of Epirus, B. C. 31 : the ships of Antony were larger and much more numerous than those of his rival ; but Agrippa had recently defeated the younger Pompey, and made many ports and harbors withhold their supplies from the oriental squadrons. At the very crisis of the conflict Cleopatra fled through fright, with many of her galleys ; while her love-stricken admirer had the folly to abandon the brave adherents of his worthless cause, and almost immediately follow her. From that hour the real struggle was over. Most of the sea and land forces under the banners of the Egyptian queen and her favorite triumvir ranged themselves with the victorious party. On the banks of the Nile the curtain of infamy dropped over the tragical drama. Octavius coolly acquired, one by one, each object of his early ambition, except the mere living person of the beautiful sovereign, with which he had wished to grace his triumph. Antony, at a false report of her death, had thrown himself upon his sword ; finding, however, that she was yet alive, and his own existence not quite extinct, he begged to be brought into her presence, that he might expire in her embraces ; which happened accordingly. Cleopatra no sooner perceived that she failed in producing amatory impressions upon her conqueror than she poisoned herself, either by the bite of a small serpent or the prick of a medicated needle, B. C. 29. The realms of the ancient Pharaohs subsided into subject provinces ; the second of the Cæsars obtained the title of Augustus, the revered, inviolable, sole and absolute ruler of the whole Roman world.

Egypt shared the fate of that empire. For a time it was prosperous. Then it fell into decay, and became an easy prey to the invading Goths and Vandals. After them, "the deluge." The wonderful realm relapsed into semi-barbarism, and for a time night settled down upon the Dark Continent.

CHAPTER II.

The Mohammedan Invasion and Colonization of Africa—The Mohammedan Invasion—Mohammedan Colonization—The Coming of the Portuguese—War in Morocco—Henry the Navigator—Explorations and Conquests—Trade in Slaves and Gold—Vasco Da Gama—Prester John's Kingdom—The West Coast and the Congo—The Kingdom of Congo—On the East Coast—Advent of the Dutch in Africa—Foundation of Cape Colony—Trouble with the Natives—French Huguenots at the Cape—Growth of the Colony—Trouble with the Kaffirs—A Bankrupt Colony—British Seizure and Annexation—Story of South Africa.

WHILE the events related in the preceding chapter were taking place in Northern Africa, and perhaps even before they began, peoples of Malay or Polynesian stock had been drifting across the Malay archipelago to Madagascar, carried thither by prevailing currents. These Malays—found purest in the modern Hovas—wrested Madagascar from the black man, whom they absorbed or exterminated, and henceforth they remained as the dominant race, to be subdued latterly, though not perhaps to be extinguished, by one of Rome's daughters.

In the fifth century of the present era came the abrupt invasion of North Africa by the Vandals, a Gothic people supposed to be not far off in their origin from the Anglo-Saxons. Roman hold over North Africa, though infinitely more complete and extensive than that of Carthage, had never succeeded during more than five centuries in completely subduing the Berbers, who still formed the bulk of the indigenous population. The independent Berbers were always ready to side with the enemies of Rome, and their adhesion made the Vandal conquest easy and rapid; just as their subsequent defection afterwards assisted the defeat of the demoralized Vandals by

the Byzantine forces, after all North Africa had been ruled by Teutonic kings for seventy years.

The Mohammedan Invasion.

The Byzantine Empire, recovering by degrees portions of the Western Empire, reconquered the province of Africa (modern Tunis), and to some extent dominated all the North African coast until the Mohammedan invasion.

When the first Mohammedan invasion took place in the 7th century the Berbers at first sided with the Arabs, and assisted in the defeat of the Byzantine forces, through which action they did ultimately enjoy as a race several centuries of quasi-independence.

The effect on Africa of the development of Mohammedanism was almost more marked in its results in Asia. Prior to the Mohammedan invasions nothing was known of Africa south of the Sahara which could be described as certain knowledge. A few vague traditions and semi-fabulous stories of Negro Africa reached and satisfied Greek and Roman inquirers. But north of the tenth degree of north latitude the Arab invaders and missionaries cleared a rough path across Africa, letting in a dubious light on its geography and humanity.

Mohammedan Colonization.

As the result of the Mohammedan invasion of Africa from Arabia—only just brought to a close at the end of the 19th century—it may be stated that Arabized Berbers ruled in North and North-west Africa; Arabized Turks ruled in North and North-east Africa; Arabized Negroes ruled on the Niger, and in the central Soudan; Arabs ruled more directly on the Nile, and on the Nubian coast; and the Arabs of South Arabia and of Oman governed the East African coast, and eventually carried their influence, and to some extent their rule, inland to the great central African lake and even to the upper Congo.

Mohammedan colonization of Africa was the first step in the bringing of that part of the continent beyond the Sahara and upper Egypt within the cognizance of the world of civilization and history. The Arabs brought with them from Syria and Mesopotamia their

architecture—"Saracenis"—which was an offshoot of the Byzantine, with a dash of Persian or Indian influence. This architect received at the hands of the Berbers and Egyptians an extraordinarily beautiful development, and penetrated on the one hand into Spain, and less directly into Italy, and on the other reached the lower Niger, the upper Nile, the vicinity of the Zambezi, and the north coast of Madagascar. They spread also certain ideas of Greek medicine and philosophy and taught the Koran, which admitted all those Berber and Negro populations into that circle of civilized nations which has founded so much of its hopes and philosophy and culture on the Semitic Scriptures. And through their contact with Europeans, Arabs and Arabized Berbers first sketched out with some approach to correctness the geography of inner Africa, and of the African coasts and islands. The direct and immediate result of this Mohammedan conquest of Africa was the drawing into that continent of the Portuguese, themselves but recently emancipated from Mohammedan rule, and still retaining some conversance with Arabic; who, thanks to their intimate acquaintance with Mohammedans, and with this far-spread language used in their commerce and religion, were now able to take a step further in the colonization of Africa by superior races.

The Coming of the Portuguese.

The mother of Portugal was Galicia, that north-western province of the present Kingdom of Spain. It was here at any rate that the Portuguese language developed from a dialect of provincial Latin, and hence that the first expeditions started to drive the Moors out of that territory which subsequently became the Kingdom of Portugal. A large element in the populations of Galicia and of the northern parts of Portugal was Gothic. The Suevi settled here in considerable numbers, and their descendants at the present day show the fine tall figures, flaxen or red hair; and blue eyes so characteristic of the northern Teuton. Central Portugal is mainly of Latinized Iberian stock, while southern Portugal retains to this day a large element of Moorish blood. The northern part of Portugal was first wrested from the Moors by a French adventurer (Henry of

Burgundy) in the service of the king of Leon, and this man's son became the first king of Portugal. Little by little the Moors were driven southward, till at last the southernmost province of Algarve was conquered, and at the close of the 12th century the Moors had ceased to rule any longer in the Roman Lusitania.

But the Portuguese, like the Spaniards, not content with ridding the Peninsula of the Moorish invaders, attempted to carry the war into the enemy's country, urged thereto by the irritating attacks of Moorish pirates. In 1415, as already related, a Portuguese army landed on the coast of Morocco, and captured the citadel of Ceuta—the Roman Septa.

War in Morocco.

Bit by bit the Portuguese continued conquering the coast towns of Morocco, or building new settlements, till in the second half of the 16th century the king of Portugal was almost entitled to that claim over the Empire of Morocco which still asserts itself in the formal setting forth of his dignities. Most of these posts were either abandoned some years before or just after the defeat of the young king “Sebastiao o Desejado”—Sebastian the Desired—who at the age of only 23 was defeated and slain by the founder of the Sharifian dynasty of Morocco on the fatal field of Al Kasr-al-Kabir in 1578. Ceuta was taken over by Spain, 1580, was garrisoned, that is, by Spanish soldiers; the two or three other Morocco towns which remained in Portugese hands after the battle of Kasr-al-Kabir, being garrisoned by Portugese soldiers, reverted to the separated crown of Portugal in 1640. Of these Tangier was ceded to England in 1662. Saffi was given up to the Moors in 1641, other points were snatched by the Moors in 1689, and Mazagan was finally lost in 1770.

Henry the Navigator.

The second son of the king Dom Joao (who reigned from 1385 to 1433) and Philippa, daughter of the English John of Gaunt, was named Henry (Henrique), and was subsequently known to all time as “Henry the Navigator,” from the interest he took in maritime exploration. He was present at the siege of Ceuta in 1415, and after its capture was said to have inquired with much interest as to

the condition of Morocco and of the unknown African interior, and to have heard from the Moors of Timbuctoo.

On his return to Portugal he established himself on the rocky promontory of Sagres, and devoted himself to the encouragement of the exploration of the coasts of Africa. Under his direction expedition after expedition set out.

Explorations and Conquests.

First Cape Bojador to the south of the Morocco coast was doubled by Gil Eannes in 1434. In 1441-2 Antonio Gonsalvez and Nuno Tristam passed Cape Blanco on the Sahara coast, and reached the Rio d'Ouro or River of Gold, from whence they brought back some gold dust and ten slaves. These slaves having been sent by Prince Henry to Pope Martin V., the latter conferred upon Portugal the right of possession and sovereignty over all countries that might be discovered between Cape Blanco and India. In 1445 a Portuguese named Joao Fernandez made the first overland exploration, starting alone from the mouth of the Rio d'Ouro, and traveling over seven months in the interior. In the following year the river Senegal was reached, and Cape Verde was doubled by Diniz Diaz, and in 1448 the coast was explored as far as Sierra Leone. In 1446 Cadamosto (a Venetian in Portuguese service) discovered the Cape Verde Islands, and visited the rivers Senegal and Gambia, bringing back much information in regard to Timbuctoo, the trade in gold and ivory with the coast, and the overland trade routes from the Niger to the Mediterranean.

It is asserted by the Portugese that some years later two Portuguese envoys actually reached Timbuctoo, but the truth of this assertion is somewhat problematical, as had they done so they would probably have dissipated to some extent the excessive exaggerations regarding the wealth and importance of that Negro capital. In 1462, two years after the death of Prince Henry, Pedro Da Cintra explored the coast as far as modern Liberia. By 1471 the whole Guinea coast had been followed past the Niger delta, and as far south as the Ogowe.

Trade in Slaves and Gold.

In 1448, under Prince Henry's directions, a fort had been built on the Bay of Arguin, to the south of Cape Blanco, and a few years later a Portuguese company was formed for carrying on a trade with the Guinea coast in slaves and gold. The first expedition sent out by this company resulted in the despatch of 200 Negro slaves to Portugal, and thenceforward the slave trade grew and prospered, and at first resulted in little or no misery for the slaves, who exchanged a hunted, hand-to-mouth existence among savage tribes in Africa for relatively kind treatment and comfortable living in beautiful Portugal, where they were much in favor as house servants. In 1481 the Portuguese, who had been for some years examining the Gold Coast, decided to build a fort to protect their trade there. In 1482 the fort was completed and the Portuguese flag raised in token of sovereignty. This strong place, for more than a hundred years in possession of the Portuguese, was called Sao Jorge da Mina.

In the same year in which this first Portuguese post was established on the Gold Coast, exploration of the African coast was carried on beyond the mouth of the Ogowe by Diogo Cam, who three years later—in 1485—discovered the mouth of the Congo, and sailed up that river about as far as Boma. Diogo Cam's discoveries were continued by Bartolomew Diaz, who, passing along the South-west coast of Africa, rounded the Cape of Good Hope in stormy weather without knowing it, and touched land at Algoa Bay, whence, on his return journey, he sighted that famous cape, which King John II. christened "the Cape of Good Hope."

Vasco da Gama.

Already the Portuguese were full of the idea of rounding Africa and so reaching India. They had begun to hear from the Arabs, who were now in full possession of the East African coast, rumors of the circumnavigability of Africa. A Portuguese named Pero de Covilhao started for Egypt in 1486, and traveled to India by way of the Red Sea. On his return he visited most of the Arab settlements on the East coast of Africa as far south as Sofala. The information he brought back decided the despatch of an expedition

under Vasco da Gama to pass around the Cape of Good Hope to the Arab colonies, and thence to India.

Vasco da Gama set out in 1497 and made his famous voyage round the Cape (calling at and naming Natal on the way) to Sofala, where he picked up an Arab pilot who took him to Malindi, and thence to India. On his return journey, Vasco da Gama took possession of the island of Mozambique, and visited the Quelimane river near the mouth of the Zambezi. Numerous well-equipped expeditions sailed for India within the years following Vasco da Gama's discoveries.

While India was the main goal before the eyes of their commanders, considerable attention was bestowed upon the founding of forts along the east coast of Africa, both to protect the Cape route to India, and to further Portuguese trade with the interior of Africa. In nearly every case the Portuguese merely supplanted the Arabs, who possibly themselves supplanting Phœnicians or Sabaeans, had established themselves at Sofala, Quelimane, Sena (on the Zambezi), Mozambique, Kilwa, Zanzibar; Mombasa, Malindi, Lamu, and Magdishu. Sofala was taken by Pedro de Anhaya in 1505; Tristan d'Acunha captured Socotra and Lamu in 1507, in which year also Duarte de Mello captured and fortified Mozambique. Kilwa and the surrounding Arab establishments were seized between 1506 and 1508, and a little later the remaining places already mentioned on the east coast of Africa were in possession of the Portuguese, who had also Aden on the south coast of Arabia, the island of Ormuz on the Persian Gulf, and various places on the coast of Oman, including Muskat. Pero de Covilhao had already, as has been mentioned, visited the East coast of Africa (after traveling overland to India) before Vasco da Gama's rounding of the Cape. He then directed his steps to Abyssinia, of which he had heard when in Cairo.

Prester John's Kingdom.

Before this period of the world's history, and from the time of the earlier crusades, a legend had grown of the existence of Prester John—some Christian monarch of the name of John, who ruled in the heart of Asia or of Africa, a bright spot in the midst of hea-

thenry. The court of Prester John was located anywhere between Senegambia and China; but the legend had its origin probably in the continued existence of Greek Christianity in Abyssinia, and towards Abyssinia several Portuguese explorers and missionaries directed their steps from the time of Pero or Pedro de Covilhao until the seventeenth century. Some Portuguese Jesuit missionaries penetrated far south of Abyssinia into countries which have only been since revisited by Europeans within the last few years. Portuguese civilization distinctly left its mark on Abyssinia in architecture and in other ways. The very name which we apply to this modern Ethiopia is a Portuguese rendering of the Arab and Indian cant term for "negro"—Habesh—a word of uncertain origin.

About this time also, the Portuguese visited the coasts of Madagascar, as will be related in the chapter dealing with that island. They also discovered (in 1507) the islands now known by the names of Reunion and Mauritius, though they made no permanent settlements on either.

The West Coast and the Congo.

On the West coast of Africa geographical discovery was soon followed by something like colonization. The island of Madeira, which had been known to the Portuguese in the fourteenth century, was occupied by them in the fifteenth, and a hundred years afterwards was already producing a supply of that wine which has made it so justly famous. The island of St. Helena—afterwards to be seized by the Dutch and taken from them by the English East India Company—was discovered by the Portuguese in 1502, and this island also, at the end of a century of intermittent use by the Portuguese, possessed orange groves and fig trees which they had planted.

When Diego Cam returned from the Congo in 1485 he brought back with him a few Congo natives, who were baptized, and who returned some years later to the Congo with Diego Cam and a large number of proselytizing priests. This Portuguese expedition arrived at the mouth of the Congo in 1491, and there encountered a vassal chief of the king of the Congo who ruled the riverain province of Sonyo. This chief received them with a respect due to demi-gods, and

allowed himself to be at once converted to Christianity—a conversion which was sincere and durable. The Portuguese proceeded under his guidance to the king's capital about two hundred miles from the coast, which they named Sao Salvador. Here the king and queen were baptized with the names of the then king and queen of Portugal, Joao and Leonora, while the crown Prince was called Affonso. Christianity made surprising progress amongst those fetish worshipers, who readily transferred their adoration to the Virgin Mary and the saints, and discarded their indigenous male and female gods.

The Kingdom of Congo.

Early in the sixteenth century the Congo kingdom was visited by the Bishop of Sao Thome, an island off the Guinea coast, which, together with the adjoining Prince's Island, had been settled by the Portuguese soon after their discovery of the West coast of Africa. The Bishop of Sao Thome being unable to take up his residence in the kingdom of Congo procured the consecration of a native Negro as Bishop of the Congo. This man, who was a member of the Congo royal family, had been educated in Lisbon, and was, I believe, the first Negro bishop known to history. But he was not a great success, nor was the next bishop, in whose reign in the middle of the sixteenth century great dissensions arose in the Congo church among the native priesthood, which led to a considerable lessening of Christian fervor. After the death of Dom Diego a civil war broke out, and one by one the males of the royal house were all killed except "Dom Henrique," the king's brother. This latter also died soon after succeeding to the throne, and left the state to his son, "Dom Alvares."

During this civil war many of the Portuguese whom the kings of Congo had invited to settle in the country as teachers, mechanics, and craftsmen were killed or expelled as the cause of the troubles which European intervention had brought on the Congo kingdom. But Dom Alvares, who was an enlightened man, gathered all that remained, and for a time Portuguese civilization continued to advance over the country. But a great stumbling-block had arisen in the way

of Christianity being accepted by the bulk of the people—that stumbling block which is still discussed at every Missionary conference—polygamy. A relation of the king Dom Alvares renounced Christianity and headed a reactionary party. Curiously enough he was handed down to history as Bula Matadi, “the Breaker of Stones,” the name which more than three hundred years afterwards was applied to the explorer Stanley by the Congo peoples, and has since become the native name for the whole of the government of the Congo Free State.

On the East Coast.

On the East coast of Africa Portuguese colonization did not commence until the 16th century had begun, and Vasco da Gama, after rounding the Cape, had revealed the existence of old Arab trading settlements and sultanates between Sofala and Somaliland.

The need of ports of call on the long voyage to India caused the Portuguese to decide soon after Vasco da Gama’s famous voyage to possess themselves of these Arab settlements, the more so because hostilities against the “Moors” were a never-ending vendetta on the part of a Spaniard or Portuguese, while the conquest was at that date an easy one, as the Portuguese had artillery and the East African Arabs had none.

By 1520 the Portuguese had ousted the Arabs and occupied in their stead Kilwa, Zanzibar, Pemba, Mombasa, Lamu, Malindi, Brava (Barawa), and Magdishu (Magadoxo), all north of the Ruvuma river. South of that river they had taken Sofala and Mozambique. Here they had, it is said, established a trading station in 1503, but Mozambique island was not finally occupied by them till 1507, when the existing fortress was commenced and built by Duarte de Mello. The fort was then and is still known as “the Praca de Sao Sebastiao.” It had been decided before this that Mozambique should be the principal place of call, after leaving the Cape of Good Hope, for the Portuguese ships on their way to India; but when in 1505 the Portuguese deliberately sanctioned the idea of a Portuguese East African colony, they turned their attention rather to Sofala as its centre than to Mozambique. Sofala, which is near the modern

Beira, was an old Arab port and sultanate, and had been for some 1500 years the principal port on the South-east of Africa, from which the gold obtained in the mines of Manika was shipped to the Red Sea and the Persian Gulf. Consequently the first proposed Portuguese settlement on the East Coast of Africa was entitled "the Captaincy of Sofala." But later on Mozambique grew in importance, and eventually gave its name to the Portuguese possession in East Africa.

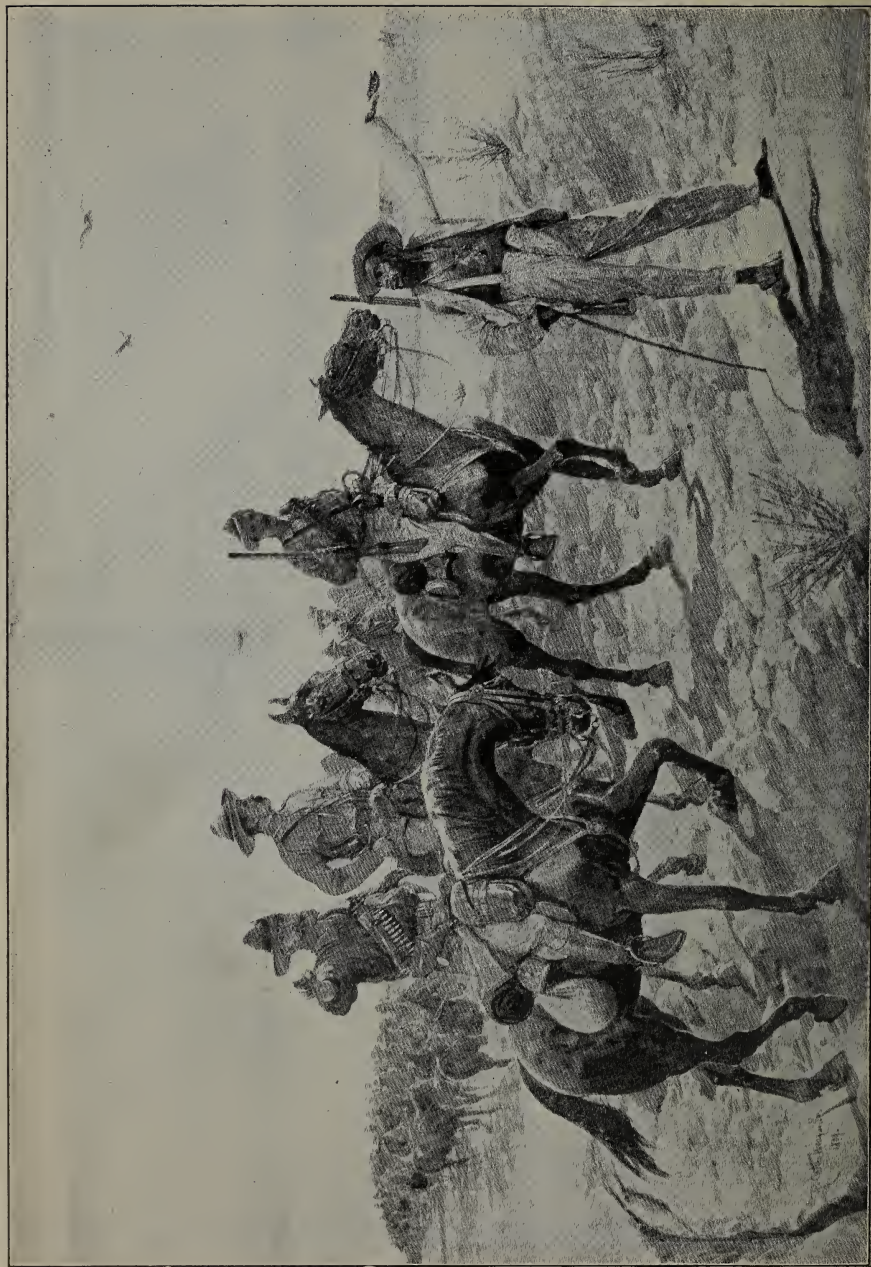
Advent of the Dutch in Africa.

The Dutch made their first trading voyage to the Guinea Coast in 1595, 16 years after throwing off the yoke of Spain. On the plea of warring with the Spanish Empire, which then included Portugal, they displaced the latter power at various places along the West coast of Africa—at Arguin, at Goree (purchased from the natives, 1621), Elmina (1637), and at Sao Paulo de Loanda about the same time ; while they also threatened Mozambique on the East coast, and possessed themselves of the island of Mauritius, which had been a place of call for Portuguese ships. On the West coast of Africa, besides supplanting the Portuguese, the Dutch established themselves strongly on the Gold Coast by means of sixteen new forts of their own, in most cases alongside British settlements, which were regarded by the Dutch with the keenest jealousy.

Dutch hold on the Gold Coast produced an impression in the shape of a race of Dutch half-castes, which endures to this day, and furnishes useful employés to the British Government in many minor capacities. But after the abolition of the slave trade Dutch commerce with the Guinea Coast began to wane, and their political influence disappeared also : so that by 1872 the last of the Dutch ports had been transferred to Great Britain in return for the cession on our part of rights we possessed over Sumatra. Meantime Dutch trade had begun to take firm hold over the Congo and Angola Coast, and it is possible that, had the cession of the Gold Coast forts been delayed a few years longer, it would never have been made, for Holland possesses a considerable trade with Africa, and there has been a strong feeling of regret in the Netherlands for some



Laings Nek—Scene of Colley's Repulse, January 28, 1881.



Column of British South African Police.

time past at the exclusion of that country's flag from the African continent.

Foundation of Cape Colony.

But a far more important colonization than a foothold on the slave-trade coast was made indirectly for Holland in the middle of the seventeenth century. The Dutch East India Company, desirous of making the Cape of Good Hope something more than a port of call, which might fall into the hands of Portugal, France, England, or any other rival, decided to occupy that important station. The Dutch had taken possession of St. Helena in 1645, but a Dutch ship having been wrecked at Table Bay in 1648, the crew landed, and encamped where Cape Town now stands. Here they were obliged to live for five months, until picked up by other Dutch ships; but during this period they sowed and reaped grain, and obtained plenty of meat from the natives, with whom they were on good terms. The favorable report they gave of this country on their return to Holland decided the Dutch Company, after years of hesitation, to take possession of Table Bay. An expedition was sent out under Jan van Riebeeck, a ship's surgeon, who had already visited South Africa. The three ships of Van Riebeeck's expedition reached Table Bay on the 6th of April, 1652.

At different periods in the early part of the sixteenth century the Dutch had consolidated their sea-going ventures into two great chartered companies—the Dutch Company of the West Indies, and the Dutch Company of the East Indies. The West Indian Company took over all the settlements on the West Coast of Africa, and had the monopoly of trade or rule along all the Atlantic Coast of tropical America. The East India Company was to possess the like monopoly from the Pacific Coast of South America across the Indian Ocean to the Cape of Good Hope. The headquarters of the East India Company, where their Governor-General and Council were established, was at Batavia, in the island of Java.

Trouble with the Natives.

It was not at first intended to establish anything like a colony in South Africa—merely a secure place of call for the ships engaged

in the East Indian trade. But circumstances proved too strong for this modest reserve. The inevitable quarrel arose between the Dutch garrison at Table Bay and the surrounding Hottentots. At the time of the Dutch settlement of the Cape all the South-west corner of Africa was inhabited only and sparsely by Hottentots and Bushmen; the prolific Bantu Negroes not coming nearer to the Dutch than the vicinity of Algoa Bay. A little war occurred with the Hottentots in 1659, as a result of which the Dutch first won by fighting, and subsequently bought, a small coast strip of land from Saldanha Bay on the north to False Bay on the south, thus securing the peninsula which terminates at the Cape of Good Hope. French sailing vessels were in the habit of calling at Saldanha Bay, and in 1666 and 1670 desultory attempts were made by the French to establish a footing there. Holland also about this time was alternately at war with England or France, or both powers.

Therefore, the Dutch resolved to build forts more capable of resisting European attack than those which were sufficient to defend the colony against Hottentots. Still, in spite of occasional unprovoked hostilities on the part of the Dutch, they were left in possession of the Cape of Good Hope for more than a hundred years.

French Huguenots at the Cape.

In 1685, Louis XIV. unwittingly dealt a fearful blow to France in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, which resulted in thousands of French Protestants emigrating to other countries where they might enjoy freedom of religion. The Protestant Dutch sympathized with the homeless Huguenots, and the Netherlands Company decided to give free passages and grants of land to a number of these refugees. By 1689 nearly 200 French emigrants had been landed at the Cape and settled in the mountain country behind Cape Town. Here, however, they were not allowed to form a separate community. They were scattered amongst the Dutch settlers, their children were taught Dutch, and in a few years they were thoroughly absorbed in the Dutch community; though they have left ineffaceable traces of their presence in the many French surnames to be met with amongst the South African Dutch at the

present day (always pronounced however in the Dutch way), and in the dark eyes, dark hair, and handsome features of the better type of Frenchman. Handsomer men and women than are some of the Afrikanders it would be impossible to meet with, but this personal beauty is almost invariably traceable to Huguenot ancestry.

The French settlers taught the Dutch improved methods of growing corn and wine, and altogether more scientific agriculture. Towards the latter end of the seventeenth century the Dutch introduced the oak tree into the Cape Peninsula and the suburbs of Cape Town, where it is now such a handsome and prominent feature. All this time the Hottentots gave almost no trouble. They were employed here and there as servants ; but they attempted no insurrection against the European settlers, though they quarrelled very much amongst themselves. In 1713 large numbers of them were exterminated by an epidemic of smallpox. The Dutch had not yet come into contact with the so-called Kaffirs.

Growth of the Colony.

In 1770 the total European population in Cape Colony was nearly 10,000, of whom more than 8000 were free colonists, and the remainder "servants" and employés of the Company. All this time, although the prosperity of the Cape increased and its export of wheat, wine, and live-stock progressed satisfactorily, the revenue invariably failed to meet the expenditure, and if other events had not occurred the Dutch Company must soon have been compelled by bankruptcy to transfer the administration of the Cape to other hands. But towards the close of the eighteenth century, the Dutch, too weak to resist the influence of France and Russia, were showing veiled hostility towards England, with the result that England—which on the other hand was secretly longing to possess the Cape, owing to the development of the British Empire in India—declared war against the Netherlands at the end of 1780.

In 1781 a British fleet under Commodore Johnstone left England for the Cape of Good Hope with 3000 troops on board. Johnstone, however, from storms and other reasons not so apparent, but

possibly due to a certain indecision of mind, delayed his fleet at Porto Praya, in the Cape Verde Islands, and news of the expedition having been treacherously imparted to France by persons in England who were in her pay, Admiral Suffren—one of the greatest of seamen—surprised the British fleet at the Cape Verde Islands with a squadron of inferior strength, and gave it such a sound drubbing that Johnstone was delayed for several months in reaching Cape Town, where the French had preceded him, and had landed sufficient men to make a British attack on Cape Town of doubtful success. Johnstone, therefore, contented himself in a not very creditable way with destroying the unarmed Dutch shipping in the port, and then left Cape Town without effecting a landing.

The result was the garrisoning of Cape Town by a French regiment for two more years, during which time, however, another attempt was made by the British to seize the Cape, which was nearly successful. During this war, however, England apparently made up her mind that the possession of the Cape of Good Hope and of Trincomalee in Ceylon was necessary to the welfare of her Indian possessions, and did not lose sight of this policy when the next legitimate opportunity presented itself to make war upon Holland. On the other hand, the French, though they withdrew their troops in 1783, were equally alive to the importance of the Cape, and in the great duel which was to take place between the two nations it is tolerably certain that South Africa would never have remained in the hands of the Dutch; if it had not become English it would have been taken and kept by the French.

Trouble with the Kaffirs.

About this time the Dutch came into conflict with the Kaffirs. This vanguard of the great Bantu race had been invading southern Africa almost concurrently with the white people. Coming from the North-east and North they had, we may guess, crossed the Zambezi about the commencement of the Christian Era, and their invasion had brought about the partial destruction and abandonment of the Sabaean or Arab settlements in the gold-mining districts of South-east Africa. The Semitic inhabitants of Zimbabwe and other min-

ing centres had been driven back to the coast at Sofala. The progress of the black Bantu against the now more concentrated Hottentots and Bushmen was then somewhat slower, delayed no doubt by natural obstacles, by the desperate defence of the Hottentots, the tracts of waterless country on the west, and internecine warfare amongst themselves. Overlaying the first three divisions of Bantu invaders came down across the Zambezi from the districts of Tanganyika the great Zulu race, akin to the Makalaka and Bechuana people who had preceded them, but less mixed with Hottentot blood, and speaking a less corrupted Bantu language. By the beginning of the eighteenth century this seventh wave, as one may call it, of Bantu invasion had swept as far south as the Great Kei River, and some years later had pushed the Hottentots back to the Great Fish River. In 1778 they came into direct contact with the Dutch, and the Governor of the Cape entered into an agreement with the Kaffir chiefs that the Great Fish River should be the boundary between Dutch rule and Kaffir settlement. Nevertheless, this agreement was soon transgressed by the Kaffirs, who commenced raiding the Dutch settlers. In 1781 the first Kaffir war ended disastrously for the Bantu invaders, who were driven back for a time to the Kei River. Eight years later they again invaded Cape Colony. A foolish policy of conciliation was adopted, which ended by the Kaffirs being allowed to settle on the Dutch side of the Great Fish River in 1789.

A Bankrupt Colony.

In 1790 the Netherlands East India Company was practically bankrupt, and in the following year (when it was computed that the European population of the Cape numbered 14,600 persons, owning 17,000 slaves) the Dutch Governor was recalled to Europe, and the country was for a year left in a state of administrative chaos, until two Commissioners, sent out by the States General, arrived and took over the government. But the next year these Commissioners went on to Batavia, and the Burghers of the interior districts became so dissatisfied with the mismanagement of affairs that they expelled their magistrates and took the administration of their

districts into their own hands, calling themselves "Nationals," and becoming to some degree infected with the spirit of the French Revolution.

Meantime, in the same year, 1793, the Dutch Government had joined England and Prussia in making war upon France. Two years afterwards, in 1795, the French troops had occupied Holland, and had turned it into the Batavian Republic, a state in alliance with France. The Prince of Orange, hereditary Stadhouder of the Netherlands, had fled to England, and in the spring of 1795 he authorized the British Government to occupy Cape Colony on behalf of the States General in order to obviate its seizure by the French.

British Seizure and Annexation.

In June, 1795, a British fleet carrying troops commanded by General Craig arrived at False Bay. The Dutch were not very willing to surrender Cape Town at the first demand, even though the interior of the country was in revolt against the company. Both the officer administering the Company's Government and the dissatisfied Burghers sank their differences in opposition to the landing of the British. The latter were anxious to avoid hostilities, and, therefore, spent a month in negotiations, but on the 14th of July the British forcibly occupied Simon Town, and three weeks later drove the Dutch from a position they had taken up near Cape Town. In September 3000 more troops arrived under General Clarke, and in the middle of that month marched on Cape Town from the South-east. A capitulation was finally arranged after an attack and a defence which had been half-hearted. Thenceforth for eight years the English occupied Cape Town and administered the adjoining colony. At first their rule was military, just and satisfactory; afterwards when a civilian governor was sent out a system of corruption and favoritism was introduced which caused much dissatisfaction. The British also had made it known that they only held the colony in trust for the Stadhouder, and this made the Dutch settlers uncertain as to their allegiance.

Meantime, however, the British administration gave some satisfaction to the settlers by its policy of free trade and open markets,

and by certain reliefs in taxation ; also by the institution of a Burgher Senate of six members. But the Boers of the interior remained for some time recalcitrant. The Dutch, however, made an attempt to regain possession of the Cape by despatching a fleet of nine ships with 2000 men on board, which, however, was made to surrender at Saldanha Bay by Admiral Elphinstone and General Craig without firing a shot. Kaffir raids recommenced, and the British having organized a Hottentot corps of police, the other Hottentots who were serfs to the Dutch rose in insurrection.

When in 1803 the British evacuated Cape Town they did not leave the colony in a sufficiently satisfactory condition to encourage the Dutch settlers to hope for British rule. From 1803 to 1806 the Dutch Government ruled Cape Colony as a colony, and not as the appendage of a chartered company, which had now disappeared. The Cape ceased to be subordinate to Batavia, and possessed a Governor and Council of its own. A check was placed on the importation of slaves, and European immigration was encouraged. Postal communication and the administration of justice were organized or improved. In fact, the Commissioner-General De Mist and Governor Janssens, in the two years and nine months of their rule, laid the foundations of an excellent system of colonial government. But the march of events was too strong for them.

The great minister Pitt, in the summer of 1805, secretly organized an expedition which should carry nearly 7000 troops to seize the Cape. In spite of delays and storms, this fleet reached Table Bay at the beginning of January, 1806. Six British regiments were landed eighteen miles north of Cape Town. Governor Janssens went out to meet them with such poor forces as he could gather together—2000 in all against 4000 British. The result of course was disastrous to the Dutch, whose soldiers mainly consisted of half-hearted German mercenaries. On the 16th of January, Cape Town surrendered, and after some futile resistance by Janssens in the interior, a capitulation was signed on January 18th, and Janssens and the Dutch soldiers were sent back to the Netherlands by the British Government.

By a Convention dated August 13, 1814, the Dutch Government with the Prince of Orange at its head ceded Cape Colony and the American possession of Demerara to Great Britain against the payment of £6,000,000, which was made either by the actual tendering of money to the Dutch Government, or the wiping off of Dutch debts.

Story of South Africa.

Henceforth our narrative must chiefly concern itself with the fortunes of South Africa, to wit, Cape Colony and its various offshoots. The history of the rest of the continent is full of interest. The adventures of Stanley, the heroism of Gordon, the engineering genius of De Lesseps, the resolute mastership of Kitchener, the empire-building achievements of Sir George Goldie, the foundation of the Great Congo Free State, the Negro Republic of Liberia—these and a thousand other topics are of fascinating interest. But each of them might well command a whole volume. Our present purpose is to relate the story of the southern part of the continent.

We have outlined the early history and the later re-discoveries of the whole continent. We have shown how the southern states were founded in embryo, first by the Portuguese, then by the Dutch, finally by the English. Let us now confine our attention chiefly to their further development, and to the climax of their history which the present war implies.

CHAPTER III.

Early Explorers of the Dark Continent—Early Explorers—Greeks and Romans—Ptolemy—Portuguese Explorers—Exploring South Africa—British Adventurers—Seeking the Source of the Nile—Timbuctoo—Mungo Park—Dutch Settlements—Portuguese Activities—The British in South Africa—Congo and Niger—French Explorers—The Sahara and Soudan—Lander's Work in Nigeria—Borrioboola-Gha—British Enterprise—Barth's Great Work.

THE colonization of Africa in all its earlier stages is so closely akin to exploration that we may seem to deal rather with geographical discoveries than with political settlement. But as there is much exploring work which has not been directly connected with colonization, just as all missionary work has not resulted in the foundation of European states in Africa, nor have measures for the suppression of the slave trade invariably given rise to annexation, it will be well to devote a chapter to the enumeration of great explorers whose work proved to be an indirect cause of the ultimate European control now established over nearly all Africa.

Early Explorers.

The first explorers known to history, though not, unfortunately, mentioned by name, were those Phœnicians despatched by the Egyptian Pharaoh Necho (son of Psammetik) about 600 B. C. to circumnavigate Africa. We receive our knowledge through Herodotus, who derived his information from Egypt; but the account given of the voyage bears the stamp of veracity and probability.

Cambyzes, the Persian king who invaded Egypt in 525 B. C., is said to have lost his life in endeavoring to trace the course of the Nile, he and his army having disappeared in the deserts of Upper Nubia. About 520 B. C., Hanno, the Carthaginian, conducted an

expedition round the West coast of Africa, which penetrated about as far South as the confines of Liberia.

Greeks and Romans.

The Greek historian, Herodotus, journeyed in Egypt and in the Cyrenaica about 450 B. C. Eratosthenes, a Greek, born at Cyrene in 276 B. C., became the librarian of one of the Ptolemies at Alexandria, and, although he derived much of his information about the valley of the Nile from other travellers, still he conducted a certain amount of exploration himself. Polybius, a Greek, born in 204 B. C., explored much of the North coast of Africa in the service of the Romans about 140 years before the Christian Era.

The celebrated Strabo flourished during the reign of Augustus Cæsar, and wrote a great work on geography about the year A. D., 19. He accompanied the Roman governor Ælius Gallus on a journey up the Nile as far as Philæ, though his knowledge of the Cyrenaica was limited to a journey along the coast. Nero sent two centurions (according to Pliny) with orders to ascend the Nile and discover its source. Thanks to recommendations from the king of Ethiopia, they were passed on from tribe to tribe, and apparently ascended the Nile as far as its junction with the Sobat, where they were stopped by immense masses of floating vegetation, called sudd.

Though Pliny the Elder does not appear to have visited Africa, or at any rate to have carried his explorations farther than a trip to Alexandria and visits to the ports along the Barbary coast, he nevertheless did much to collect and edit the geographical knowledge of the day; and has thus transmitted to our knowledge the slender information which the Romans possessed of interior Africa during the early years of the Empire. Pliny is remarkable for having handed down to us the first mention of the Niger, which he calls Nigir or Nigris and somewhat confounds with the humbler river Drana to the south of Morocco.

Ptolemy.

About the middle of the second century of the Christian Era there flourished in Egypt the famous geographer called Claudius Ptolemæus, better known to us as "Ptolemy." Though he also

was mainly a compiler and owed much of his information to the works on geography published by his predecessor or contemporary, Marinus of Tyre, yet it seems probable that he travelled up the Nile for a certain distance, and visited the African coasts along the Red Sea and the Mediterranean. At any rate he published the most extended account of African geography given by any classical writer. His account of the Nile lakes, of the East African coast and of the Sahara Desert are the nearest approach to actuality of all geographers before the Mohammedan epoch.

With the decline of the Roman Empire came a cessation of all geographical exploration, and there was no revival until the Mohammedan invaders of Africa had attained sufficient civilization to record their journeys and observations. Masudi and Ibn Haukal in the 10th century, and other Arab travellers whose wanderings have not been recorded, furnished from their journeys information embodied in the map of Idris or Edrisi drawn up by a Sicilian Saracen geographer, Robert of Sicily in the 12th century. By these journeys the first definite and reliable information about the geography of Africa south of the Sahara, and along the East coast to Zanzibar and Sofala, was brought to European knowledge. Ibn Batuta, a native of Morocco, in the 14th century, and Leo Africanus (a Spanish Moor who afterwards turned Christian,) in the 16th century, had visited the Niger and the regions round Lake Chad.

Portuguese Explorers.

The geographical enterprise of the Moors communicated itself to their conquerors, the Portuguese. Besides their great navigators, the Portuguese sent out overland explorers, the first, named Joao Fernandez, having in 1445 explored the Sahara Desert inland from the Rio d'Ouro. It is stated that Pero d'Evora and Goncalvez Eannes actually travelled overland in 1487 from Senegambia to Timbuctoo; but doubt has been thrown on their having reached this distant city; they may possibly have got as far as Jenne. Much more real and important were the explorations of Pero de Covilhao, who travelled in Abyssinia in 1490 on his return from India, and remained in that country for the rest of his life.

Passing over Francisco Barreto, who explored Zambezia more for immediate political purposes in 1569 and subsequent years, we may next note the journey of a Portuguese gentleman named Jasper Bocarro who in 1616 made a journey overland from the central Zambezi, across the river Shiré, near Lake Nyasa and the Ruvuma river, and thence to the east coast at Mikindani. From Mikindani he continued his journey to Malindi by sea. In the 17th century two Portuguese Jesuit missionaries, Pedro Paez and Jeronimo Lobo, explored Abyssinia, even far to the south. Paez visited the source of the Blue Nile, and Lobo directed his travels to the quasi-Christian states to the south of Abyssinia. Numbers of unnamed, unremembered Portuguese soldiers and missionaries must have plunged into the interior of Africa between 1445 and the end of the 17th century, bringing back jumbled information of lakes and rivers and Negro states; but their information has perished—except in an indirect form—and their names are lost to history.

Exploring South Africa.

In 1520 Andrew Battel, a fisherman of Leigh, in Essex, was rescued from the Indians of Brazil by a Portuguese ship, which started for the coast of Angola to trade for slaves. The vessel reached Benguela at a time when it was being ravaged by the predatory "Jagas." The Portuguese being obliged to leave a hostage with the Jagas, left Battel behind, and in the company of these wild people he seems to have traversed much of the Congo country behind Angola before he eventually reached the coast again near a Portuguese fort, where he was allowed by the Jagas to leave them and return to his own land. He appears to have roamed over South-west Africa for nearly eighteen years, and he brought back fairly truthful accounts of the pigmy races, the anthropoid apes, and some of the big game which penetrates the interior of Benguela from the south.

British Adventurers.

At the commencement of the 17th century, William Lithgow, a Scottish traveler, visited Tunis and Algeria. In 1618 the London Company of Adventurers despatched George Thompson, who had

already traveled in Barbary, to explore the river Gambia. During his absence up the river the ship by which he had come from England was seized, and the crew murdered by Portuguese and half-caste slave traders, who resented this invasion of their special domain. Thompson managed to send back word of his difficulties, and the Company of Adventurers sent out another small ship. After sending her back with letters, Thompson continued his journeys for a distance of about 80 miles above the mouth of the Gambia. Thompson, however, lost his head, became fantastic in his notions, and is supposed to have been killed by the natives.

A third vessel was sent out from London, commanded by Richard Jobson, to inquire after Thompson's fate. His first voyage, though he reached the point where Thompson had disappeared, was not very successful. On his return from Gravesend with two ships in 1620, he sailed up the Gambia to a place called Kasson, where dwelt an influential Portuguese who had been the instigator of the destruction of his predecessor's ship. This man fled at Jobson's approach, and the latter continued on his way till he reached Tenda, where Thompson had disappeared. He then travelled in boats far above the Barraconda Rapids.

Then followed the journey of Jannequin de Rochefort and his companions in Senegal, and the still more important explorations of Bruce and Campagnon in the same region. During the reign of King Charles II. a Dutch or Anglicized Dutch merchant, named Vermuyden, asserted that he had ascended the Gambia and reached a country beyond, full of gold, but the truth of this story is open to considerable suspicion. In 1723 Captain Bartholomew Stibbs, and later still a man named Harrison, repeated Jobson's explorations of the Gambia. In 1720-30 Dr. Shaw, an Englishman, traveled in Egypt, Algeria and Tunis, and gave the first fairly accurate account of the Barbary States which had been received since they became Mohammedanized. About the same time, Sonnini, an Italian, explored Egypt, and gave the first modern account of that country.

Seeking the Source of the Nile.

In 1768-73 James Bruce, a Scotchman of good family, who had been educated at Harrow, and had spent two and a half years as Consul at Algiers, travelled first in Tunis, Tripoli, and Syria. He then entered Egypt, and, becoming interested in the Nile question, he voyaged down the Red Sea to Massawa, and journeyed to Gondar, the capital of Abyssinia. Having some knowledge of medicine, he found favor with the authorities, and was given a command in the Abyssinian cavalry. After many disappointments, his ardent wish was granted, and he arrived at what he believed to be the sources of the Nile, but which really were the head waters of the Blue Nile, to the south of Abyssinia. He journeyed home by way of Sennar and the Nubian Desert to Cairo. In 1793 William George Browne, a Londoner, and a member of Oriel College, Oxford, attracted by the accounts of Bruce's travels, entered Egypt, and crossed the Libyan Desert from Asiut to Darfur in 1793. There he was treated extremely badly by the Sultan of the country, and practically endured a captivity of three years before he succeeded in returning to Egypt.

Timbuctoo.

During the 18th century rumors had gradually been taking shape in the belief that there was a great river in Western Africa on whose banks stood the famous city of Timbuctoo. This river was identified with Pliny's Nigris or Niger. At first it was thought that the Niger was the Gambia or Senegal, but at last it was believed that the Niger must rise southward, beyond the sources of these rivers, and flow to the eastward. Sir Joseph Banks, President of the Royal Society, who had accompanied Cook on his journey round the world, joined with other persons of distinction, and formed the African Association on the 19th of June, 1788, with the special object of exploring the Niger. At first they resolved to try from the North coast of Africa or from Egypt, but these expeditions proving unsuccessful, an attempt was made to march into the unknown from Sierra Leone. Major Houghton, who had been Consul in Morocco, was employed amongst other travellers, and he succeeded

in passing through Bambuk on his way to Timbuctoo; but he was intercepted by the Moors of the Sahara, robbed, and left to die naked in the desert. From Egypt a German traveller named Frederic Hornemann was despatched by the same Association. He reached Fezzan, set out on a journey to Bornu, and was never heard of afterwards.

Mungo Park.

In 1795 the zealous Association accepted the services of a young Scotch surgeon named Mungo Park, and sent him out to discover the Niger from the West coast. Mungo Park started at the age of 24, having had a previous experience in scientific exploration as assistant surgeon on an East Indiaman, which had made a voyage to Sumatra. Park reached Pisania, a station high up the Gambia river, in 1795. He started at the end of that year, and after crossing the Senegal river and going through many adventures, he entered the Moorish countries of Kaarta and Ludamar to the north-east. Hence, after enduring captivity and great hardships, he escaped, and gradually found his way to the Niger at Sego, and struggled along the river till he was within about 200 miles of Timbuctoo. His return journey was attended by such hardships that one marvels at the physical strength which brought him through alive. However, at last he reached Bamaku, and thence after almost incredible difficulties returned to Pisania on the Gambia, about a year and a quarter after setting out thence to discover the Niger. Owing to his return voyage taking him to the West Indies, he did not reach England till the 22d of December, 1797, after performing a journey which, even if he had not subsequently become the Stanley of the Niger, would have made him lastingly famous.

London received him with enthusiasm, but after the first novelty had worn off a period of forgetfulness set in. Park married, and settled down in Peebles as a medical practitioner. But in process of time the influence of the African Association filtered even into the stony heart of a Government department, and it was resolved by the Colonial Office (then a branch of the War Office) to send Mungo Park back to continue his explorations of the Niger. He

was given £5,000 for his expenses, and an ample outfit of stores and arms and other equipment. He held a Captain's commission, and was allowed to select soldiers from the garrison of Goree. He took his brother-in-law with him as second in command, a draughtsman named Scott, and several boatbuilders and carpenters. At Goree he selected one officer, 35 privates, and two seamen.

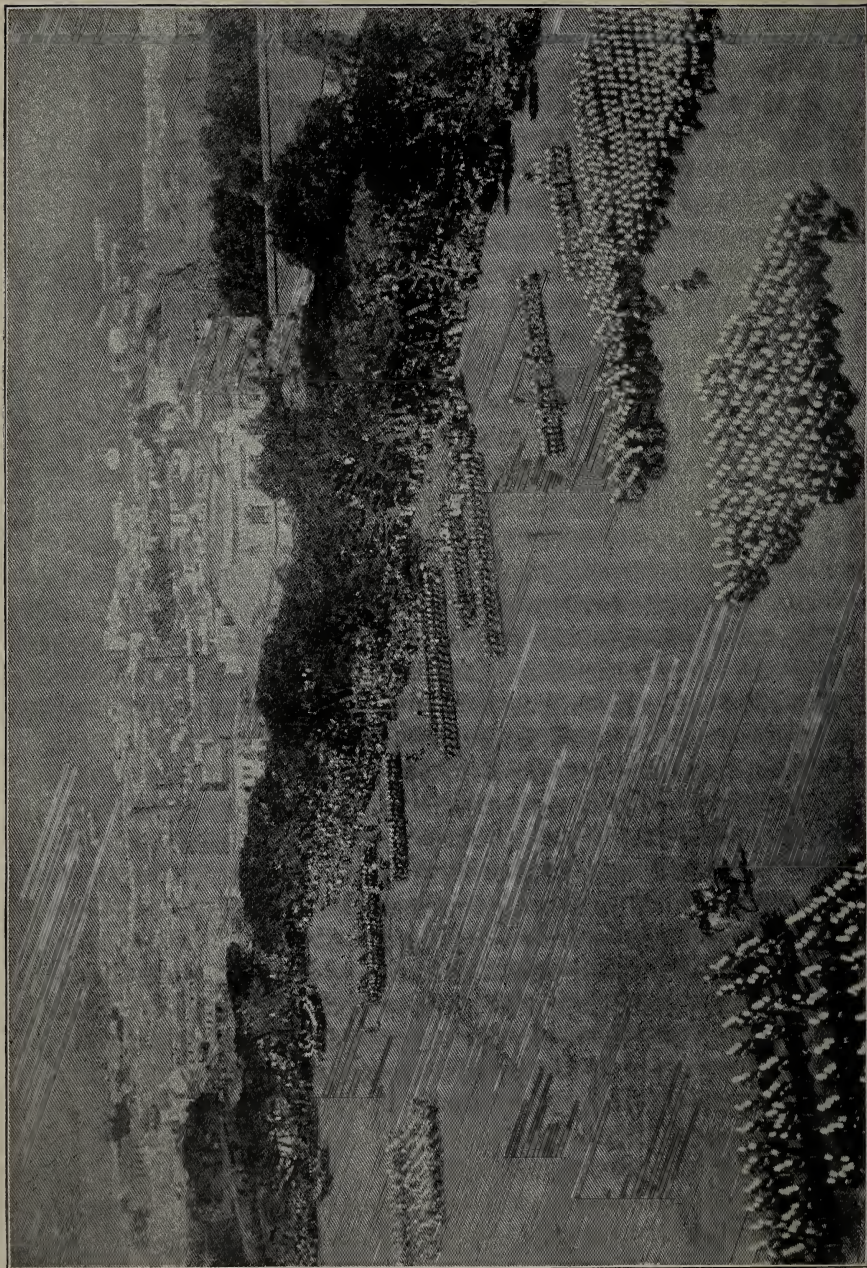
The party left the Gambia in 1805. They were soon attacked with fever, and by the time they had reached the Niger only seven out of the 38 soldiers and seamen who had left Goree were living. Descending the Niger past Sego, Mungo Park built a rough and ready kind of boat at Sansanding, which he named the Joliba. By this time his party had been reduced to five, including himself. On the 12th of November, 1805, they set out from Sansanding (whence they sent back to the Gambia their letters and journals) to trace the Niger to its mouth. Mungo Park was never heard from any more. It was ascertained, by the information which could be subsequently gathered from native traders and slaves, that Mungo Park's party met with constant opposition from the natives in their descent of the river, with the result that they were continually fighting. After Mungo Park entered the Hausa-speaking countries of Sokoto the enmity of the natives increased, apparently because he was unable to pay his way with presents. At last, at Busa, where further navigation was obstructed by rocks, the natives closed in on him. Finding no way of escape, Park jumped into the river with Martin, and was drowned. After Park's death, Major Peddie, Captain Campbell, Major Gray, and Dr. Dochart all strove to follow in Park's footsteps from the direction of the Gambia, but all died untimely deaths from fever, though Dr. Dochart succeeded in reaching Sego on the Niger.

Dutch Settlements.

The presence of the Dutch in South Africa did not lead to great explorations. Such journeys as were made were chiefly parallel to the coast. In 1685 Commander Van der Stel explored Namaqualand within a very short distance of the Orange river; but it was some 60 years later before that river was actually discovered by a



Field Battery Fording a River.



Inspecting Soldiers at Cape Town.

Boer elephant hunter, and its discovery made known scientifically by an expedition under Captain Hop in 1701. This expedition obtained several giraffes, which were sent home by Governor Tulbagh, and were the first to reach Europe.

In 1777, Captain Robert Jacob Gordon, a Scotchman in the service of the Dutch East India Company, discovered the Orange river at its junction with the Vaal. Subsequently Captain Gordon with Lieutenant William Patterson, an Englishman, made a journey overland from the Namakwa country to the mouth of the Orange river, which they ascended for thirty or forty miles. They christened what the Dutch had hitherto called the "Great (Groote) river" the "Orange river," out of compliment to the Stadhouder.

There is also a rumor that two Dutch commissioners, Truster and Sommerville, went on a cattle-purchasing expedition in 1801 beyond the Orange river, and penetrated through the Bechuana country to the vicinity of Lake Ngami.

Portuguese Activities.

Fired by the news of African discoveries, Portugal awoke from one of her secular slumbers in 1798, and despatched Dr. Francisco José Maria de Lacerda to the Zambesi, to attempt a journey across Africa from east to west. The results of this first really scientific exploration of Central Africa has been touched on in Chapter II. It may be sufficient to mention here that Dr. de Lacerda travelled up the Zambesi to Tete, and from Tete, north-westwards, to the vicinity of Lake Mweru, near the shores of which he died. He had been preceded by two Goanese of the name of Pereira.

In the beginning of the present century two half-caste Portuguese named Baptista and Amaro José crossed Africa from the Kwango river, behind Angola, to Tete on the Zambesi. In 1831 Major Monteiro and Captain Gamitto repeated Dr. de Lacerda's journey from Tete to the Kazembe's country, near Lake Mweru, and in 1846 a Portuguese merchant at Tete named Candido de Costa Cardoso, claimed to have sighted the south-west corner of Lake Maravi (Nyasa).

The British in South Africa.

To return again to South Africa :—British rule brought about a great development in exploration. Campbell, a Scotch missionary, in 1812 laid down the course of the Orange river on the map and discovered the source of the Limpopo. Captain (afterwards General Sir J. E.) Alexander made an interesting journey overland from Cape Town to Walfish Bay; Dr. William Burchell and Captain William Cornwallis Harris explored Bechuanaland and the Transvaal and added much to our knowledge of the great African fauna. Moffat and other missionaries extended our knowledge of Bechuanaland; Angas illustrated Zululand; Major Vardon explored the Limpopo.

In the first decade of the 19th century Henry Sault (formerly British Consul-General in Egypt) explored Abyssinia and the Zanzibar Coast. In 1822 Captain Owen left England with two ships, and spent four years exploring the East and West coasts of Africa, and the island of Madagascar. He especially added to our knowledge of Delagoa Bay and the vicinity. He directed the first voyage of discovery up the Zambezi, which unhappily ended in the death of all the Europeans. The limit reached was Sena. The East and West coasts of Africa were delimited by Captain Owen with the first approach to real accuracy. Although he was not an overland explorer, his voyage marks a most important epoch in African discovery, and many of his surveys are still in use.

Congo and Niger.

Mungo Park and others having entertained the idea that the Niger might find its ultimate outlet to the sea in the river Congo, an expedition was sent out in 1816 to explore the Congo river. It was a naval expedition, of course, and the command was given to Captain Tuckey. He surveyed the river to the Yellala Falls, and carried his expedition inland to near these rapids, and the modern station of Isangila. Unfortunately, he and nearly all the officers of his expedition died of fever, but his journey, being conducted on scientific lines, resulted in considerable additions to our knowledge of Bantu Africa, its peoples, languages, and flora.

Major Laing, a Scotchman, who had already in 1823 distinguished himself by exploring the source of the Rokel river of Sierra Leone, practically locating the source of the Niger and ascertaining its altitude, determined in 1825 to strike out a new departure in the search for Timbuctoo. He started from Tripoli, journeyed to Ghadames and the oasis of Twat, and thence struck across the desert to the Niger over a route which may some day be followed by a French trans-Sahara railway. He was attacked on the way by the detestable Touaregs, who left him for dead, bleeding from twenty-four wounds. Still, he recovered, and actually entered Timbuctoo on the 18th of August, 1826. Being advised by the people to leave because of their dislike to the presence of a Christian, he started to return across the desert, but was killed, it is supposed, at El Arwan by the bloodthirsty Touaregs.

French Explorers.

French names amongst explorers were wanting since the journeys of Brüe and Compagnon at the beginning of the 18th century, though Le Vaillant, as a naturalist, made small but very interesting explorations in South Africa. But with the beginning of the 19th century, and the recovery of their Senegalese possessions, Frenchmen resumed the exploration of the Dark Continent. In 1804, Rubault, an official of the Senegal Company, explored the desert country between the Senegal and the Gambia, and the upper waters of the Senegal. In 1818, Gaspard Mollien discovered the source of the Gambia, and explored Portuguese Guinea. In 1824 and 1825 De Beaufort visited the country of Kaarta to the north-east of the Senegal. Then came Caillé, who reached Timbuctoo and returned thence to Morocco in 1827.

The Sahara and Soudan.

The British Government, still pegging away at the Niger country, was roused to fresh exertions by Caillé's journey. Impressed by the success with which Laing had penetrated Central Africa from Tripoli, it resolved to try that Regency as a basis of discovery. Mr. Ritchie and Captain George Lyon started from

Tripoli in 1818, and reached the country of Fezzan. Here Ritchie died, and Lyon did not get beyond the southernmost limit of that country. On his return a second expedition was organized under Dr. Walter Oudney (who was actually appointed Political Agent to Bornu before that country had been discovered by Europeans), Lieutenant Hugh Clapperton, and Lieutenant Dixon Denham. Starting from Tripoli in the spring of 1822, they were compelled to halt there by the obstacles that were placed in their way. Denham, an impulsive, energetic man, rushed back to Tripoli to remonstrate with the Basha, and receiving nothing but empty verbal assurances, started for Marseilles with the intention of proceeding to England, but he was recalled by the Basha of Tripoli, who henceforth placed no obstacles in his way. During his absence the expedition had visited the town of Ghat, far down in the Sahara.

In 1823 this expedition reached the Soudan, and its members were the first Europeans to discover Lake Chad. They then visited Bornu and the Hausa state of Kano, where Dr. Oudney died. After Oudney's death, Clapperton proceeded to Sokoto, and very nearly reached the Niger, but was prevented from doing so by the jealousy of the Fula sultan of Sokoto. Whilst Major Denham was remaining behind in Bornu there arrived with a supply of stores a young man named Toole, who had traversed the long route from Tripoli to Bornu almost alone, and had made the journey from London in four months. Denham and Toole explored the eastern and southern shores of Lake Chad, and discovered the Shari river, after which the unfortunate Toole died. Denham and Clapperton then returned to Tripoli.

The British Government sent Clapperton back to discover the outlet of the Niger. He landed at Badagri, in what is now the British colony of Lagos. He lost his companions one by one, with the exception of his invaluable servant Richard Lander. Clapperton passed through Yorubaland, and actually struck the Niger at the Busa Rapids, near where Park and his company perished. From Busa Clapperton and his party travelled through Nupe, and the Hausa states of Kano and Sokoto ; but he arrived at an unfortunate

time, when Sokoto was at war with Bornu, and the Fula sultan was much too suspicious of Clapperton's motives to help him in the exploration of the Niger. From fever and disappointment Clapperton died at Sokoto on the 13th of April, 1827. It was a great pity that he went there at all. What he should have done on reaching Busa was to work his way down from Busa to the sea. All his companions, except his servant Lander, had pre-deceased him.

Lander's Work in Nigeria.

Lander now endeavored to trace the Niger to the sea, but the Fula sultan still opposed him, and he was stripped of nearly all the property of the expedition before he could leave Sokoto. Eventually he made his way back to Badagri by much the same route that Clapperton had followed. Lander was a Cornishman, a man of short stature, but pleasing appearance and manners. He had had a slight education, as a boy, but learned a good deal more in going out to service as page, footman and valet. In this last-named capacity he had journeyed on the continent of Europe and in South Africa before accompanying Clapperton. When he returned to England his story did not arouse much interest, as Arctic explorations had replaced Africa in the thoughts of a volatile society. Moreover, the ultimate course of the Niger had by a process of exhaustion almost come to be guessed aright. As far back as 1808 Reichardt of Weimar had suggested that the Niger reached the Atlantic in the Gulf of Guinea through the Oil rivers. Later on James McQueen, who as a West Indian planter had cross-examined many slaves on the subject of the Niger, not only showed that this river obviously entered the sea in the Bight of Benin, but predicted that this great river would some day become a highway of British commerce.

Somewhat grudgingly, the Government agreed to send Lander and his brother back to Africa, poorly endowed with funds. Not discouraged, however, the Landers arrived at Badagri in March, 1830, and reached the Niger at Busa after an overland journey of three months. Meeting with no opposition from the natives, they paddled down stream for two months in canoes. At length they reached the delta, but there unfortunately fell into the power of a

large fleet of Ibo war canoes. By the Ibos they were likely to have been killed but for the remonstrances of some Mohammedan teachers who, oddly enough, were found with this fleet. However, the king of Brass, a trading settlement on the coast, happened to be visiting the Ibo chief, and agreed to ransom the Lander brothers on condition of receiving from them a "bill", agreeing to repay to the king the value of the goods which he had furnished for their redemption. They reached the sea at the mouth of the Brass river, one of the confluents of the Niger, but not the main stream. An English merchant-ship was anchored there; the Landers went delightedly on board, thinking that the end of their troubles had come, and asked the captain to honor their bill, the amount of which the Government would repay him. To their amazement he refused, and altogether behaved in such a disgraceful manner that it is a pity his name has not been preserved for infamy. However, they managed on this ship to get a passage across to Fernando Po, where they landed. The ship by which they traveled, and the master of which treated them so badly, was afterwards captured by a pirate and never heard of again.

"Borrioboola-Gha."

No great fuss was made over Lander when he returned in 1831. He afterwards joined the MacGregor Laird expedition for opening up the Niger. This commercial undertaking met with the most awful disasters from sickness, but MacGregor Laird nevertheless succeeded in discovering the Benue, and ascended it for some distance. In 1833 Lander and Dr. Oldfield ascended the Niger from the Nun mouth as far as Rabba, and explored the Benue for 140 miles above its junction with the Niger. After returning from a third trip up the Niger, Lander was attacked by savages in the delta, and was severely wounded, dying from his wounds at Fernando Po on the 6th of February, 1834.

In 1840-41 Mr. Beecroft, superintendent of Fernando Po, and afterwards first consul for the Bights of Biafra and Benin, explored not only the Niger, but made known for the first time the Cross river, to the east, which he ascended from Old Calabar to the rapids. In 1841 the British Government sent out an important surveying

expedition to the Niger under four naval officers. This expedition was despatched at the instigation of Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton, the philanthropist, who had thrown himself, heart and soul, into the anti-slavery movement. At this period philanthropy reigned supreme in England, and a sense of humor was in abeyance, though it was beginning to bubble up in the pages of Dickens, who has so deliciously satirized this Niger expedition in "Bleak House" with its inimitable Mrs. Jellyby and her industrial mission of Borriaboola-Gha. The ghastly unhealthiness of the lower Niger was ignored, and an item in the programme of the expedition was the establishment of a model farm at the junction of the Benue and the Niger. The other aims of the expedition were nicely balanced between the spreading of Christian civilization and the suppression of the slave trade on the one hand and the zealous pushing of Manchester goods on the other. Numerous treaties were made, but the results of the expedition were disappointment and disaster, occasioned by utter ignorance of the conditions under which a small degree of health might be retained, and a muddle-headed indecision as to the practical results which were to be secured by the opening up of the Niger. The loss of life was enormous. Still, in spite of this check, British traders gradually crept into and up the Niger.

British Enterprise.

In 1836 John Davidson, an Englishman of considerable attainments, started from the Atlantic coast of Morocco for Timbuctoo, but was murdered at Tenduf, in the Sahara Desert.

In 1849 the British Government determined to make another effort to open up commercial relations with the Niger and Central Africa, but resolved again to try the overland route from Tripoli. After the Napoleonic wars were finished, the British Government had sent out various surveying parties to map the coasts of Africa, and a well-equipped expedition under Admiral Reechley made a thorough investigation of the coasts of Tripoli and Barka in 1821 and 1822, and sent back the first trustworthy accounts of the Greek ruins of the Cyrenaica. Since that time several consular representatives of Great Britain in Tripoli have carried on explorations in the interior.

Among these was James Richardson, who had originally accompanied Admiral Beechley, and who further made most important explorations of the Tripolitan Sahara, discovering many interesting rock paintings and inscriptions. He was appointed to be the head of this overland expedition of 1849, and associated with him were two Germans, Barth and Overweg. Dr. Henry Barth was born at Hamburg in the year 1821. He had travelled extensively in Asia Minor, in Mediterranean Africa, and up the Nile.

Barth's Great Work.

This expedition left Tripoli in the spring of 1850, and reached Bornu without any difficulty. Here its members separated. Richardson died soon afterwards and was buried near Lake Chad. Overweg died in 1852, having been the first European to navigate Lake Chad. He was buried on the shores of this lake. For the next four years Barth carried on gigantic explorations on his own account. He journeyed from Lake Chad along the river Komadugu, and thence across northern Hausaland to the Niger at Say. From Say he cut across the bend of the Niger to Timbuctoo, and descended the river back to Say, and thence to Sokoto, from which he made his way to Kukawa in Bornu, where he met Dr. Vogel and two non-commissioned officers of the Royal Engineers, who had been sent by the British Government to reinforce his expedition. Barth had previously in 1851 made a journey due south, and had struck the river Benue very high up its course. Vogel started to complete the discoveries in this direction, and eventually to make his way to the Nile. He was accompanied by Corporal MacGuire, but the two quarreled and parted, and both were murdered in the vicinity of Wadai. Dr. Barth and the other non-commissioned officer made their way back across the desert to Tripoli and England.

Barth's journey was productive of almost more solid information than that of any of the great African explorers, excepting Stanley, and possibly Junker, Schweinfurth and Emin Pasha. Besides the geographical information given, his book in five volumes and his various linguistic works on the Central Soudan languages represent an amount of information that has not been sufficiently digested yet.

Henry Barth stands in the first rank of the very great explorers, a class which should perhaps include Mungo Park, Livingstone, Stanley, Speke and Grant, Burton, Baker, Schweinfurth, Nachtigal, Rohlfs, Junker, and Joseph Thomson; men who have not only made great geographical discoveries but who have enriched us as well with that information which clothes the dry bones of the mere delineation of rivers, lakes, and mountains. He received a somewhat grudging reward for his services in England. After some delay he was created a C. B., and then his existence was ignored by the Government, to whom still, and for many years to come, an African explorer, laying bare to our knowledge hundreds of thousands of square miles of valuable territory, was infinitely less worthy of remembrance than a *Chargé d' Affaires* at the court of the Grand Duke of Pumpernickel.

CHAPTER IV.

The Dutch Settlements at the Cape of Good Hope—A Despotic System—Growth of the Colony—British Acquisition—Establishing British Rule—Origin of the Boers—The Missionaries—Increasing Colonization—Friction between the Briton and Boer—The Slave Question—Effects of Emancipation.

THE territory at the Cape of Good Hope was first settled in 1652 by Dutchmen dispatched from Holland by the Netherlands East India Company, not, at first, with the intention of founding a colony in the true sense, but as an outpost of the East Indian possessions—a place of call for vessels passing to and fro between Holland and Batavia. Van Riebeck, the leader of the little expedition, comprising somewhat more than a hundred people, chiefly soldiers and sailors, built a little fort, and laid out ground on which vegetables were grown for the supply of the garrison and of passing ships. The newcomers found Hottentots and Bushmen roaming the country. The former were a pastoral, nomad race, living on the produce of their flocks and herds, on game and on whatever food the soil supplied without tillage. They were an inferior race, both as toilers and as fighters, and the only warfare between them and the colonists arose from occasional raids of native cattle robbers. The tribes of the great Bantu stock were at that time far away to the north and east, and the first Dutchmen saw nothing of Kaffirs, Zulus, Pondos, Tembus, Matabele, Basutos or Bechuanas. The Bushmen, a race of comparative dwarfs, were mere savages living in caves, hunters and pillagers, outcasts hated and slain alike by Hottentots and whites. Many Hottentots became half servants, half slaves, to the Europeans. The tribe, as represented by certain chiefs, was cheated out of lands acquired by the Dutchmen in “sales” for a tenth of the real value, and matters went on quietly in the absence of attack from any European power.

A Despotic System.

The Governor appointed by the Company was a despot, and the only political liberty enjoyed by the settlers was that of sharing, through one or more of their number, in the Council of Justice, when that tribunal tried any of their fellow-citizens. They were servants of the Company, not free citizens, and were obliged to sell their corn, at a fixed price, to the Company's officials. In the eighteenth century many slaves were brought from Madagascar and Malaysia, and were not, on the whole, unkindly treated. Little exploration or extension of territory took place, and it was not until the end of the seventeenth century that the colony, reinforced by the arrival of marriageable women from Holland, and of some hundreds of Huguenots—a valuable accession, exiled through the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes in 1685—had more than 1000 European permanent settlers. The eighteenth century was a period of stagnation and decline under faulty administration, except from 1751 to 1771, when “good Governor Tulbagh,” long remembered and revered, was in power. The farmers, by degrees, “trekked” away inland from the neighborhood of the Cape, in order to be their own masters, and became the sturdy, isolated “Boers” of recent history. In 1760 the Orange River—named from the Stadtholder of the Netherlands—was first crossed by Europeans and the Dutch soon came into contact with the Kaffirs moving down from the north-east. The first of a long series of Kaffir wars began, the natives after some severe fighting, being driven back, in 1781, beyond the Great Fish River.

Growth of the Colony.

In 1770 the colony had been found to contain about 10,000 Europeans, including 1700 servants of the Company, a majority of the whole number of free colonists being children. With the decline of Dutch power, as contrasted with that of Great Britain and France, days of danger for the colony from foreign foes had arrived. In December, 1780, war with Great Britain arose, but an expedition dispatched against the Cape from our shores was baffled by a French squadron under the able Suffren. The colonists became greatly

discontented with the Company's rule, and the successful revolt of the British colonists in America made their grievances harder to bear. An appeal to the Company caused some inadequate reforms, and the Company was fast going to financial ruin when the end of the Company's power came in a sort of submission to Kaffir invaders, hopeless bankruptcy, the conquest of the Netherlands by the French in 1793, and the seizure of the Cape by a strong British force two years later, at the instigation of the hereditary Stadtholder, the Prince of Orange, then an exile on English soil.

British Acquisition.

The first British occupation lasted until 1803 under rule of the territory as a Crown colony, with freedom of trade, and some warfare against Kaffirs, Hottentots and recalcitrant Dutch farmers, or Boers, in the Graaf Reinet country. The Peace of Amiens restored the territory to the "Batavian Republic," as the Dutch Netherlands had now become, and the Dutch held it for nearly three years from February, 1803. The mother country, when British fleets commanded the seas, could do nothing to defend the colony, but the Governor, General Janssens, a zealous and able ruler, made preparations against attack, in the way of burgher levies, Hottentot infantry, the crews of two French ships, and a few regular troops.

In January, 1806, a British squadron, under Commodore Popham, carrying over 6000 soldiers, commanded by General David Baird, appeared off Table Bay, and the forces were landed about 18 miles north of Cape Town. Against choice British troops including a Highland brigade, Janssens was helpless. His men were speedily routed, and the capital surrendered on January 10th, an event followed within a few days by a capitulation surrendering the colony finally, as it proved, to British possession. The formal cession, under the Peace of 1814, was due to purchase of the colony, along with the territories now forming British Guiana, for the sum of six millions sterling. Thus did Great Britain acquire at the Cape of Good Hope a commanding position on the commercial route to her Eastern dependencies, the right of free access for Dutch ships to all ports of the colony being conceded.

Establishing British Rule.

The boundaries of the territory at that time were the ocean on the west and south ; the Great Fish River, roughly speaking, on the east ; the Buffalo and Zak rivers on the north-west, and a line drawn from the Zak nearly to the Orange river on the north-east. The first form of rule for a colony numbering about 26,000 Europeans, 30,000 slaves, and 20,000 half-breed and Hottentot servants, was autocratic, under the just and kindly Earl of Caledon (1806-11) and Sir John Cradock (1811-14). The Hottentots were preserved from ruin, if not from extinction, by proclamations making them subject to European law instead of a really anarchial condition under petty chiefs, and compelling them to adopt a fixed position on certain "reserves" as tillers, hunters or cattle owners, or in the service of white men, instead of their previous vagabond life. The colonists were divided into townspeople, of whom 6000 resided in the capital ; grain farmers, graziers, and, near to Cape Town, vine-growers descended from the Huguenot immigrants at the end of the seventeenth century.

Origin of the Boers.

The character of the Boers forming the great majority of the free population is worthy of note. From an early period of the Dutch colonization, there was frequent "trekking" among the farmers, or emigration from a settled district to the inner wilds. Northwards from the peninsula the country rises in terraces, separated by mountain ranges. The distribution of water is unequal, and the Boers became a class, living either a nomadic life, with their huge wagons, as they wandered across dusty, almost treeless plains in search of watered, fertile valleys among the hills, or settled in isolation on ground suitable for tillage and pasture. The character of the Boer was thus formed, through the irritating interference of the Netherlands Company's officials, driving him to seek a place of perfect freedom, as that of a man accustomed to live alone and impatient of control ; half wild in his strength and independence of spirit, his loss of fitness for political and social combination, and of willingness to submit to rule and restraint in the interests of true progress and

civilization. His religion was the stern Calvinism of the Dutch Reformed Church. The Bible was his only book, and in that book his favorite pages were those of the Old Testament, dear, in its harsh morality and severe justice, to the English Puritans, who put to death their fallen sovereign.

The Boers, in the wilderness, as they wandered far afield, came into conflict with Bushmen and Kaffirs, and their spirits and tempers were not softened thereby. Unstirred and unfreshened in thought by any contact with men from the outer world of constant progress and change, with slaves and Hottentots, as their dependants, and no society of equals save that of other Boers, they were in many cases somewhat sullen and unsympathetic; seldom inhuman or depraved; generally shrewd, prudent, persevering, good-humored and hospitable.

The Missionaries.

The state of the colony was in no small degree wrought upon by the missionaries sent forth under the influence of the new British religious and philanthropic movement which marked the latter half of the eighteenth and the earlier years of the nineteenth century. In the latest days of Dutch rule Moravian preachers did good work among the Hottentots. The London Missionary Society took the field in 1799; the Wesleyans in 1816; the Glasgow Missionary Society in 1821. Great friction arose between the missionaries, who asserted that the colonists were cruel to the native population, and the settlers, who declared that, as a class, they were libelled. Excellent work was assuredly done by the missionaries as pioneers of discovery and civilization, a large portion of their number being shrewd, hardy, zealous, tenacious and enterprising Scots. Not so good was the effect of their testimony against the Dutch colonists upon the humanitarians at home. An impulsive class of philanthropic politicians were induced to work upon the minds of the weak Whig officials in charge of colonial affairs. The representations of governors were unheeded, and, as we shall see, evil results followed the action of Downing Street in neglect of the wishes and judgment of the Europeans on the spot whose interests were most closely concerned.

On the whole, apart from their religious and civilizing work, the missionaries did much to draw British attention to a colony little known, valued only as a station on the way to India, and regarded as fit only for the rough Dutchmen, Hottentots and Kaffirs who dwelt there. The world of Great Britain became aware of the existence of territory northwards from the Cape, that was worth possessing, and missionary travel was the beginning of the movement which has taken *our* countrymen from the Orange river to the Zambesi, and from the Zambesi to the Equator. To these ministers of religion is also due the solution of the problem as to how white men and black men could live peaceably together in a vast region where the natives are not likely to practically vanish from the scene before the advance of a superior race, as in North America and Australia.

Increasing Colonization.

The great want of the colony was an increase of its European population, and, in the overstocked condition of the labor market in the British Isles on the conclusion of the great Napoleonic war, the Home Government sought to remedy this evil. It was desirable to provide on the north-east border a human barrier against Kaffir incursions. In 1811 and 1812 it had been needful to employ regular troops and "Burgher" levies with the Cape regiment of Hottentots, to expel many thousands of intruders of the Kosa clan, and Grahamstown was founded with the name of the commander, Colonel Graham, who had driven the Kaffirs beyond the Great Fish river. The place was the chief point on a line of military posts in that quarter. In 1817 a demand for European artisans brought the useful addition of about 200 Scottish mechanics, and some hundreds of soldiers and sailors, taking their discharge in the colony, easily found employment.

In 1820 and 1821 a regular scheme of settlement, with a vote of £50,000 from Parliament took about 4000 colonists to the district called Albany, about 100 miles inland, north-east from Algoa Bay. Many of the people were not well selected for their new life and scene of labor, and much difficulty and suffering were the result.

The majority, being trained mechanics, found employment in different parts. The arrival of so large a body of men in a rising state gave a strong and growing British element to the population, and the eastern districts became, as they are still, the most British part of Cape Colony. Port Elizabeth, named from the wife of the acting Governor, Sir Rufane Donkin, was founded. In the Albany district, we may observe, slavery was prohibited, and not only was the cause of personal freedom promoted by the influx of free labor, but the day of constitutional rule was hastened by the presence of those who, unlike the Dutchmen, were trained in self-government under representative institutions.

Friction Between Briton and Boer.

Lord Charles Somerset was in power as Governor, with an interval of absence in England, from 1814 to 1826. He was a man of arbitrary character in his method of rule, restricting the liberty of the press and the right of public meeting. In 1815 he aroused a bitter feeling amongst the Dutch by hanging five of the insurgents who surrendered after a small Boer rising on the eastern frontier. More fighting with the Kaffirs occurred. In the war of 1818-19 Grahamstown was attacked, but the Kosas were repulsed with very severe loss, and, in order that they might no longer find shelter in the pathless "bush" on the banks of the Fish River, the boundary line was moved forward to the Keikskamma, with the establishment of two new military posts. The colony grew in numbers, the estimate for 1822 being nearly 120,000 of whom about 46,000 were free citizens, nearly all Dutch and British. The first lighthouse was built on the coast; new roads were opened; the breed of cattle, especially of horses, was much improved through the importation of well-bred stock; the famous and valuable "South African Public Library" was founded in 1818, and, two years later, the Board of Admiralty established the Royal Observatory.

The Dutch population, or five-sixths of the freemen, were greatly irritated by the sole employment of the English language in ordinances and proclamations issued by the Governor, and in all proceedings of courts of law. At the same time, in 1828, a great



Transvaal State Artillery.



President Kruger.

judicial reform came in the establishment of a Supreme Court, consisting of a Chief Justice and three puisne judges, appointed by the Crown, and independent of the executive government, and in the substitution of civil commissioners and resident magistrates for the old Dutch "landdrosts" and "heemraden." Wool, hides and skins became chief articles of export, and the colony was making slow and steady progress when the year 1834 brought the beginning of twenty years of conflict with the Kaffirs.

The Slave Question.

Before entering on this narrative, we may note the progress of personal and constitutional freedom. In 1828, under the governorship of Sir Lowry Cole, "Hottentots and all other free colored persons lawfully residing within the colony" were granted "all and every right, benefit and privilege enjoyed by other British subjects." The effect of this relief from the laws requiring Hottentots to obtain passes from magistrates before changing their places of abode was to make a large number of them into wanderers and "loafers" who would not keep at steady work for the farmers. As regard slaves, the importation of Malays and others had ceased with the abolition of the slave trade in the British dominions in 1807. Good treatment allowed the slave population of Cape Colony to increase, and the number had risen from under 30,000 in 1808 to nearly 40,000 in 1834.

Under the Act of 1833, abolishing slavery throughout the British colonies, the Cape slave owners received one and a quarter millions sterling as compensation, as against the estimate of three millions made by commissioners appointed to decide on the real value of the slaves. The inadequate sum awarded was, moreover, payable only in London in proof of ownership, and was to be diminished by all expenses incurred in carrying out the work of emancipation. The slave owners, who had been for many years irritated by the effect of laws passed to reduce their power over their usually well-treated bondsmen, were naturally incensed by a measure of confiscation which reduced many widows and aged persons to absolute penury and impoverished hundreds of the best of families.

Effects of Emancipation.

This gross injustice had its share in causing the great Boer emigration. The farmers in wheat and wine were for many years cramped for lack of labor, though this fact had a beneficial effect in promoting the industry of breeding merino sheep for wool. The freed men were the better neither in body nor mind, and lived a nearly idle life in the villages and towns, pampered by the philanthropic and missionary agencies, devoid of ambition, sense of responsibility and care, happy with the happiness of animals basking in the sun. The colonists, for their parts, received in the same year, 1834, a slight share in the work of government through a new Legislative Council of ten members, five ex-officio, and five chosen by the Governor from the chief citizens. Sir Benjamin D'Urban, a man of admirable sagacity and firmness, was the new Governor who inaugurated the above change of affairs, arriving early in 1834, with further instructions to form treaties of friendship with the native chiefs beyond the colonial frontier. It was his lot to have other work to do, work for which he was well fitted as a military officer of Peninsular service, and an official of civil experience in his rule of British Guiana, a territory where, as at the Cape, he had to deal with a Dutch population representing former possessors of the country.

CHAPTER V.

**Chaka, the Zulu Tyrant—Chaka Comes to the Throne—A Bloody
Beginning—The Zulu Army—The Deadly Assegai—Schemes of
Conquest—The Zulu Government—A Reign of Terror—
At the Height of his Power—Scenes of Slaughter.
Chaka's Dream—The Crowning Infamy—
The Tyrant's End—The World's
Worst Monster.**

IN order to appreciate the character of the natives with whom the Boer pioneers had to deal, we must review the history of Chaka, the famous Zulu tyrant, who aspired to be emperor of all Africa, and who succeeded in making of himself a monster of cruelty beside whom Attila and Tamerlane seem almost mild and humane. He flourished at the beginning of the present century, at the very time when the Cape Colony was being developed. But the colonists did not come into contact with him, nor with his nation, until the "great Trek" led them beyond the Orange and the Vaal rivers, into the land beyond the Draakensberg. The story of Chaka is one of the most notable in all the annals of the Dark Continent.

The family of this monster, whose name in the Sichuana language signifies "The Battle-Axe," was ever remarkable for its conquests, cruelty and ambition, and emerged from a tribe originally inhabiting a district about Delagoa Bay, of which tradition informs us the first king was named Zoola. Essenzinconyarna, the father of Chaka, made his way from the primitive location of his ancestors to the Umferoche Umslopie; or White River (a branch of the River St. Lucie), and colonizing within sixty miles of the coast kept the neighboring tribes in terror and subjection. In addition to thirty wives, he was possessed of concubines without number, and had many children, but from peculiar circumstances attending it the birth of the infant Chaka was esteemed a miraculous event, and the child

in consequence was held by the nation to be something superhuman. Advancing towards manhood he did not disappoint the expectations formed of him. His strength became Herculean, his disposition turbulent, his heart iron, his soul a warring element, and his ambition boundless.

The precocity, shrewdness, and cunning of Chaka speedily attracted the notice and jealousy of his father. Knowing full well from the fate of his own progenitors that amongst the Zulus, the son, whose ripening energies and developing physical powers render him capable of setting an example for his subjects to imitate, experienced little difficulty in dethroning his aged and gray-headed sire, whose declining years rendered him no longer fit for feats of prowess, he resolved that the young prince should die, and began to plot his destruction. Discovering this, Chaka fled with Umgartie, his younger and illegitimate brother, to a neighboring tribe called Umtatwas; by whose chief, Tingiswaa, he was hospitably received. He soon distinguished himself, as well amongst the warriors by deeds of daring, as by his surpassing skill in punning and singing, both of which accomplishments are held in rare estimation—being, with the exception of dancing, almost the only amusements in which the Africans ever indulge.

Chaka Comes to the Throne.

On the sudden decease of Essenzinconyarna, one of his youngest sons assuming the crown of the Zulus, Chaka at once resolved to dethrone him, in order to usurp his place at the head of the nation—and with this view he formed a project which was speedily put in execution. Umgartie, his fraternal companion in exile, repaired to the residence of the young monarch with a story that Tingiswaa had slain Chaka, in consequence of which he had himself been obliged to fly for life and throw himself at his brother's feet for protection. This important and much wished for information being implicitly believed, Umgartie was presently installed in the office of chief domestic, and being thus constantly about the royal person, had every facility afforded him for the accomplishment of his bloody mission. Sending two of his confidential friends to

secrete themselves in the long grass by the river side, while the king was taking his usual morning bath, the latter was speared to death on a preconcerted signal, and Chaka, at the head of the Umtatwas, took possession of the throne.

A Bloody Beginning.

The putting to death of all the principal persons of his brother's government, including every one that was suspected of being inimical to his own accession, was the first act that signalized his bloody reign. Tingiswaa dying shortly afterwards, the young king went to war with the Umtatwas—the nation that had hospitably sheltered and protected him whilst in exile ; and having destroyed the major part of the tribe, the remnant were fain to become his vassals. In a few years Chaka had depopulated the whole of the country from the Amapoota River to the Ootagale—signal success also attending his incursions among the interior tribes, over which he exercised the most sanguinary persecution—pursuing them with a refinement in fiendish ferocity too harrowing to be detailed.

Arriving at the zenith of his pride and ambition, and having, for a brief space, sated himself with the blood of his neighbors, the savage despot began to direct his thoughts towards the internal government of his realm—a measure which was rendered more than ever imperative from the circumstance of his extensive victories having placed him at the head of a gigantic and overgrowing nation. His first care was to discipline his rabble forces, which were already elated with achievements, originating chiefly from the dauntless and irresistible spirit of their leader. Ever in his own person did Chaka, surnamed “The Bloody,” set an example in the field well worth the imitation of his followers ; and whilst his ferocity kept his people in abject awe, dauntless intrepidity rendered him the terror of his opponents. Having once entered upon hostilities against a native power, his whole soul and energies were irrevocably bent on its extermination. Mercy was never for a moment an inmate of his bosom, and nothing short of rivers of blood, caused by the most lavish sacrifice of human life, was capable of gratifying his monstrous appetite. Partaking of this taste, his warriors were ever eager for battle, and shouted for

war from their love of plunder. The magic of his name gained for them even more renown than their actual prowess in arms, which nevertheless was rendered desperately reckless by the alternative he extended to them, of either returning victorious to participate in the spoils they won, or being condemned to a cruel and immediate death for alleged cowardice.

The Zulu Army.

Chaka's army amounted altogether to near one hundred thousand men; fifty thousand were marshaled into regiments, and held in constant readiness for battle. These were formed into three divisions, called Umbalabale, or the invincibles; Umboolalio, or the slaughterers, and Toogooso, or the hide-aways; a portion of each being incorporated with every force that took the field. Each regiment was distinguished by shields of a different color, the great warriors having white ox-hides, with one or two black spots; the young soldiers, black; and those who possessed wives, and were hence denominated Umfaundas, or inferiors, red. Individuals distinguishing themselves in battle received a badge of nobility, and were honored with a title, by which they were ever afterwards accosted.

The Deadly Assegai.

Having thus organized his army, the despot next introduced a totally new system of discipline. The slender javelins hitherto employed for throwing were abolished, and their use interdicted on pain of death; a single stabbing spear of stouter materials being introduced in place of them. The superior efficacy of this novel equipment had previously been established in a mock fight with reeds, which took place in presence of the assembled nation; and death by impalement was the penalty attached to the loss of the spear in battle. The warriors had now no alternative but to conquer or die, and as an additional spur to their valor the commissariat of an invading army was never more than barely sufficient to subsist them to the scene of action. In order that the youths of the rising generation might imbibe a taste for military tactics, they were ordered to accompany the tried warriors in the capacity of esquires;

and having attained an age which rendered them capable of wielding an assegai with effect, they were immediately supplied with arms, and duly incorporated.

With a view to render the troops as efficient as possible, the most unnatural abstinence was enforced, under the pretext that marriage deprives man of his relish for war, and causes his thoughts to be directed homewards, rather than towards the enemy. Commerce was likewise strictly forbidden, under the belief that it would enervate the people and unfit them for their military duties. Every plan, in short, which ferocity and barbarity could devise, was resorted to by Chaka to inspire his men with a martial spirit; and under the excuse of perfecting the model of his army, the monster's unnatural propensities and insatiable thirst for blood induced him, horrible to relate, to weed his warriors by singling out the maimed, the aged, and the infirm, to be put to the spear; observing, with savage sagacity, that "such cripples were only in the way, and without making him any return, did but consume his beef, which was required to make young men stout and lusty." Upon the occasion of this foul slaughter of numerous brave veterans, to whose valor and devotion Chaka owed a large portion of his richest conquests, the wretch erected a kraal upon which the name of Gibbeklack, signifying "pick out the old ones," was humorously bestowed, in commemoration of the base and barbarous deed.

Schemes of Conquest.

Fully impressed with the conviction that his warriors, thus organized and disciplined, would prove themselves invincible, Chaka now indulged in projecting movements upon a grander scale than formerly; planning new predatory inroads upon those independent tribes whose wealth in cattle afforded the greatest inducements, and looking forward with a sort of prophetic spirit to a day not far distant when all his ambitious schemes should be achieved, when his expectations should be fully realized, and he should find himself the sole and undisputed "master of the world." Spring never appeared without its marauding expeditions; every succeeding season also brought upon the weak and tributary tribes, visits of violence,

desolation, and plunder; each in its turn sooner or later feeling the monster's scourge for some alleged offence against majesty, which alone had existence in his fertile invention. The eve of going to war was with him always the period of brutal and inhuman murders, in which he seemed to indulge with the savage delight of the tiger over its prey. A muster being taken prior to his troops moving, those warriors who on any previous occasion had not in his estimation properly acquitted themselves of their duty, or (which was held to be tantamount) were suspected of being cowards, were singled out and publicly impaled. Once determined on a sanguinary display of his power, nothing could curb his ferocity. His twinkling eye evinced the pleasure that worked within. His iron heart exulted, and his whole frame seemed as though knit with joyous impulse, at beholding the blood of the innocent flowing at his feet! Grasping his Herculean limbs, his muscular hand exhibited by their motion a desire to aid in the execution of the victims of his barbarity. He seemed, in short, a being in human form endowed with more than the physical capabilities of man; a giant without reason; a monster created with more than ordinary power and disposition for doing mischief, from whose withering glance man recoiled as from the serpent's hiss or the lion's growl.

The Zulu Government.

Chaka constantly exercised a perfect system of espionage which served to keep him minutely acquainted with the condition and strength of the tribes, whether independent or tributary, by which he was surrounded; his scouts being also enjoined to make such observations regarding the country as might enable them to lead his troops to the scene of the action with the least chance of discovery or surprise. Three months before he meditated an attack he discoursed freely on war, and talked with confidence of routing his enemies—being withal exceedingly wary, and using every precaution to conceal, even from his generals and chiefs, the real power with which he designed to contend; precluding, by this crafty discretion the possibility of his enemies being in readiness for the march. Should he not lead the army in person, his plans were confided to a

general in-chief, who, however, was never selected for command on a second occasion. It was his invariable policy also to harangue his warriors at their departure, in language calculated to raise their expectations, and elate them in the hour of battle ; but in order to prevent any treacherous communication with the enemy, the true object of the expedition was still studiously concealed, and the soldiers induced to believe that they were about to attack any but the devoted tribe. Achieving a signal triumph, the spoils were liberally divided amongst them, as a stimulus to further exertion ; but defeat, under any circumstances, was the watchword for a scene of woe and lamentation, and for a massacre of no measured description—hundreds of brave men being hurried off, upon the fiat of their ruthless and unappeasable master, to be impaled as a warning beacon to future expeditions.

A Reign of Terror.

In all civilized countries cowardice in the army is very properly punished with death, the testimony of guilt having first been fully established ; but Chaka was neither remarkable for his nice discrimination, nor for his minute investigation of a charge preferred. On one occasion, in particular, a whole regiment was indiscriminately butchered, together with the wives and families of the warriors that composed it—and who, although they had fought with signal bravery, had been overpowered by superior numbers, and thus compelled to retreat. The scene of this revolting tragedy was designated Umboolalio, or “the place of slaughter,” in order to perpetuate its recollection in the minds of the people. But defeat was of rare occurrence. The predictions of the monarch were speedily verified by the success that attended his arms ; and the fame of his troops spread rapidly over the whole country. Every tribe they encountered became an easy conquest ; and no quarter being given, the inhabitants at once abandoned their villages and property to the mercy and rapacity of their insatiable invaders. Thus did Chaka spread devastation and terror throughout the whole country, from the Mapoota as low as the Umzimfoobo, or St. John’s River. Tribe after tribe was invaded, routed, and mercilessly butchered : their

huts were fired over their devoted heads, and the few that escaped of the ruined inmates were driven to seek shelter in the depths of the forest—either to perish from hunger and want—to become a prey to wild beasts—or to be ultimately haunted down by the relentless and sanguinary Zulu.

At the Height of His Power.

Death ever reigned without a rival over the extensive dominions of Chaka, alike during the intervals of peace, as in the time of war ; the unexampled cruelties practised by the despot, and the plausible reasons assigned for their perpetration, being withal the surest means of governing his oppressed and wondering subjects. The nation were in the universal belief that their monarch dealt in necromancy, and held converse with the spirits of his forefathers ; and so ably did he support this character as to leave no doubt in their superstitious minds that he possessed the power of reading their utmost thoughts, and of beholding their most secret actions ; thus striking terror into them by his seeming unearthly power, and effectually checking any disposition to revolt against his inhuman decrees.

Having completed the re-organization of the army—elected rulers—abolished old laws—and enacted new ones—Chaka finally succeeded in establishing that which may with strict propriety be termed a Zulucratical form of government. It is one that defies description or detail, and which neither can be comprehended nor digested ; that affords protection to no living creature, and places the trembling subject at the mercy of a despotic monarch, whose nod may consign him innocent or guilty, to a lingering or instant death. One that may compel the agonizing father to butcher his unoffending child—brother to execute brother—the husband to impale his wife—and the son to become the inhuman mutilator of her that gave him birth ! The ties of consanguinity availed nothing with this inhuman tyrant. A sign given by the fatal pointing of his blood-stained finger, or the terrible declination of his head, must be promptly obeyed ; and if, after the perpetration of the revolting deed, the feelings of violated nature should predominate, and manifest themselves to this fiend in human form, the party was ordered for instant

despatch, either by impalement, by having the neck twisted, or being stoned or beaten to death with sticks. The kith and kin of the wretched victim likewise shared his fate; his property being also seized and distributed amongst the warriors. Neither was any reason assigned for the murderous decree, until it was too late to recall the fiat of execution; the devoted subject frequently thanking his savage monarch whilst he was undergoing the sentence that had been thus iniquitously passed on him.

A Pause in the Storm.

To this enviable state of things there succeeded a dreadful lull, which may fitly be compared to that which intervenes between the first and last shock of an earthquake—when all are in consternation, fearing that the next moment they may be swallowed during the devastating convulsion. This pause from war and sanguinary executions was devoted to the superstitious ceremony of appeasing the manes of the departed, and quieting the apprehensions of the living, by great sacrifices of oxen, and by distributions of the property of the murdered amongst the executioners.

Amongst barbarous tribes, it is a common custom superstitiously to contend that their chiefs cannot die naturally; that they are destined to live until they fall in battle; and that death, proceeding either from age or disease, is occasioned by the “working of the wizard.” This sanguinary superstition was carried to the fullest extent by Chaka, who uniformly, on the death of a chief, endeavored to discover those who possessed the charm by the test of their being unable to shed tears. On these occasions numbers were put to death for not weeping—the forcing large quantities of snuff up the nostrils in order to bring about a copious flood sometimes failing to have the desired effect.

Scenes of Slaughter.

As an example for his followers to imitate and admire, Chaka married no queen, although at each of his palaces he possessed from three to five hundred girls, who were termed servants or sisters. Becoming pregnant, a damsel was immediately put to death

upon some imaginary crime—the sturdy executioner laying one hand upon the crown of the head, placing the other under the chin, and dislocating the delicate neck by a sudden wrench. The body was then dragged outside the kraal, and left to be devoured by hyenas and carnivorous birds that were ever in attendance about the habitation of the destroyer.

Chaka's Dream.

Early one morning, Chaka took his seat as usual and having with great earnestness enjoined his audience to secrecy, acquainted them that he had had a dream which concerned him. The spirit of Umbeah, an old and favorite chief, had appeared, warning him of the designs of his people, and acquainting him that whilst he (Chaka) had been teaching songs to some of his warriors the preceding evening, others had been debauching his women, and polluting the imperial seraglio! This offense he declared himself determined to punish with rigor; and the courtiers applauding his resolution he held a consultation with them as to the best mode of securing the whole of the people in the Kraal. The place having been suddenly surrounded, the diabolical tyrant entered at the head of a party of warriors, and having first beaten his aged and infirm mother with inconceivable cruelty, “for not taking proper care of the girls,” he caused one hundred and seventy persons, of both sexes, to be driven into the cattle enclose; selecting several to be put to death with truly monstrous refinement by the hands of their own relatives, and leaving the remainder to be afterwards indiscriminately butchered.

Upon the completion of this infernal work, his Majesty announced his intention of consulting Umbeah “in order that he might find out the rest of the delinquents:” adding that on the morrow he contemplated putting to death all who had offended since the commencement of his reign, in order that nothing might be wanting to complete his own happiness, and that of his people.

The Crowning Infamy.

Shortly after the perpetration of this satanic deed, Umnante the queen mother, died; and every subject in the realm was expected to

proceed, according to established custom, to the king's residence, there to mourn for the illustrious deceased. Umnante had been repudiated by Essenzinconyarna, and had afterwards been guilty of signal infidelity to the nation, by cohabiting with a commoner of her father's tribe. Whether in consequence of this lapse, or from some other circumstance, the usual etiquette was somewhat laxly observed, and there ensued an appalling tragedy which has never been exceeded in brutality or foulness, by any of the black and inhuman exploits detailed in the long and bloody catalogue of Chaka's crimes. Upon the grounds that "some of the subjects must have been accessory by witchcraft to the death of the queen mother, and did not therefore attend to mourn," several kraals and villages were fired; men, women, and children, having first been cruelly tortured, were roasted alive in the flames, by the ferocious agents of a still more fiendish master; this act of unprecedented barbarity being followed up by a general massacre throughout the realm—the tide of blood flowing for a whole fortnight, and reeking of cruelties too revolting to narrate.

But with this horrible and fiendish slaughter, terminated the unexpected reign of the bloody-minded Chaka. He had now subdued all the tribes, and laid waste the whole country, from the southern and western provinces lying about Delagoa Bay, as far as the nation of the Amaponda, two hundred miles south-west of Natal, and had begun to contemplate an attack on some of the frontier tribes. He, however, manifested the greatest apprehension of coming into collision with the white people, whose hostilities he was avowedly afraid to excite, and to whom, in his own country, he was hospitable from motives of prudence—and this consideration alone had restrained him from attacking those tribes that had thrown themselves under the protection of the Cape Government. Death arrested his merciless and ambitious career. He fell, as he deserved, by the hand of his own subjects, and by none was his fate mourned.

The Tyrant's End.

The assassination of Chaka had long been meditated by his brother Dingaan, and the diabolical massacre just detailed hastened

the execution of his design. The tyrant was sitting one evening after sunset, with one or two of his principal chiefs, admiring the vast droves of sleek cattle returning to the kraal from pasture, and probably contemplating the murder of innocent beings, when he was startled by the audacity and unwonted demeanor of Boper, his attendant, who approached him with a spear used for slaughtering oxen, and in an authoritative tone demanded of the old chieftains, who were humiliating themselves in the royal presence, "what they meant by pestering the king with falsehoods and accusations?" An effort was immediately made on the part of the exasperated warriors to secure the traitor; and at the moment Umslungani and Dingaan, the two elder brothers of the despot, stealing unperceived behind him, buried their assegais in his back. Chaka was enveloped in a blanket, which he instantly cast off, making an ineffectual attempt to escape that death to which his odious decrees had consigned so many of his unoffending and loyal subjects. Being overtaken in his flight by his pursuers, the domestic Boper transfixed him with his weapon. Falling at their feet, the wretch besought his assassins in the most abject terms to let him live, that he might be their slave. To this dastardly appeal, however, no heed was given; he was presently speared to death, and the assassins then left him in order to execute a similar deed upon the chiefs who were with him, and who had also attempted to escape, but were arrested in their flight, and shared the fate of their ferocious master. One of these was an old gray-headed warrior, who had only a short time before put to death his seven concubines, together with their children, for having neglected to mourn for the death of Umnante. Returning to the prostrate body of their oppressor, the regicides then danced and howled around it, as round the carcass of a vanquished panther, an animal they greatly dreaded. The inhabitants of the kraal fled in consternation, and during the confusion that ensued, Dingaan ascended the throne.

The World's Worst Monster.

So fell Chaka. The Zulu nation had too long groaned under the weight of his tyranny, and had superstitiously bowed to the yoke

of his oppression, until they could no longer bear up under his insatiable and wanton cruelties ; of him it cannot be even said as of the scourge of Rome, that,

Some hand unseen strewed flowers upon his tomb—

His fall was followed by a general rejoicing throughout the country. It afforded to the nation an interval of repose from the horrors of war, and from the terror which his savage decrees had constantly excited. During his life there had been no security either for person or property ; no escape from his barbarous innovations and inhuman butcheries. His subjects each had lived from day to day in increasing dread lest the recking finger of the tyrant should next point at him as a signal for death and devastation.

To his savage propensities, Chaka added the most extraordinary caprices and singular whims ; he lay on his belly to eat his meals and compelled his chiefs to do the same in token of their dignity, and it was his custom to bathe every morning in public at the head of his kraal, first anointing his body with bruised beef, and then with an unguent of sheep's tail fat or native butter. Though not a cannibal, he was a savage in the truest sense of the word and inherited no redeeming quality. In war an insatiable and exterminating fiend, in peace an unrelenting and sanguinary despot ; he kept his people in awe by his monstrous executions, and was unrestrained in his vicious career because they were ignorant of their power. Ever thirsty for the blood of his subjects, the base dissembler could stand unmoved, and blandly smile, while he feasted on the execution of his atrocious decrees ; or he could assume an expression of deep sorrow at the necessity which had called him to issue them. The world has been scourged by monsters. Rome had her Nero, the Huns their Attila, and Syracuse her Dionysius, the East has likewise produced her tyrants ; but Chaka immeasurably eclipsed them all. In sanguinary executions, and in refined cruelties, he outstripped all who have gone before him in any country. He was a monster—a compound of vice and ferocity—without one virtue to redeem his name from the infamy to which history has consigned it.

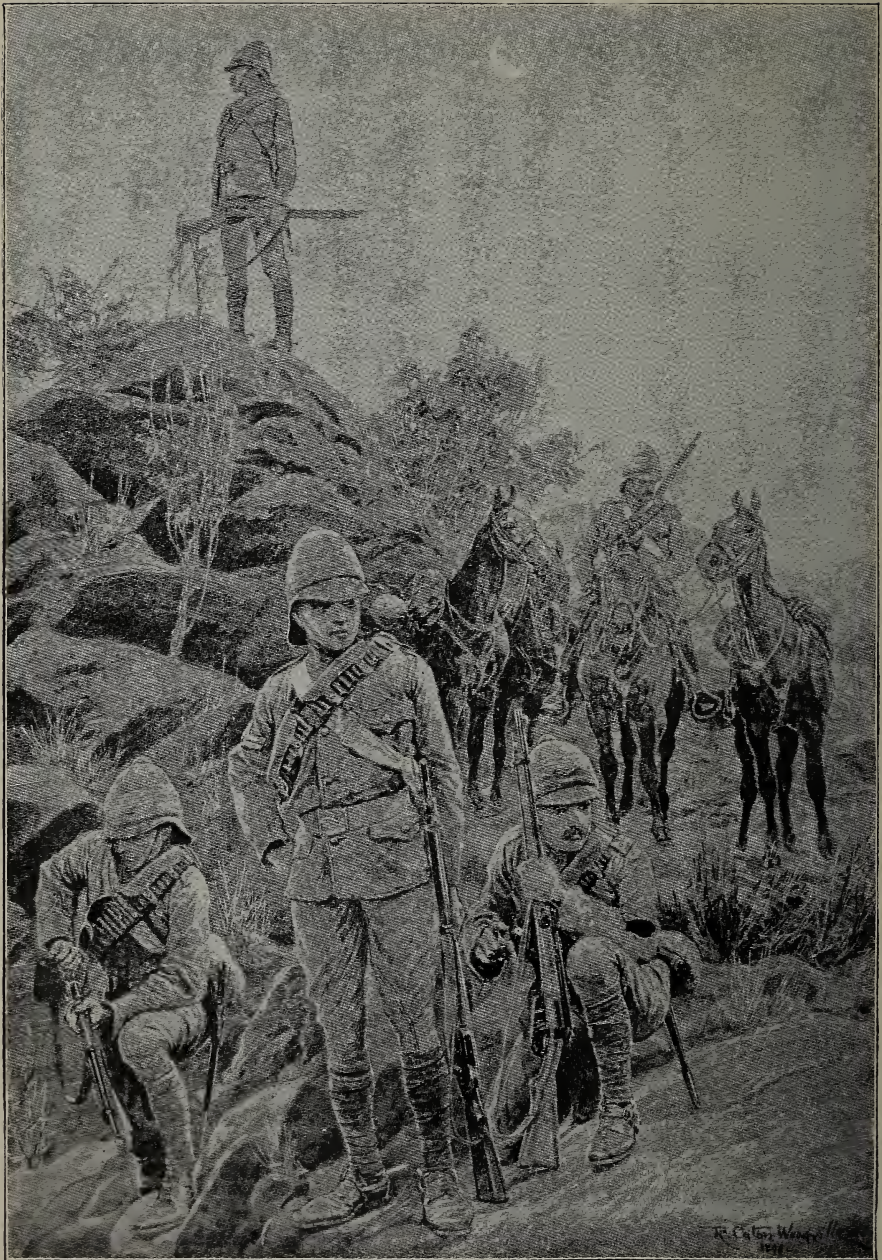
CHAPTER VI.

The Great Trek—Trieckard begins the Exodus—Settling the Transvaal—Moselekatse—War with the Matabeles—An Awful Massacre—A Bloody Struggle—Losses of the Boers—A Campaign of Vengeance—An Unfortunate Halt—"Trekking" in Earnest—Dissensions Arise—In Dingaan's Country—A Savage Trick—The Slaughter of the Boers—Massacre at the Camp—Flight of the Missionaries—Invading Zululand—Death of Uys—Another Disaster—Zulu Raids—To the Rescue—Action of the Government—A Halt in the Campaign.

IN the preceding two chapters we have related the story of the origin of the discontent of the Dutch settlers, which finally culminated in their wholesale exodus from the Cape Colony, known as the "Great Trek," and have also given an account of the forbidding and formidable character of the natives with whom they were to come into contact in the new land. In thus going out from the Cape Colony the Boers were violating the law of that colony and were undoubtedly incurring upon themselves and their families the most dreadful menaces, many of which were more than realized. Yet they certainly had much provocation. No unprejudiced person, who has studied the history of that unhappy colony, will hesitate to acknowledge that the evils they complained of actually existed. Long subjected to the pilferings of a host of Hottentot vagrants, whose lives passed in one perpetual round of idleness, delinquency, and brutish intoxication on the threshold of the gin-shop, the South African settler had, in too many instances, been reduced from comparative affluence to want, by being unseasonably, and without adequate compensation, bereft of the services of his slaves—who, prone to villainy, and no longer compelled to labor, only served to swell the swarm of drones by which it was his destiny to be persecuted. Far greater than these, however, were the evils that arose out of the perverse misrepre-



Queen of England.



British Mounted Infantry Reconnoitering.

sentations of canting and designing men, to whose mischievous and gratuitous interference, veiled under the cloak of philanthropy, was principally to be attributed the desolated condition of the eastern frontier. Bounded by a dense and almost impenetrable jungle, to defend which nine times the military force employed would barely have been adequate ; and flanked by a population of eighty thousand dire, irreclaimable savages, naturally inimical, warlike, and predatory, the hearths of the Capp-border colonists had for years been deluged with the blood of their nearest relatives. And whilst, during the unprovoked inroads of these ruthless barbarians, their wives and helpless offspring had been mercilessly butchered before their eyes ; while their corn-fields had been laid waste, their flocks swept off, and their homes reduced to ruins, to add bitterness to gall, they had been taunted as the authors of their own misfortunes, by those who, strangely biassed by ex-parte statements, judged them unheard, at the distance of several thousand miles from the scene of pillage, bloodshed, and devastation.

It does indeed furnish matter of amazement to every thinking person, how such a state of things should so long have been suffered to exist ; how those who legislated for the affairs of the Colony should not have seen the imperious necessity, dictated alike by reason, justice, and humanity, of repressing in the sternest manner a race of monsters, who had forfeited every claim to mercy or consideration. Denied redress, however, and deprived of the power of avenging themselves of the wrong under which they writhed, in utter hopelessness of recovering their property, or even enjoying future tranquility, the border colonists at length threw off the yoke of their allegiance ; and whilst seeking out for themselves an asylum in other lands, retorted upon others the injuries they long sustained at home.

Trieckhard Begins the Exodus.

Weary of the insecurity of their homes, several of the frontier farmers, who had heard much of the soil and capabilities of Port Natal, resolved to decide for themselves on the accuracy of these reports, and forming a large party, with ten or twelve wagons, proceeded to explore the country. So well pleased were they with

what they saw, that they formed a determination of locating themselves in that neighborhood, and returned forthwith for their families, when the breaking out of another Kaffir war obliged them to postpone the execution of their design.

Shortly after the conclusion of hostilities, the first party of actual emigrants, consisting of about thirty families, left the colony under the guidance of an Albany farmer, named Louis Triecharde. Being desirous of eluding the Kaffir tribes, they proceeded across the Orange River in a north-easterly direction, skirting the mountain chain which divides Kaffraria from Bechuana Land; with the intention, when they had cleared it, of turning to the eastward, and gaining the neighborhood of Port Natal. The features presented by this barrier are rugged and forbidding in the extreme; they have the appearance of innumerable pyramidical hills thrown together in the most grotesque and disorderly manner; one peak jutting beyond, or soaring above the other, as though precluding the possibility of any human foot, much less any wheeled vehicle, from passing over; and, from the imperfect knowledge possessed by the wanderers of that section of Southern Africa, they were led by the course of the mountains far beyond the latitude of Port Natal, and found themselves, about the end of May, 1836, in a fertile but uninhabited waste, lying between the 26th and 27th parallels of south latitude, on the eastern banks of the large and beautiful river now known as the Limpopo, or Crocodile.

From this point, in order to reach the unoccupied country above Natal, it would have been necessary to traverse the whole length of Dingaan's dominions, a journey fraught with difficulties of the most formidable kind, and opposed by a climate of the most destructive character. And, as the newly discovered country was abundantly watered, abounding in game, and affording all the materials requisite for building, the further progress of the emigrants was for the present discontinued.

Settling the Transvaal.

The example thus set by Louis Triecharde was speedily followed by many of his countrymen. Numerous parties were formed on the

frontier by the border colonies, who, with their families and flocks, crossed the Orange and Vaal rivers and dived into the very depths of the wilderness, with no very clear idea perhaps of what their ultimate destination was to be, but yet firmly determined to abandon their native hearths forever, and to fix their future residence in some distant land. For the sake of obtaining pasturage for their numerous herds, and in opposition to the advice of the missionaries through whose station they passed, by whom they were warned of the imminent risk that they would incur from the native tribes, they scattered themselves heedlessly along the luxuriant banks of the Likwa or Vaal river, with the design of remaining until the country in advance should be explored, and their plans digested and arranged.

About the end of May, two parties, headed by J. S. Bronkhorst and H. Potgeiter, left the emigrant camp for the purpose of exploring the country to the north-eastward. They visited Louis Trieckard at the Zoutpansberg, or Salt-pan-hill, in the northern part of the Transvaal, and penetrated sixteen days' journey beyond, through a lovely, fertile, and unoccupied country, until they arrived within six days' journey of Delagoa Bay, where they met with two sons of the notorious Conrad Bay, living amongst a friendly tribe of natives, whom, from a peculiarity in the nasal prominence, they dignified with the appellation of "knob-nosed Kaffirs." Returning hence by a nearer route with the account of their success, and of the discovery of a land flowing with milk and honey, they found their camp totally deserted, and the ground strewn with the mutilated bodies of their friends and relatives. The migratory farmers had been attacked three days before, by Moselekatse, the native chief of the Transvaal region, and twenty-eight of their number had been butchered.

Moselekatse.

The country over which this powerful and despotic prince claimed sovereignty was of great extent, and was bounded on the south by the Vaal river. From that direction he had been repeatedly attacked by Jan Bloem, a notorious and often successful freebooter, and by other leaders of predatory bands of Griquas, who had scoured his territories, and swept away his cattle. In 1831

he was last attacked by a strong commando of Barend Barend's Griquas, who succeeded in obtaining possession of the whole of the Matabele herds; and, all the regular warriors of Moselekatse being absent at the time on an expedition to the northward, the ruin of the tribe had nearly been accomplished. Owing, however, to a want of proper precaution on the part of the invaders, they were signally defeated by a mere handful of irregulars, who attacked them during the night, and ere day dawned, had slaughtered the greater part of them.

Since that occurrence, Moselekatse had publicly and positively prohibited any trader or traveller from visiting him, or entering his territories from that quarter; whilst, to guard against the inroads of his enemies, strong armed parties were frequently sent to scour the country watered by the Vaal. But, on the other hand, he declared his willingness to receive as friends those visitors who might find it convenient to approach him by way of Kuruman or New Litakoo, having the most implicit confidence in Mr. Moffat, the enlightened missionary at that station, through whose assistance only they could effect an entrance.

War with the Matabeles.

Can it be wondered at, under these circumstances, that Moselekatse should have viewed with a jealous and suspicious eye the sudden advance of so formidable a body of strangers from the forbidden quarter, to the very borders, if not actually within the confines, of his territory? Without so fair a pretext as their open defiance of his commands afforded him, would it have been surprising that the temptation afforded by the fat flocks and herds of his new, opulent and very unceremonious neighbors, should have induced the despot to impart a lesson which might inculcate the necessity of at least propitiating him with presents, which are known to be the only sure road to the friendship or good offices of a savage? Towards the close of August, a commando, consisting of about five hundred Matabele warriors, was despatched from Mosega for this very purpose. On their way to plunder the emigrants, who were encamped in scattered detachments along the Vaal river, they

accidentally fell in with Stephanus Erasmus, who had been on a hunting expedition still further to the northward, and was then on his return to the colony by the forbidden route. Arriving at his wagons in the evening with one of his sons, and finding them surrounded by a host of armed savages, he precipitately fled to the nearest emigrant camp, about five hours' ride on horseback from his own, where, having succeeded in persuading a party of eleven farmers to accompany him, he returned towards the spot. On the way thither they were met by the barbarians, whose impetuous onsets obliged them to seek refuge within the encampment. A severe struggle ensued, with the loss, on the part of the farmers, of only one man named Bronkhorst.

An Awful Massacre.

This was, however, but the prelude to a more bloody tragedy. A party of the Matabele soldiers had in the meantime detached itself from the main body, and fallen upon nine other wagons that were assembled at a distance from the principal camp. The wagons were saved, but the greater part of the flocks and herds were carried off, and twenty-four persons massacred. Six days after this catastrophe, Erasmus' curiosity prompted him to ascertain the fate of his family and property. Proceeding to the spot, he found the bodies of his five black slaves, and could distinguish the wheel tracks of his five wagons going in a northerly direction. Two of his sons, and a youth named Carel Kruger had been taken prisoners, and it was afterwards ascertained, that having attempted to effect their escape, they were mercilessly put to death on the way to the king.

Almost immediately after this disastrous occurrence, being rejoined by the parties that had proceeded to explore the north-east country, the migratory farmers fell back about four days' journey from their first position to the south side of the Vaal river, and encamped near the embouchure of the Donkin—one of its principal tributaries, called by the natives the Nama-Hari. Here they remained in blind and fancied security, without taking any steps towards an amicable understanding with the king, until the end of October. They had scarcely recovered from the confusion into

which they had been thrown by the first attack, when, to their great consternation, they received intimation of the near approach of another and far more formidable body of Moselekatse's warriors. Retreat being impossible, they sedulously applied themselves to fortifying their position.

A Bloody Struggle.

They drew up their fifty wagons in a compact circle, closing the apertures between and beneath them with thorn-bushes, which they firmly lashed with leathern thongs to the wheels and disselbooms; and constructing within the enclosure so formed, a smaller one for the protection of the women and children. These arrangements hastily completed, they rode forth to confront the enemy, whom they presently met in number about five thousand on their march towards the camp, when some skirmishing took place, in which several of the Matabele were slain. It has already been remarked that their principal weapon was a short spear or assegai, termed unkonto, which was not thrown, as with the Kaffir tribes, but used for stabbing, for which purpose they rushed in at once upon their opponents.

Their numbers and impetuosity rendered it impossible to keep them from the wagons, and the farmers retired within the enclosure; where, by the time their guns were cleansed, they were furiously assaulted by the barbarian horde, who, with savage yells and hideous war-cries, poured down like locusts upon the encampment. Closing around the circle, and charging the abattis with determined resolution, again and again did they endeavor to break through the line, or clamber over the awnings of the wagons. Dealing, however, with men whose lives were the stake, their attacks were as constantly repelled. Repeated volleys of slugs and buck-shot, discharged at arm's-length from the heavy bores of the besieged, ploughed through their crowded ranks:

Even as they fell, in files they lay,
Like the mower's grass at the close of day,
When his work is done on the levell'd plain;
Such was the fall of the foremost slain.

A desperate struggle of fifteen minutes terminated in their discomfiture. Hurling their javelins into the enclosure, they retired in confusion over the heaps of slain, leaving upwards of one hundred and fifty of their number dead or disabled on the field.

Losses of the Boers.

In this affair, which took place on the 29th of October, Nicholaas Potgeiter and Piet Botha were killed behind the stockade, and twelve other farmers were severely wounded. The assault was led in person by Kalipi, Moselekatse's principal captain, and most confidential counsellor. Although shot through the knee, he contrived to make good his retreat, nor did he retire empty-handed; the whole of the flocks and herds of the emigrants, amounting to six thousand head of cattle, and forty-one thousand sheep and goats, being swept away by the barbarians, and safely conducted to Kapain. Remounting their horses, the farmers took advantage of the retreat of their savage foes, to add a few more to the list of slain, until the sun descending below the horizon, let drop the curtain upon the scene of carnage.

This second gentle hint on the part of his Majesty had the desired effect. A portion of the farmers remained with the wreck of the late flourishing camp, whilst others, with all possible haste, conveyed the women and children to the Rev. Mr. Archbell's missionary station at Thaba Uncha; whence, having procured fresh oxen, the whole party fell back, and encamped near the sources of the Modder river. Here their numbers were shortly reinforced by a strong detachment of emigrants under the guidance of Gert Maritz, a wealthy and ambitious burgher, from Graaff Reinet, who soon contrived to cause himself to be elected governor-general. At this period about two hundred and fifty wagons were assembled near the populous Barolong village of Thaba Uncha, and the number of souls may be estimated at about eighteen hundred.

A Campaign of Vengeance.

Maritz's first step, after assuming the reins of government, was to assemble a force for the purpose of retaliating upon the Amazulu

monarch the injuries that the emigrants had received at his hands ; but for which, in truth, they had alone to thank their own obstinacy and imprudence. On the 3d of January, 1837, a commando, consisting of one hundred and seven Dutch farmers, forty of Peter David's mounted Griquas, and sixty armed savages on foot, left Thaba Uncha on their march to invade Moselekatse's country, under the guidance of a warrior, who, having been taken prisoner in the affair of the 29th October, durst never again present himself before his royal master. Keeping considerably to the westward of north, they crossed the head of the Hart river, and struck into the Kuruman road—by this masterly manœuvre approaching the Matabele from the very quarter whence they were least prepared to expect an attack. A lovely and fertile valley, bounded on the north and north-east by the Kurrichane mountains, and in form resembling a basin of ten or twelve miles in circumference, contained the military town of Mosega, and fifteen other of Moselekatse's principal kraals, in which resided Kalipi, and a large portion of the fighting men. To this spot were the steps of the emigrant farmers directed.

As the first streaks of light ushered in the morning of the 17th of January, Maritz's little band suddenly and silently emerged from a pass in the hills behind the houses of American missionaries ; and ere the sun had reached the zenith, the bodies of four hundred chosen Matabele warriors, the flower of barbarian chivalry, garnished the blood-stained valley of Mosega. Not a creature was aware of the approach of danger, and the entrance of a rifle-ball by one of the bed-room windows, was the first intimation received by the missionaries of the impending onslaught. One of their domestics, Baba, a converted Bechuana, being mistaken for a Zulu, was hotly pursued to the river, into which he plunged, hippopotamus-like, and narrowly escaped annihilation by counterfeiting death, after three bullets had whistled past his protruded head. So perfect were the military dispositions which the information afforded by the captive had suggested, that the valley was completely invested, and no avenue of escape remained. The Matabele flew to arms at the first alarm, and bravely defended themselves, but were shot like sparrows

as fast as they appeared outside of the inclosure, nor did they succeed in perforating the leathern doublet of a single Dutchman. But the star of Moselekatse was still in the ascendant. At the time of this successful attack he was residing at Kapain, fifty miles farther to the northward ; and Kalipi, having singularly enough been summoned thither only the day before, escaped the fate of a large proportion of his brave but unfortunate followers.

An Unfortunate Halt.

Had Maritz followed up the advantage thus gained, and marched at once upon Kapain, Moselekatse could not possibly have effected his escape. Inflated by the recent success of his arms, the despot was basking in the sunshine of security, little dreaming of so sudden an invasion. Struck at that moment, another blow would have completed the work of destruction, and left the emigrants to pursue their pilgrimage in safety. Blind, however, to the obvious course they should have pursued, and content for the present with what they had achieved, the Boers secured seven thousand head of cattle, and the wagons that had been taken from Erasmus, with which they immediately set out on their return, by forced marches ; and, accompanied by the American missionaries, who, whilst they reasonably dreaded the summary vengeance of the exasperated savage, had now no further field for their labors—arrived in a few days at Thaba Uncha, without molestation or pursuit on the part of the Matabele.

“Trekking” in Earnest.

Magical indeed was the effect which the news of this victory produced upon the Dutch colonist. It fanned the smouldering embers of the epidemic into a flame, and caused the rage for emigration to burst forth and spread like wildfire. The promise of land unlimited, and of relief from taxation, tempted hundreds whose remoteness from the border had smothered the incentives which actuated the original projectors of the scheme. Another class, who, like the bat in the fable, had been prudently watching the turn that affairs would take, now openly avowed their abhorrence of the English rule, and freed themselves from its trammels. Some having yielded to the

claims of relationship, went because their kinsmen had gone ; others to gratify their ambition, their love of venture, or passion for a nomadic life ; and not a few from a natural desire to participate in the loaves and fishes. For several weeks the whole of the frontier line was in a state of ferment and commotion, and large caravans were daily to be seen hurrying across the border, and flocking to the standard of their expatriated countrymen.

In the month of April, Piet Retief, a gallant and distinguished field-cornet of the Winterberg, who, with a very large cavalcade was encamped at a distance from Maritz, was induced, after much entreaty and persuasion, to accept the office of Governor and Commander-in-Chief—a post which he was eminently qualified to fill, and to which he was elected by the unanimous voice of the united emigrants. He appointed subordinate officers, enacted wholesome laws, and ratified treaties which had already been concluded with the neighboring native chiefs, the principal of whom were Sikonycla king of the Mantatees ; Moshesh, chief of the Basuto ; Moroko, chief of the Barolongs at Thaba Uncha ; Taunani, chief of the remnant of the Baharootzi ; and Peter David, captain of the Lishuani Bastaards. One and all were the deadly enemies of Moselekatse, ready to take up arms against him on the slightest reverse of his fortune.

These arrangements completed, the emigrants once more advanced towards the scene of their former misfortunes, and in May, 1837, upwards of one thousand wagons, and sixteen hundred efficient fighting men, with their wives, families and followers, were assembled near the confluence of the branches of the Vet Riviere.

Dissensions Arise.

The wanderers on the Vet Riviere made active preparations for waging against the Matabele a war of extermination ; but that project was never carried into execution. Receiving timely intimation of their designs, the wily Moselekatse prudently withdrew to more secure quarters beyond the Southern Tropic, and left the white intruders at liberty to assume undisputed possession of his verdant dominions, until an opportunity should present itself for striking a decisive blow. Discord next scattered her seeds among the little

community—depressing their social condition, and producing internal disunion that soon led to their subdivision into three parties, of which each had in view a separate destination. Whilst one was wedded to the project of joining Louis Triechard in the unhealthy regions bordering upon Delagoa, a second would listen to but one proposal, that of sitting down in the rich pastures abandoned by the Amazulu. But Retief, who retained his influence over the principal party, had reverted to the original scheme of settling on the Natal coast; and from him emanated a manifesto in which emigrants were made to renounce their allegiance to the British Government, their object, according to resolutions adopted at Caledon on the 14th of August, 1837, being to “establish a settlement on the same principles of liberty as those adopted by the United States of America, carrying into effect as far as might be practicable, the Burgher laws.”

In Dingaan's Country.

It was not long after this open declaration of rebellion, that Retief and his followers succeeded in finding a passage over the Draakenberg, or Quathlamba mountains, a tedious journey through a difficult and before untrodden country; bringing them, during the month of October, within the dominions of the Autocrat of all the Zulus—Dingaan, brother and successor of Chaka. Their intention from the first had been to proceed straightway to Dingaan, in order to negotiate for the cession of territory near Port Natal: but an event occurred which served to accelerate their advance. A strong detachment of the despot's warriors, spear in hand, suddenly appeared outside the emigrant camp, upon the trail of some cattle that had recently been carried off in a foray by Sikenyela, King of the Mantatees—a prince with whom the former had long been engaged in active hostilities; but who, by clinging to the mountain fastnesses about the rugged sources of the Nu Gareep, had hitherto derided the Zulu javelin, and manfully maintained his own independence. Not relishing the warlike appearance of the Dutch cavalcade, the warriors turned back for a reinforcement; and Retief receiving intimation of the danger that impended, and perceiving also that appearances were greatly against him, lost not a moment in sending

to the king a conciliatory message, disclaiming on the part of the Boers any share in the recent depredation. Dingaan "thanked him for the word," but replied, "that since the oxen had been traced to Retief's camp, he should of course not only hold him responsible for their immediate restoration, but for the capture also of the 'thief who stole them ;'" and this equitable adjustment having been fully agreed to, the commandant paid a visit of ceremony to the despot, and was received at Unkunkinglove, the Zulu metropolis, with much apparent cordiality. Aware of the predilection of his guests for the "beest-jees," and bent upon a display of his own wealth, the barbarian chief took advantage of the interview to exhibit his carefully assorted droves of horned cattle, the smallest of which consisted of nearly three thousand head of white backs, all pied precisely alike. His red and black herds were countless as the sand on the sea-shore ; and the farmers saw with amazement that many were trained to take a prominent part in the Zula war dance, and other such savage exhibitions.

A Savage Trick.

Completely thrown off his guard by the mock hospitality observed towards him by Dingaan, Retief shortly proceeded to fulfil his engagement by recovering the booty taken by the Mantatees. This object was speedily accomplished, but in consequence of the amicable understanding that subsisted between the emigrants and Sikonyela, that chieftain was not delivered up to the tender mercies of the tyrant—a breach of the agreement at which the latter appears to have been greatly incensed. On the 3rd of February, 1838, Retief returned to the capital, and made over the booty which he had captured, amounting to seven hundred head of oxen, and some sixty or seventy horses. He was accompanied to the royal lodge by sixty-three Boers with their achter ryders, or henchmen, making in all about one hundred men. The party entered Unkunkinglove firing off their roers, and making an ostentatious exhibition of their equestrian skill, with the design probably of instilling respect into the mind of the savage potentate, by whom they were again received with every outward demonstration of friendship. In return for the

signal service they had rendered to the State, he bestowed upon them the whole of the unoccupied territory lying between the Tugala and Unzimfooboo, and styled Natal; of which, notwithstanding that he had already given it away some twenty times under similar circumstances, he expressed his arbitrary will and pleasure that they should assume immediate possession.

But it was not written on the page of Retief's destiny that he should enter upon this land of promise. The sanguinary vengeance wreaked upon Moselekatse was yet green in the royal recollection; and although naturally pleased at the humiliation of his ancient foe, the despot, who could not but tremble at the proximity of such formidable neighbors, had resolved, lest it might next be his own turn to smart under their lash, that he would at once take measures to get rid of them.

The Slaughter of the Boers.

All preliminary matters having been finally arranged to the entire satisfaction of both parties, a formal treaty of alliance was concluded with the despot, and the unsuspecting Boers had saddled their steeds on the morning of the 6th in order to return to their camp, when they were unexpectedly summoned to a great dance and carousal in honor of their approaching departure. On pretext of the king's anxiety that his white guests should take an active part in the festivities, they were requested not to bring their muskets; upon hearing which, Thomas Halstead, a young man belonging to the settlement at Port Natal, who had accompanied the expedition in capacity of interpreter, acquainted Retief that he had received private intimation of meditated treachery on the part of the king, and advised his being on his guard; but completely blinded by the duplicity that had been practised, this warning voice was disregarded, and the whole party proceeded, and in an evil hour unarmed, into the royal presence, to return thence no more!

During the interview, three thousand Zulu warriors standing up to dance, formed a ring around them, and for some time alternately retreated and advanced in the customary manner—until gradually pressing closer—they at length upon a signal made by

Dingaan, whilst the farmers were in the act of quaffing the malt liquor, which had been liberally handed round, rushed with one accord upon their defenceless victims. The devoted Dutchmen were dragged about half a mile across the river by the hair of the head, and their leader having been first ostentatiously butchered, the Zulus fell upon and despatched the rest—knocking out the brains of some with their war clubs, impaling and twisting the necks of others. Halstead, unable to quiet his own apprehensions, had concealed in his coat-sleeve an open clasp-knife, with which he stabbed two of the warriors who were preparing to seize him; and for this achievement, after having been made the spectator of the horrible massacre of his hapless companions, he was skinned alive, and finally put to death by means of the most revolting and barbarous cruelties.

Massacre at the Camp.

It subsequently transpired that Retief and his infatuated compatriots had owed their safety on a former occasion to the disobedience of the chief, who had been instructed by Dingaan to destroy them; and who, being doomed to pay the penalty of his rebellion, had narrowly escaped with life to Port Natal. Together with the news of the treacherous massacre just detailed, intelligence was also carried to the English settlement, that immediately upon the completion of the bloody work, his Majesty had detached an overwhelming force to surprise the emigrant camp. Messengers were thereupon instantly despatched to warn the intended victims of their danger, but in consequence of the swollen state of the rivers, they unfortunately did not arrive in time to avert the calamity. Fatally blind to their perilous situation, and relying implicitly upon the specious promises of a crafty and covetous savage, in whose eyes human blood is accounted as a drop of water, the emigrants had never dreamt of an attack, and were totally unprepared to receive it. Scrupulously did the Zulu warriors carry into execution the inhuman mandate of their treacherous master. In the dead of the night of the 17th of February, ten thousand savages dashed pell-mell into the slumbering camp; and arousing its drowsy inmates

with whoop and yell from their dreams of peace and security, drove off twenty thousand head of cattle, and indiscriminately butchered between five and six hundred souls, without reference either to age or sex—barbarously mutilating and cutting off the breasts of the women, and crowning the massacre by dashing out the brains of their helpless babes against the wheels of the wagons.

Flight of the Missionaries.

Immediately before this tragedy was enacted, a rabble force, consisting of nearly one thousand English and native settlers, had most unadvisedly marched from Port Natal with the design of assisting the emigrants; but arriving in the desolated camp too late, and finding that the enemy, to a man, had repaired by the king's orders to Unkunkinglove, in anticipation of a general attack upon the capital, they returned whence they came with four thousand head of cattle, and five hundred female captives. To realize this booty not a blow had been struck, but it was afterwards re-taken with the most ruinous retaliation. The American missionaries, who, it will be remembered, were compelled to abandon Mosega after the affair of the 17th of January, had joined their colleagues at Natal; and being again frustrated in their pious object, some of them now finally withdrew from the scene of slaughter, and set sail for the Colony in a small barque which was on the point of leaving the port. It would not appear that the autocrat of the Zulus had encouraged the presence of the missionaries amongst his people with a much better grace than his rival to the northward; nor indeed had he any great reason to be vain of their presence, if an opinion may be formed from his reply to one of those who tarried behind, and subsequently sought permission to discontinue his labors. "Get you gone," said the despotic monarch, "and with all speed. Had this application not come from yourselves, I must have turned you out of the land, learning as I do from the girls of my family that you never speak of me but as a liar and a murderer, and are continually praying to Heaven for deliverance from so foul a villain." The ladies of the seraglio on being summoned into the royal presence, did not fail to bear testimony to the flattering encomiums which had been passed

on their liege lord by the "white teachers," who—to the renown of Dingaan be it written—were nevertheless suffered to depart out of the kingdom without hindrance or molestation.

Invading Zululand.

Affairs had now reached a portentous crisis. The emigrants composing the nearest reserve division on the western side of the Draakenberg were not long in resolving to make an irruption into the Zulu country, in order to retaliate upon the head of the ruthless savage, the promiscuous and wanton slaughter of their hapless countrymen. On the 6th of April, a force consisting of nearly four hundred mounted Boers from the second encampment, marched upon Unkunkinglove under the command of Piet Uys and Jacobus Potgeiter. The former of these was a patriarch, who during the preceding year had abandoned the colony under peculiar circumstances, with his descendants to the third generation. Many of these had already miserably perished, and it was now the veteran's turn to mingle his bones with theirs, unburied, in a distant land. Entering Dingaan's territories from the westward, the invading force found the country depopulated, not the smallest opposition being offered until they arrived within sight of Unkunkinglove, when they perceived the whole Zulu army drawn up on the heights for the defence of the capital. Two divisions were advantageously posted on some rocks which formed a crescent, through a long narrow defile in which lay the road to the royal residence; whilst a third was placed in ambuscade, with orders to close in upon the rear of the attacking party, when it should have entered the cul de sac.

The vast superiority of the enemy in point of numbers was not more apparent than the excellence of their military dispositions; but the emigrants divided into two nearly equal detachments, and at once opposed themselves to those of the barbarian army.

The horses of Potgeiter's division, taking fright at the beating of shields and the energetic war-whoops of the warriors, it was thrown into irrecoverable confusion, and routed at the very onset; the second division, under old Uys, being thus left to sustain a simultaneous charge from the whole Zulu host,



Field-Marshal Lord Roberts



Native Police, Natal.

Death of Uys.

Nobly had the little band acquitted itself of this duty, when its hoary leader, taking advantage of the consternation occasioned by his steady and well-directed fire, dashed gallantly forward at the head of twenty of his men, in order to save the life of a comrade, who had been thrown from his horse into a deep and broad gully, forming the bed of a mountain torrent. Opposed by a perpendicular wall of rock, he was hemmed into the defile, and completely encompassed by the savages. His son, a youth only twelve years of age, bravely fought and was the first to die by the side of his aged sire, who, himself pierced through the thigh with an assegai, and fast sinking from loss of blood, continued to sell his life dearly, but covered with wounds, he at length fell with nine of his companions, exclaiming with his last breath, "Fight *your* way out, my gallant lads—it is my fate to die."

It the meantime, the main body of the Zulu army had rallied and encompassed the comparative handful of Dutchmen on every side. The battle raged an hour and a half at fearful odds, and the position of the emigrants was momentarily becoming more obviously desperate. Directing a steady fire to one point, however, they at length cleft a breach through the enemy's ranks, and effected their retreat with considerable loss, leaving upwards of one thousand of the savages stretched upon the field. A general pursuit followed on the part of the victorious Zulus, until the country becoming more open and many others of their number being shot, they finally retired, sending a few spies to hover in the rear of the farmers, and ascertain where they should bivouac for the night. But the object of this manœuvre being perceived, a party of Boers concealed themselves in a high field of Indian corn, and intercepting the scouts, left not one alive to fulfill the errand upon which he had been deputed.

Another Disaster.

On the very day that this severe action was fought, the Natal settlers, under an Englishman named Biggar, again marched from the port in order to co-operate with the Boers; but of eight or nine hundred men, colored and European, who composed the force,

scarcely more than half that number were provided with muskets or ammunition. On the 17th they reached the Tugela river, near which was a military post under the command of a captain styled Zola. It was situated immediately under the brow of a bleak hill, the country below which was intersected by numerous bare and deep ravines. The commando attempted to carry this position, but whilst engaged, the enemy were unexpectedly reinforced by the whole Zulu army, twelve thousand strong, flushed with the recent victory it had achieved, and bent upon the destruction of the settlement.

The Natal force immediately formed into a circle, those who carried muskets occupying the front rank, and covering the spear-men in the centre. A desperate and bloody struggle of several hours' duration again terminated most disastrously. The fearful odds opposed to the settlers finally prevailed—their ranks were broken, and the Zulu horde rushed in. Two-thirds of the Natal settlers were slain; Biggar and thirteen other of the principal European inhabitants being amongst the number; and whilst of this ill-fated expedition, two hundred and thirty only survived to return to Natal, the victorious barbarians are said to have sacrificed in the contest no less than three entire regiments, each consisting of one thousand men.

Zulu Raids.

In the interval, arrangements were making on the part of the emigrants for the protection of Natal; but although two hundred Boers were despatched from the nearest camp without a moment's delay, the settlement had been destroyed, and the whole country ravaged north of the port before their arrival. Following up their success, the greedy Zulus poured down like a wasting swarm of locusts upon the undefended location, and, remaining several days, swept off thence, and from Captain Gardiner's missionary station of Berea, the greater part of the property and the whole of the cattle. The native settlers, who consisted chiefly of deserters from Dingaan, had previously betaken themselves to the bush, where their women and children were mercilessly hunted down and speared. Fortunately for the few surviving whites, and those of the missionaries

who had tarried behind, they were enabled to take refuge, with the remnant of their movable effects, on board the *Comet*, a brig which happened to be riding in the harbor at the time that the disastrous intelligence was received of the annihilation of the commando. From the deck of the vessel the barbarians could be perceived flocking over the heights, which were darkened for miles with their congregated hosts ;—an occasioned shot discharged amongst them having the effect of deterring the infuriated horde from approaching the shore whilst the embarkation was being completed.

To the Rescue.

Such was the posture of affairs at Port Natal, when the intelligence of these successive disasters was conveyed to the transmontane division. Maritz, the only surviving leader of the emigrants, promptly exerted himself to obtain reinforcements from among those families that were still residing on the Reit and the Modder rivers, designing to march at once to the succor of the unfortunate parties which had been led by Uys and Retief. About the beginning of May, field-cornet Gideon Joubert, of New Hantam, proceeded across the colonial boundary to his assistance, and was joined by Michael Oberholster, with nearly one hundred auxiliaries from the Reit river. They advanced to Natal, and having taken possession of the port in the name of the united emigrants, left a strong party for its protection : bringing away thence a long train of wagons, with which, and a considerable quantity of ammunition, they joined the distressed compatriots, and finally encamped about ten hours' ride from the bay, in an open position free from jungle and ravines—disposing themselves in such a manner as to be able to form a junction at the shortest notice, should occasion require.

Action of the Government.

The colonial authorities were in the meantime using their utmost exertions to stem the torrent of emigration, but without avail. In a proclamation by the Governor, dated Cape Town, 26th April, 1838, "His Excellency earnestly exhorts the civil commissioners, and all public functionaries throughout the colony, as well as all

ministers of religion, and other persons of sound views, who cannot but foresee the inevitable result of the prevailing mania for emigration, to endeavor by every means in their power to dissuade intending emigrants from the prosecution of their plans, which cannot fail sooner or later to involve themselves and their families who are prepared to accompany them, in certain and irretrievable ruin." Field-cornet Joubert had been charged by the Government to report upon the condition of the emigrants, and to demand all the lately manumitted slaves that might not be desirous of remaining with their masters at Natal. He was likewise made the bearer of overtures permitting the return of the farmers within the limits of Her Majesty's South African dominion : remitting all pains and penalties, and extending a free pardon to those who might renew their domicile and avocations before the first of January following. Of this indulgence, some few manifested a disposition to avail themselves, but the result of their deliberation being referred to their vrouws, without whose gentle acquiescence nothing of consequence might be undertaken, the heroines peremptorily declined to retrace their steps, until summary vengeance should have been wrecked upon the head of the merciless Dingaan, for the blood he had so wantonly spilled.

A Halt in the Campaign.

Maritz's force amounted at this period to six hundred and fifty men capable of bearing arms ; their women, children, and followers, exceeding three thousand five hundred. With a hundred mounted whites, and four pieces of light ordnance, he proposed to have marched against Dingaan in the beginning of June, advancing direct upon the capital, and taking fifty wagons with which to form an entrenchment for security during the night. But his unexpected demise, whilst it deprived the emigrants of the most energetic of their leaders, put a stop for a time to the projected campaign ; and Landmann, who was elected generalissimo in his room, succeeded in convincing them of the wisdom of suspending operations until the ensuing spring, when their horses, only three hundred of which were at that time fit for service, should have been recruited by rest and

fine pasture. To men whose numerical inferiority was counter-balanced chiefly by their equestrian habits, this was obviously a consideration of the highest importance ; and as the king was known to avoid military expedition during the winter, from the circumstance of the slender costume of his warriors being so ill adapted to meet the severity of the climate, it was resolved to postpone hostilities until after the season had reopened. Having fortified their camp, therefore, as far as circumstances would admit, the isolated emigrants frequently sent out strong patrols to observe the motions of their arch enemy, carrying on their agricultural pursuits at the same time, to a limited extent, and making every preparation for a final effort, the success of which should decide whether they were to settle permanently at Natal, or repitch their tents upon the plains that are watered by the tributaries of the Likwa.

CHAPTER VII.

The Great Kaffir War—A Change of Policy—Advance in Education—
The “War of the Axe”—Sir Harry Smith—Missionaries and
Convicts—Witch Doctors Cause Trouble—British Disasters
—The Birkenhead—Progress of the War—Sir George
Grey—The Kosa Kaffirs—A Disastrous Movement
—Sending Aid to India—South African Feder-
ation—Progress at the Cape—The Dis-
covery of Diamonds—End of
Kaffir Troubles.

THE Kosa Kaffirs, in numbers of armed warriors variously estimated at 12,000 to 20,000, crossed the frontier in a sudden and well-planned invasion of Cape Colony on the evening of Sunday, December 21st, 1834. The territory from Somerset East to Algoa Bay was laid waste with the slaughter of many whites, the burning of the houses and the sweeping off of the cattle, horses and all kinds of movable property. About 7000 colonists were ruined in the loss, as officially proved, of over 5000 horses, 100,000 cattle, and 160,000 sheep. Grahamtown, Bathurst and other towns were crowded with fugitives, and a beautiful and fertile province became a desert. Colonel Smith, a Peninsular veteran, who was afterwards Sir Harry Smith, the victor of Aliwal in the first Sikh War in India, hastened from Cape Town to take command of the troops, and was speedily followed by D’Urban, the Governor. A general muster of “Burghers” was made, and these forces were united to 400 infantry and 200 mounted Hottentots under Colonel Somerset at Grahamtown, with four companies of foot and a troop of horse brought by Smith in an almost incessant march of six days and nights. The Governor took with him a very welcome aid in the 72d Highlanders (now the famous “Seaforths”), who had just reached the Cape on their voyage to India.

By the middle of February, 1835, the invaders were driven beyond the Keiskama, and two months later an inroad was made into their territory. The strength of the invaders could not be resisted. Camps were formed by the British commander in positions whence the "bush" could be scoured in all directions. Hintsa, the paramount chief of the Kosas, made his submission, and, attempting to escape when he was acting as guide to the place where a large number of stolen cattle were kept, he was shot dead by a colonist who pursued him. His son and successor, Kreli, already in the Governor's hands as a hostage, was allowed to make peace by the surrender of 50,000 cattle and 1000 horses as an instalment of compensation for the colonists.

One pleasing result of this victorious expedition was the deliverance, by British arms, of a whole enslaved people. These were the Fingos, or "wanderers," the wretched remnant of various tribes from the North, shattered by the Zulu power, and living in serfdom among the Kosa Kaffirs. They had welcomed and aided the British invaders, and now had their reward in passing, to the number of 4000 men, 6600 women and 11,700 children, from the grasp of their former cruel masters to a state of freedom as British subjects. They were provided, at the cost of the Kosas, with many thousand cattle to stock their new lands, and the troops and armed settlers of Cape Colony saw them march along, the women bearing baskets of corn, sleeping-mats, cooking-pots and milking buckets, with a child or two on many a back. Wild songs of rejoicing came from the full hearts of a rescued nation, who cried, "We go to the place of the good people." The Fingos, thus released on May 7th, 1835, became loyal and useful inhabitants of the colony.

A Change of Policy.

Sir Benjamin D'Urban, seeking to hinder future attempts at invasion from the Northeast, wisely extended the boundary of the colony to the Kei River, and created a new province called "Queen Adelaide," with a chain of military posts for the defence of the frontier. This action was reversed by a Whig Minister in London, Lord Glenelg, a man opposed to colonial extension; an ardent

philanthropist ready to believe that "natives" were oppressed by his fellow Britons; a man who had been "got at" by a small humanitarian party at Cape Town. In defiance of the strongly expressed views of the chief colonists, including the Wesleyan missionaries of Albany district and Kaffirland, Lord Glenelg reversed the Governor's decision, brought the frontier back to the Fish River, and recalled Sir Benjamin D'Urban. The Dutch farmers—the Boers—soon made up their minds to another "trekking" on a large scale, from a country subject to imbecile mismanagement; the British colonists were indignant and amazed; the Kaffirs placed the change of frontier to the account of weakness or fear. Again in possession of their strongholds in the Amatola Hills, they recommenced their raids on a smaller scale, and the colonists in the North-east had to exist for ten years in a state of petty warfare with their Kaffir neighbors.

Advance in Education.

Sir George Napier was the next Governor, and in his time, with his wise and liberal assistance, a great educational advance was made. The state of elementary instruction was so backward that, in 1839, when the new system began to work, there were only 500 European children in the free Government schools throughout the colony. The suggestions and efforts of Sir John Herschel were of great service. That eminent astronomer resided at the Cape from January, 1834, to May, 1838, engaged in a series of most valuable telescopic surveys of the heavens, conducted entirely at his own expense. He drew up an excellent scheme of national instruction and public schools, and on his return to England he devoted much time to the selection and dispatch of suitable teachers. Each district had its school commission, including the resident minister of religion and justices of the peace, with pecuniary aid to well-managed schools and to the mission schools for colored children. The good work had its effect shown in the census of 1875, proving that 62 per cent. of Europeans, and 16 per cent. of the mixed races, were able to read and write. In commercial matters we note that in 1846 the colony was annually exporting three and a quarter million pounds weight of

wool. The public debt was paid off by 1847 ; municipal government was introduced into the towns and larger villages, and good wagon roads were made through mountain passes. At the same time an excellent class of immigrants, on an aided system, was introduced in from four to five thousand English, Scottish and Irish agriculturists, men who soon became thriving farmers, and partly supplied the loss due to the "trekking" of the Boers to the North.

The "War of the Axe."

The "War of the Axe," long planned by the Kaffir chief Sandili, was caused by the rescue of a Kaffir who, having stolen an axe at Fort Beaufort in 1846, was on his way to Grahamtown for trial. Sandili refused to surrender the criminal, and war ensued. The contest opened with a disaster, in a difficult jungly district, to a British column of 1500 men, including some companies of the 91st Foot, the 7th Dragoons and the Cape Mounted Rifles. A great host of Kaffirs made a sudden attack, and a forced retreat was attended with considerable loss in men and horses, and the capture of above fifty wagons laden with tents, baggage, ammunition and food. The Kosa warriors then poured across the frontier, making their way close to Grahamtown, with the burning of houses, the slaughter of sacred persons and the capture of cattle. The towns and villages of the eastern districts were crowded with helpless, ruined fugitives. Another wagon train of food and ammunition was taken, with the driving off of its military guard. The enemy were repulsed in their attacks on all the fortified posts, and the Dragoons, with some mounted Hottentots, slew some hundreds of Kaffirs whom they caught on open ground, with the loss of one soldier killed and three wounded. This affair somewhat impressed the native mind, but the position was very serious, and a strenuous effort was needed.

The whole Burgher force of the colony was called out, and every soldier that could be spared from Cape Town was hurried to the front. Wagons and oxen were in all quarters impressed for service, but great difficulty arose with the transport of food and ammunition, from lack of proper organization, and for some time no effective invasion of Kaffir territory could be made. Several fresh regiments,

in due course, arrived from England. A better method of transport was devised, and then the enemy's stronghold in the Amatola Mountains was attacked by columns advancing from the south, the east and the west. The converging action of these forces was too much for the Kaffirs, and by the close of 1847 the two chieftains, Sandili and Macomo, had come into the British lines and surrendered. Sir George Napier had been succeeded as Governor by Sir Peregrine Maitland, and he by Sir Henry Pottinger, the first ruler at the Cape who bore the title of "High Commissioner," and was armed with power to deal with affairs beyond the colonial border, in territory which would now be styled a "sphere of influence." The war was virtually closed when yet another new Governor arrived in Sir Harry Smith, in honor of whose victory over the Sikhs, won in January, 1846, the town and district of Aliwal North in Cape Colony was named.

Sir Harry Smith.

Sir Harry Smith, the able and energetic soldier who landed at Cape Town on December 1st, 1847, was the right man in the right place. Rough and ready in speech and action, kind-hearted, arbitrary, prompt, fearless of consequences, he was a man fit to rule men, and no mere official. He was most warmly welcomed by the colonists, who remembered his good work in the days of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, as an old and tried friend. He soon showed, in a way strikingly original for a British Governor at the Cape, by an act which would have horrified a man like Lord Glenelg and have caused his immediate recall, the right method of treating beaten chiefs whose followers had been murdering and plundering British subjects. The Governor made Macomo, on his surrender, kneel down, and then he placed his foot, booted and spurred, on his bended neck. Turning to Sandili he said, "I am the chief of Kaffirland, the representative of the Queen of England. From her you hold all your lands, and my word shall be your law, or else I will sweep you from the face of the earth." A new era for the colony had opened when the ruler, in dealing with Kaffir potentates, did not waste time in making "treaties" sure to be broken, but asserted, with almost brutal frankness, the overwhelming power of his country.

The colonial authorities in London had by this time begun to believe that people at the Cape, governors and governed, might possibly hold sounder views than those of Downing Street. Lord John Russell, now in power as Premier, had shown, in his dealings with Canada at the beginning of the reign, a good judgment in colonial affairs. A reversion was now made to the policy of Sir Benjamin D'Urban, a policy which the last three governors—Pottinger, Maitland and Napier—had been brought to approve. The boundary of Cape Colony was extended to the Keiskamma River. The territory between the Keiskamma and the Kei Rivers was made "British Kaffraria," vested in the Queen as sovereign, but held from her by the Kosa Kaffirs for their sole use, under the control of a commissioner, with the chiefs as rulers of their people in many matters, but with the suppression of vicious customs, including the cruel punishments for alleged "witchcraft." Forts, garrisoned by British troops, were erected at different points. King Williamstown, on the Buffalo River, about 40 miles from the sea, was the military headquarters, and the flourishing seaport, East London, at the river mouth, was made a part of Cape Colony for purposes of trade and revenue.

Missionaries and Convicts.

In 1848 the Anglican Church in South Africa received due recognition by the appointment of Dr. Gray as Bishop of Cape Town, the See being endowed by the munificence of Miss (afterwards Baroness) Burdett-Coutts. The new prelate, attended by a large staff of clergy, gave a great impulse to educational and missionary work in the growing colony. The attempt made by the Home Government to introduce British convicts, in spite of the strong opposition of Sir Harry Smith, was frustrated by the determined opposition of the people at Cape Town, and the ship *Neptune*, after detention for five months in Simon's Bay, with 300 convicts on board, who were not permitted to land, received orders from London to convey her unsavory cargo to Van Dieman's Land (Tasmania).

In May, 1850, a great step forward was made in the establishment of representative rule by letters patent from the Crown,

empowering the Governor and Legislative Council to cause the election of two Chambers. There were already elected Municipal Councils and Road Boards, to the great advantage of the colonists. The application of the elective principle to the general government of the country was delayed for three years by a new Kaffir war, but we may here anticipate matters by stating that in 1853 the new form of government began to exist, with an elective Legislative Council and House of Assembly, chosen on a franchise granted to occupants of any building or land valued at £25, or in receipt of an annual salary of £25 with board and lodging, or £50 without, and that on July 1st, 1854, the first parliament of the colony assembled at Cape Town, the whole population then being about 265,000, of whom 24,000 dwelt in the capital. The public revenue exceeded £300,000; the exports closely approached a million sterling in value.

Witch Doctors Cause Trouble.

The Kaffir chiefs and people, in spite of the humble submission made by Macomo and Sandili, had only regarded the peace of 1847 as a truce. The latter chieftain was formally deposed from his position in October, 1850, when he was found to be stirring up his tribe, the Gaikas, to disaffection. In the same year there was much suffering in Kaffraria from drought; a native prophet or "witch-doctor" aroused the people's fanaticism, and the chiefs, in general, chafed at the loss of their former power. It is worth noting that the interference of the British rulers with the men who went about "smelling out" witches and wizards was resented by the Kaffirs as a device of the Government for handing them over to those supposed powers of evil. A renewal of conflict was encouraged by a great magician, as he was held to be, who issued charms which would, as he declared, turn into water the bullets fired at the wearers. Sir Harry Smith, on the rumor of an intended outbreak, took all the force he could muster to King Williamstown, and sent a body of troops to arrest Sandili in his lurking-place among the forests at the head-waters of the Keiskamma River.

This was in December, 1850, and the Kosas, having treacherous information of the movement from Kaffir police in the Government

service, attacked the detachment, 700 strong, of British infantry and Cape Mounted Rifles in a defile called the Boomah Pass. Some dozens of the force fell in fighting their way through, amidst a musketry fire from an ambush of thickets and rocks. The signal fires of the foe flashed the news through the land, and this affair was followed by the slaughter of a patrol of fifteen men, and by the burning of three villages on the colonial side of the border, with the murder of forty-six men in cold blood. The whole of the frontier, and the country far beyond, was then stirred up against British power. The Gaikas were all in arms, helped by Kreli, the Galeka chieftain beyond the Kei; north of the Amatola Mountains some of the Tembus joined in the rising; Hottentot settlers on the Kei River, ungrateful for kindly treatment during the past twenty years, revolted; the Fingos alone remained faithful.

British Disasters.

The colonists, as a body, made no hearty response to the appeal for their active aid, and the government was left to its own resources. On all hands British troops had to retreat before overwhelming numbers and Sir Harry Smith himself, beleaguered at Fort Cox, had a narrow escape as he cut his way through a host of foes at the head of about 200 faithful Mounted Rifles. There were less than 2000 British soldiers in the whole colony, and half of these were shut up in fortified posts. Amidst these difficulties the foe were gradually impressed by the stubborn valor and endurance of men who repelled all attacks on the little forts, and marched hither and thither, by day and night, exposed to a burning sun or to heavy rains. There was much devastation of farms, and some loss of life for the settlers, until the arrival of strong reinforcements from home enabled the Governor, at the close of 1851, to take the offensive. Several of the enemy's strongholds were stormed, part of the Kaffir country was wasted with the destruction of kraals and crops, and in January, 1852, two British columns came back to King Williamstown with 60,000 head of cattle and many horses and goats, and escorting some thousands of Fingos rescued from slavery in Kaffirland.

The Birkenhead.

It was early in the following month that the dispatch of reinforcements for the overweighted British troops brought one of the noblest and most affecting occurrences of modern history. The steam troop-ship *Birkenhead*, of the Royal Marine, conveying drafts of various regiments to Algoa Bay, including men of the 74th Highlanders, all under the command of Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander Seton, struck on a sunken rock near Point Danger, midway between the Cape of Good Hope and Cape Agulhas. It was two o'clock in the morning. The vessel, steaming at about nine knots an hour through a fairly smooth sea, had the plates of her iron hull widely rent aft of the foremast, and the water drowned many men in their hammocks on the lower deck, while the rest rushed up and mustered in silence, at the word of command, beneath the light of the stars. They were mostly young recruits, but without a murmur or a cry they stood in their ranks on the rocking and loosening upper deck, facing death as coolly as if they were on parade for drill. About 100 men were working hard at the pumps, others were gathered astern to ease the forepart of the ship. The only two serviceable boats took the women, the children and the sick, on board, in water that was swarming with sharks. Their appetite was partly sated by horses driven out of the port gangway on the chance of their getting ashore by swimming. The whole bow end of the ship broke off at the foremast, and the funnel fell over, crushing about sixty men, and carrying away the starboard paddle-box and boat. As many more died by drowning at the pumps, and the end came in the breaking of the ship in two, crosswise, when the stern part filled and went down. About 70 men reached the land clinging to rigging or drifting furniture, and about 50 more were taken off the wreck in the afternoon by a small craft which had picked up and saved the people in the boats. Nearly 500 lives, including that of Colonel Seton, were lost out of about 700. Some noble lines of Sir Francis Doyle, some words of praise from the Duke of Wellington, a man sparing of eulogy, delivered at the Royal Academy dinner in 1852, and a mural tablet and brass plates at Chelsea Hospital,

containing the names of the officers and men, 357 in all, who perished, commemorate this grand display of discipline and self-sacrifice.

Progress of the War.

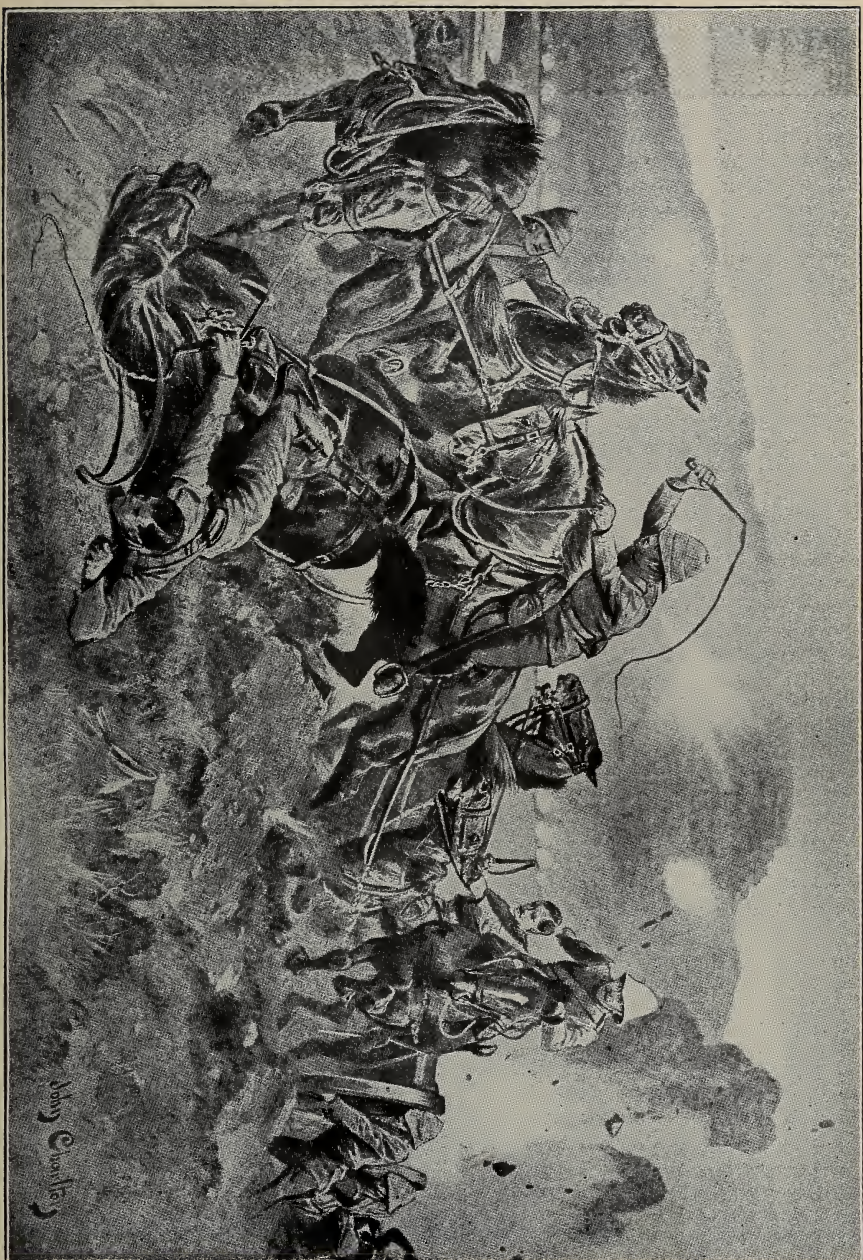
In the spring of 1852 Sir Harry Smith, whose health had been seriously impaired by incessant toil and care, laid down his governorship, and was succeeded by Sir George Cathcart, a Waterloo veteran, destined soon to fall in the glorious battle of Inkermann. This able commander, having at his disposal eight regiments of the line, a battalion of the Rifle Brigade, the 60th Rifles, the 12th Lancers, with artillerymen, engineer, and a large force of auxiliaries, was able to do his work thoroughly. From every point of vantage the Kaffirs were routed out. Every fastness of the foe was turned into a British stronghold, with a turret surrounded by stone walls that could shelter a large force, the posts being held by a small body of men with stores of ammunition and food. The enemy was harassed beyond measure by a system of constant patrolling, and a permanent force of mounted European police was formed.

In March, 1853, the principal Kaffir chiefs made their submission, and the forfeited lands of Kaffir and Hottentot rebels were handed over to Fingos and Europeans. The Amatola Mountains, always the real seat of war, were made a "Crown Reserve" in permanent military occupation, and the eastern frontier was at last made secure by the settlement on the land of Dutch and English farmers, men accustomed to the use of arms, and holding their farms on condition of maintaining an organization of self-defence. The making of new roads, and the annexation to Cape Colony of the country north of the Amatolo Mountains, completed the arrangements against future trouble. Conquest of the Kaffirs was followed to a large extent by their initiation in the arts of peace, to their own great benefit. The warriors of the Amatolas began to work for the Government in the making of roads, rendering their country defenceless by laying bare its fastnesses in lines of communication equally serviceable in peace and in war. The assegai was exchanged for the spade, and the people settled on open fertile lands, ploughed with their own oxen, instead of stealing those of their neighbors.

Sir George Grey.

The recall of Sir George Cathcart to command a division of the troops in the Crimean War left the way open for a new Governor in the person of one of the greatest colonial rulers in British history, Sir George Grey, K. C. B., a man to be distinguished from another able administrator, the Sir George Grey, Bart., who was Home Secretary in ministries of Lord John Russell and Lord Palmerston. The eminent colonial ruler, who died but recently at an advanced age, was descended from a branch of the Greys of Groby in Leicestershire, the ancient and noble house whose most famous scion was Lady Jane Grey. Born in 1812 at Lisburn, in Ireland, he was a posthumous son of Lieutenant-Colonel Grey, killed at the fearful storming at Badajoz. Trained for the army at Sandhurst, and leaving the service as Captain in 1839, he had already won great credit as an Australian explorer, and in 1841 he became Governor of South Australia. From 1846 to 1853 he was Governor of New Zealand, and there showed consummate ability, tact, firmness and power of conciliation.

On his appointment to the Cape in 1854 he displayed the same qualities. His sense of justice was shown in obtaining redress for certain disbanded Hottentot troops, whose promised pensions were being in great part unjustly withheld by the War Office in London. The money to satisfy their claims was at the Governor's instance voted by the Cape Parliament. At the "Grey Hospital," erected at King Williamstown by the labor of troops disbanded on the close of the war, the sons of Kaffir chiefs were instructed in simple medical science for the treatment of the more common forms of disease of their countrymen, and when they returned among their people their new knowledge made them scorn the impostures of the "witch-doctors," and native superstition was thus, as Grey intended, by degrees undermined. In a great work of pacification and civilization, in which he made use of the agencies of the magistrate, the missionary, the schoolmaster and the trader, the Governor caused the Queen, whom he represented, to become, for the first time, a living reality for the natives of South Africa. In every beneficent



Effort to Save the Guns.



A Dutch Vrouw.

work he put his sovereign forward as the great "White Queen beyond the Seas," from whose love and goodness the benefit came. There was statesmanship of the highest order, as well as loyal devotion to a Queen and an Empire, in thus arousing reverence and affection for a person to replace a vague notion of distant, intangible authority. His effort in this direction had complete success. The Fingos, in a petition to the Crown, said: "We are a blessed people under Queen Victoria; we are like children who have a father in all things to preserve, feed, and help them." It was to the Queen that, forty years later, Løbengula, of Matabeleland, sent his envoys. It was to see the Queen that King Khama of Bamangwato, the strongest of the Bechuana rulers, and his brother chiefs, journeyed to London.

The Kosa Kaffirs.

The powers of Governor Grey were put to the test by a new Kaffir difficulty involving one of the strangest events in modern history. In 1857 the Kosa Kaffirs became the victims of a delusion which had its rise in the assertions of a madman or impostor named Umhlakaza. He professed to have had interviews, on the banks of a little lonely stream, with the embodied spirits of some long-dead chiefs, including his own brother. They were about to appear, he heard, again on earth, in the midst of the tribes, armed with power to drive the foreigners, Dutch and English, into the sea. A cattle plague had, in 1855 and 1856, killed many thousands of horned animals in Cape Colony and Kaffraria. The warriors returning from the other world would bring with them herds of cattle proof against disease.

In order to the fulfilment of these marvelous promises, the fanatical prophet declared that all the animals fit for food—horned cattle, pigs, sheep and fowls—all stores of corn and the standing crops, must be destroyed. Then would the beauteous and plague-proof cattle issue from the earth, with fine fields of millet ripe for food. Sorrow and sickness would be no more, nor old age nor decrepitude be known again. It was, however, imperative that the people should first place themselves in a state of absolute destitu-

tion. Those who disobeyed the commands of the spirits would perish along with the Fingos and the whites. This wonderful tale was first accepted by Kreli and the Galekas outside British territory, and then through their influence it spread into British Kaffraria. Sandili and the Gaikas would not at first believe, but large numbers of the Kosas made away with all their means of subsistence, and awaited the fulfilment of the prophecies.

A Disastrous Movement.

It is uncertain to what extent, if any, Kaffir chiefs instigated this disastrous movement, in the hope of uniting the people in a desperate assault on British power. It was in vain that missionaries and agents of the Government, during some months, combated the frenzy. British traders were enriched by the possession of the hides of about 200,000 slaughtered cattle, obtained in barter for articles of trifling value. Sir George Grey, at personal interviews with some of the chiefs, found himself powerless against the prophet's words. The people, fully persuaded that utter poverty must precede the coming supernatural wealth, were starving at the very time when they toiled in preparing a huge kraal for the expected cattle, and in making thousands of skin bags to hold the store of miraculous milk. Sandili himself had at last given way to the urgent wishes of his brother, Macomo, and the Governor returned to take military measures against a possible invasion of people maddened by famine.

The appointed day of great things, Wednesday, February 18th, 1857, came and went and the miserable Kaffirs, who had sat vainly watching all the previous night to see the promised sign on two blood-red suns rising over the eastern hills, beheld the usual one orb appear to bathe the hills and valleys in a flood of light. The horrors that ensued were past description. About 40,000 Kaffirs, it is supposed, perished of famine. The nearest kinsmen fought to death for fragments of the milk bags. The country was covered with skeletons, singly or in groups, and between January 1st, 1857, and July 31st, of the same year, the population of British Kaffraria was reduced from 105,000 to about 38,000. Many thousands of the people had crossed the frontier in search of the means of subsistence, being fed by the

Government or by the charity of colonists; some thousand in the end working as servants on fixed wages for fixed terms of years. The vacant tracts of land in British Kaffraria were to some extent occupied at a trifling rent by farmers chosen from Cape Colony, on condition of military service, and some good thus arose out of enormous evil in the presence of a strong body of European settlers near to an exposed frontier. In 1858-9, a welcome reinforcement of hardy settlers was received from North Germany. About 2000 in all, including the wives and children, were located on ground sold at twenty shillings an acre, chiefly in the valley of the Buffalo River. These new colonists—frugal, temperate, diligent, pious—soon arrived at prosperity as cattle owners and market gardeners.

Sending Aid to India.

Sir George Grey's strength of character was admirably shown on the outbreak of the Indian Mutiny. In August, 1857, a steamer brought to the Cape a dispatch reporting that event. The Governor, seeing the extreme danger in the East, at once sent off to Calcutta every British soldier at Cape Town and every horse that could be spared, with two batteries of Royal Artillery and most of his supplies of ammunition. Within three days of his reception of the terrible news a man-of-war and three transports had sailed from the Cape with this valuable reinforcement. A few days later some ships arrived bearing regiments for service in China. Without the least right the Governor diverted these troops, on his own responsibility, to Calcutta, where they landed the men who enabled Sir Colin Campbell to relieve Havelock at Lucknow. His daring action received the special approbation of the Colonial Secretary and the Queen. In his zeal for the interests of the Empire Sir George went afoot for some time, having sent his own horses to India as cavalry re-mounts.

In this condition of affairs at the Cape, when the colony was almost devoid of regular troops, the Governor turned his thoughts to possible danger from Krelis and his Galekas, and in February, 1858, he sent a force against them, chiefly composed of the Mounted Police, and of Burgher and native militia, and drove

them from the district called the Transkei—the land beyond the Kei river—into the territory beyond the Bashee. For some years the Transkei remained a kind of neutral ground, devoid of people except in the north-east, where some loyal Kaffirs dwelt in the “Idutywa Reserve.”

South African Federation.

It is needless to state that a Governor like Sir George Grey was regarded at Downing Street as a “dangerous man.” In 1859 he brought forward in the Cape Parliament the question of South African Federation. In response to a request for his opinion on this subject, addressed to him in September, 1858, by the Colonial Secretary, Sir Edward Bulwer (the first Lord) Lytton, Sir George had freely pointed out the mistakes of past policy, and urged the establishment of a federal union, in which the separate colonies and states—Cape Colony, British Kaffraria, Natal and Orange Free State, and the other Boer Republic—each with its own local government and legislature, should be combined under a general representative legislature, with a responsible ministry. His official “superiors” in England were irritated by his presumption in submitting a positive scheme, when he was only asked for information and for his “views” on the subject, and when Grey went further, and, without special instructions, broached the matter in the Cape Legislature, he was visited with a sentence of “recall.”

The Queen, a thorough “Imperialist” in her views, as she has often shown with great advantage to the Empire, expressed her indignation to the Prime Minister (Lord Derby) at the Cabinet’s decision. As a constitutional sovereign, she was unable to disallow the action of her ministers, but the “recall” of Grey did not take effect. At this juncture in June, 1859, the Derby Cabinet, defeated in the Commons, made room for a Ministry headed by Lord Palmerston. The new Colonial Secretary, the Duke of Newcastle, at the urgent instance of the Queen, cancelled the “recall,” changing it into “absence on leave,” and Sir George Grey, after a brief visit to England, received a warm welcome at the Cape on his return as Governor early in 1860.

Progress at the Cape.

During his brief remaining tenure of power, before his transfer to New Zealand for a second term of office, in 1861, Sir George Grey received Prince Alfred (afterwards Duke of Edinburgh and of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha) then a midshipman on board H. M. S. *Euryalus*, and conducted him on a "progress" through Cape Colony, Kaffraria, the Orange Free State and Natal. By this time the railway from Cape Town to Wellington, fifty miles north-east, was well advanced. In September the Prince laid the first stone on the great breakwater in Table Bay, and inaugurated the splendid new Library and Museum, an institution already furnished with nearly 40,000 volumes, and enriched by Sir George in 1864 by the presentation of all his literary treasures, one of the finest of private collections, including publications and MSS. on languages and ethnology of Africa and Polynesia, large numbers of early black-letter printed books, the only complete copy of the First Folio of Shakespeare then existing out of Europe, and many other literary gems, whereby the South African Library became third in point of size, and first in value and importance, among all colonial collections of its class. In 1861 Grey sailed for New Zealand, leaving Cape Colony, after nearly eight years of his rule, nobly and durably marked by his action. The British Ministers, however, would have none of his "Federation"; the opportunity was lost, and federation is still wanting to the South African dominions of the Crown.

The Discovery of Diamonds.

The Governorship of Sir Philip Wodehouse, from 1861 to 1870, was marked by the incorporation of British Kaffraria, and by the great discovery of diamonds in Griqualand West. The former event took place in 1865, with the formation of two electoral divisions—King Williamstown and East London. At the same time the growth of population caused an increase in the number of constituencies represented in the Legislative Assembly, and the enlargement of the Legislative Council. In 1867 a child on a farm in the north of the colony was found possessed of a "brilliant pebble,"

which proved to be a diamond of 21 carats, worth £500. Another gem was picked up on the bank of the Vaal River. Several were found in 1868, and in March, 1869, a Dutch farmer bought, for £400, the famous stone called "The Star of South Africa" from a Hottentot, who valued it only as a charm. It weighed 83 carats uncut, and was soon re-sold for £11,000. A rush for the Vaal banks was made by adventurous people, and the alluvial "drift" was washed with good results. In 1870 a large find of diamonds was made in "dry diggings" about 20 miles south of the Vaal, and there were soon 10,000 miners at work. The town of Kimberley became a great and flourishing place, and a new era for South Africa began with the advent of the digger, the capitalist and the company promoter, and the extension of the border beyond the Orange River. In 1871, under Sir Henry Barkly, as Governor and High Commissioner, Griqualand West was annexed, after a strong protest made by the government of the Orange Free State, whose claims were finally compromised in 1876 by payment of the sum of £90,000. The tide of public opinion in South Africa had by this time clearly set in favor of northward progress, and the general advance of the colony is shown by the official figures of 1875. In that year the population was returned at 721,000, of whom 237,000 were whites. Cape Town contained 32,000 people with 12,000 in the suburbs; Port Graham had 13,000 residents, and Grahamstown, 7000. The revenue exceeded £1,600,000, and the exports had a value of more than four millions sterling, including wool worth above two and three-quarter millions, angora hair and ostrich feathers. The changed conditions were recognized in 1872 by the establishment of "responsible government," the members of the "Executive Council" or Ministry henceforth having seats in one of the Houses of the Legislature.

End of Kaffir Troubles.

Before leaving this part of our subject we may note the conclusion of warfare with the Kaffirs south of the Orange River. In 1865 the Galekas were permitted to return into a part of the Transkei, nearest the sea, a district known for some years as Gale-

kaland ; and on the inner border a colony of many thousand Fingos was planted as a protection for Cape Colony proper. Warfare between the Galekas and the Fingos arose, and Kreli, in 1877, bestirred himself to a final effort for the independence of his Kosas, whose hereditary head chieftain he had formerly been. In October a new High Commissioner, Sir Bartle Frere, to be seen hereafter in this record, decreed his deposition and annexed his territory, and there was fighting for some months between the Galekas and the colonial levies aided by some British troops. There could be only one end to the struggle, though Sandili roused the Gaikas to action in a last despairing rally for the Kosa clan. By June, 1878, Sandili had been shot, Kreli had fled to distant wilds, and the Kosa Kaffirs, once so formidable to Dutch and British settlers, vanished from the page of history.

CHAPTER VIII.

Dingaan and the Dutch—"Dingaan's Day"—Fall of Dingaan—British Jealousies—Natal Seized by the British.

NATAL was first seen by Europeans when, on Christmas Day, 1497, Vasco da Gama sighted the land to which he gave its abiding name from "Dies Natalis," the style of the anniversary in the Latin calendar. Nearly two centuries passed away before any record of the territory being visited by people from the British Isles. In 1683, a ship carrying 80 persons, passengers and crew, was wrecked near Delagoa Bay, the survivors journeying overland to the Dutch settlements at the Cape. The first attempt at European settlement was made in 1824, when two ex-officers of the royal navy, named King and Farewell, with other adventurers, sought and obtained a grant of land, on the coast and for 100 miles inland, from the Zulu King, Chaka, then in possession. One of the party, named Fynn, afterwards had another grant to the south. The country had been devastated by Zulu warfare, but natives of various beaten tribes gradually came together round the whites, who were recognized as rulers under Chaka as paramount chief.

Dingaan and the Dutch.

That truculent king's assassination in 1828, and the succession of Dingaan, brought trouble to the Europeans. Farewell was killed, and the other whites had to flee for their lives, but they ventured to return, and for some years Fynn was head of the Natal Kaffirs, under Dingaan, who drew off his people from the coast territory. In 1835 some American missionaries arrived, and these, along with a few Boers who had migrated from Cape Colony in the previous year, formed the nucleus of a colony, styling their territory "Victoria," in 1837, and laying out a town called Durban, from the popular Governor at the Cape.

The great Boer migration gave a solid basis, after many troubles, to the colony of Natal. We have seen that Pieter Retief, in 1837, crossed the Draakensberg Mountains, bounding the territory like a great wall on the west, in order to view the pleasant land stretching down in terraces, with many streams, a rich soil, stately forests, and grassy valleys, to the sub-tropical shores of the Indian Ocean. The Boer leader was well pleased by what he saw, and having been warmly welcomed by the settlers at Durban, and civilly received by Dingaan at his capital of concentric circles of huts, used as barracks for his warriors, he received a grant of the whole country on condition of recovering for the king a herd of some hundreds of cattle recently stolen from a Zulu outpost. Retief recrossed the mountains to fetch his party from Winburg, recovered the cattle without bloodshed, and then set out with a caravan of nearly a thousand wagons for Natal. He went forward himself with sixty-five Europeans and a score or two of Hottentot servants, driving the cattle to Dingaan's capital, and there the bloodthirsty, treacherous king had them all brained with clubs as they partook of some refreshment of millet beer.

“Dingaan's Day.”

This and the other disasters recorded were followed by jealousies among the Boer leaders, causing Potgieter and his party to separate from the rest and found the little town of Potchefstroom. The others held their ground, suffering from disease and scarcity of food, but repelling in a fortified camp (laager) all attacks of Dingaan's warriors. A change came with the arrival of a very able Boer commandant, Andries Pretorius, who received the chief command, and soon started for Dingaan's capital on a mission of vengeance, at the head of over 450 men. The force took wagons enough to form a laager, and surprise was avoided by the formation of these, lashed together in a circle, at every place of halt for the night. Scouts on every side during the march gave safety to the column against ambuscades, and the bank of Dutch “Ironsides,” men of prayer and singers of psalms, vowed a church and an annual day of thanksgiving if victory over the foe were granted. A church at Pieter-

maritzburg and "Dingaan's Day" remain in proof at once of their success and of their fidelity to their word.

On Sunday, December 16th, 1838, Dingaan, with over 10,000 warriors, attacked the camp in early morning. All was ready for his reception, the deadly fire of the Boers' muskets being aided by some small cannon. The Zulu warriors, after a series of vain charges, in a battle continued for over two hours, retreated, leaving on the ground over 3000 dead, by a stream ever since styled the Blood River. When the defeated king's capital was reached it was found in flames, and he had fled into wilds where horsemen could not act. The victors returned to Natal with some thousands of cattle. The whole loss of the whites in this memorable campaign was six men killed and three wounded. The strength of the Zulus may be gathered from the fact that Dingaan, after the loss of nearly 10,000 warriors, could return to rebuild his capital.

Fall of Dingaan.

The Boers, on their side, kept together and laid out the town of Pietermaritzburg, tilling the ground close at hand as gardens, and keeping the cattle within fences. In September, 1839, Panda, a young brother of Dingaan, rose against him, with help from the Boers, and a determined struggle ended in that cruel potentate's utter defeat, an event soon followed by his assassination. Panda became king of the Zulus, and the aid of Pretorius, at the head of 400 mounted Boers, was rewarded by the gift of about 40,000 cattle. Thus was founded a republic of Natal, with the Zulu ruler as a vassal to the Volksraad or Parliament. The valor of the Boers had thus, between 1836 and 1840, broken for the time the strength of the Zulus, and placed the "trekkers" in the independent possession of a great territory beyond the borders of Cape Colony, north of the Orange River, and, in Natal, east of the Draakensberg Mountains. They had now to reckon with opponents in another quarter.

British Jealousies.

The British Government at the Cape had regarded the emigration of the Boers with disfavor and dismay. A large number of

their subjects had seceded to found an independent state or states in the neighborhood of the colony, and there carry out a policy towards the natives of South Africa widely diverse from that recognized and permitted within the colony. It was felt that they must not be allowed, at any rate, to be masters on the seaboard, and coercive measures were adopted.

In July, 1838, Sir George Napier, D'Urban's successor in rule, sent a small force to Durban, and these men, advancing to attack Pretorius, were caught in an ambushade and roughly handled, with the loss of two field guns. The camp at Durban was then besieged by the Boers, but all attacks were repulsed, and the arrival of reinforcements, including a frigate, compelled the men under Pretorius to disperse.

Natal Seized by the British.

Thus, in July, 1842, Natal came into British possession. Most of the Boers moved away across the Draakensberg Mountains, and the territory was largely occupied by Bantus, who had fled from Zululand. Panda became again an independent sovereign, and some territory in the south of Natal was given to a Pondo chief. After a period of anarchy, due to the collapse of the Boer rule, the territory, with the Buffalo and Tugela rivers as its northern boundary, was annexed as a new British colony in May, 1843, attached to Cape Colony in the following year, and finally made a separate colonial state in November, 1856, with a Legislative Council of sixteen members, four of whom were appointed by the Crown, and twelve elected as representatives of towns and districts.

Slow and steady progress was made in the arrival of British colonists from the mother country, and in 1852 the population exceeded 120,000, of whom nearly 8,000 were of European descent, and the rest Kaffirs. Between one-third and one-half of the whites were Boers, the remainder being chiefly immigrants from the British Isles or from the Cape, with a small porportion of Germans. The export of wool was growing large, and in 1852 sugar-canes were planted in the sub-tropical coastlands, a culture which introduced a considerable number of East Indian coolies. For the large Kaffir

population reserves of land were made, amounting in all to about one and a quarter million acres, where the people dwelt under their own tribunal system and native law.

In 1853 Dr. Colenso, a man justly famous for his chivalrous and truly Christian support of native claims, became the first Bishop of Natal. This work has no concern with theological questions or disputes, and we pass on to note the establishment, in 1854, of municipal corporations at Durban and Pietermaritzburg. There was a small rebellion, or rather disturbance, in 1873, when Langalibalele, a chief of great influence at the head of a Kaffir clan on one of the reserves, failed to come to Pietermaritzburg on a summons to answer for a breach of law committed by some of his young men, who had brought guns—forbidden articles except under strict registration—into the colony after a period of work in the diamond fields. He fled into Basutoland on pursuit, and his followers slew two or three of the pursuing force. The chief was arrested among the Basutos, tried at Pietermaritzburg by a special court, and sentenced to life exile on Robben Island, near Cape Town. His clan was, with some loss of life, broken up, and the denunciations uttered by Bishop Colenso and the Aborigines Protection Society aroused so much sympathy in London that Governor, Sir Benjamin Pine, was recalled, compensation was made to the Kaffir clan, and Langalibalele was removed from his prison to a farm on the mainland, where he lived in comfort, surrounded by his wives, as a “prisoner of State.” After twelve years of exile he was allowed to return to Natal, where he soon afterwards died. The result of this petty trouble was that in 1875, after a visit of inquiry by Sir Garnet Wolseley as special commissioner, the power of the Kaffir chiefs was limited, and the people on the reserves made subject to ordinary criminal law, with a native high court for civil cases. Since that time the Kaffirs of Natal have lived in peace with their white fellow-subjects, and have made decided progress in civilization.

CHAPTER IX.

Progress of the Republic—Prosperity—Rise of the Transvaal—Pretorius and Kruger—British Annexation—Opposition of the Boers—The War for Independence.

THE Orange Free State had its rise in the “great trek” from Cape Colony in 1836 and subsequent years. In February, 1848, Sir Harry Smith issued a proclamation which declared the whole of the territory bounded on the south-west by the Orange River, on the north by the Vaal, on the east by the Draakensberg Mountains, to be British territory as the “Orange River Sovereignty.” The Boer leader, Pretorius, induced his followers to resist by force of arms, but they were severely defeated in August by the Governor at the battle of Boomplatz, south-west of Bloemfontein, and the Boers fled beyond the Vaal, their places being taken by British or by other settlers from Cape Colony well disposed to British sway.

By degrees the desire for self-rule among both British and Dutch settlers weakened the authority of the Cape Government, and the Home Government resolved on abandoning the territory. In February, 1854, the “Orange Free State” arose, under arrangements made by a special commissioner despatched from England—Sir George Clerk, formerly Governor of Bombay. The measure was greatly opposed to public feeling in Cape Colony, and to that of many inhabitants of the territory, including some of the Dutch people, but the “Convention of Bloemfontein” was signed in the face of all protests, and a fine territory, nearly as large as England, was renounced within six years of its annexation. The country is governed by a President, legislative authority being vested in a popular Assembly, the Volksraad, elected for four years by suffrage of the adult white males or “Burghers.” The President, chosen for

five years by universal suffrage, is aided by an Executive Council of five members.

Progress of the Republic.

In its origin the country had to contend with great difficulties in the small numbers of its population, the neighborhood of the powerful Basuto State, under Moshesh, and the lack of such appliances of civilization as churches, schools, roads and bridges. In 1858, war with Moshesh, in which the Basuto ruler displayed his usual strategical skill, ended in the acceptance by the Free State, as we have seen, of terms obtained by the mediation of Sir George Grey, Governor of Cape Colony. A large slice of territory was thus surrendered in 1859 to the Basutos.

The succeeding years were times of general progress from sheep-farming and cattle-rearing, and of peace disturbed only on the border by Basuto raids. Under the excellent President, Jan Hendrik Brand, who was elected in 1865, the intervention of Sir Philip Wodehouse, Governor of Cape Colony, after the successful warfare of the Burghers against the Basutos in 1867 and 1868, restored the former boundary line assigned by Sir Harry Smith. Much loss of life and heavy expenses had been incurred, but energetic and persevering effort soon restored affairs to a prosperous condition. In 1871, the people of the Free State, still ruled by President Brand, felt aggrieved by the British annexation of Griqualand West, part of which, containing most of the diamond mines, lay within their boundary. The matter was settled, as we have seen, cheaply enough for the British Government, by a payment of £90,000, wisely applied by Brand to a reduction of the public debt.

Prosperity.

Since that time, down to the present war, the Orange Free State enjoyed a career of unbroken peace and progress in the development of public communications and instruction, the growth of population, and the possession of a sound financial system which resulted in the virtual absence of public debt. President Brand's rule was so acceptable to his fellow-burghers that he was repeatedly

re-elected, and died in office in 1888. On an area exceeding 48,000 square miles, there are about 80,000 whites and 130,000 natives. The land is chiefly devoted to grazing, and the wealth of the people lies mainly in flocks and herds, comprising about 7,000,000 sheep, 280,000 oxen, and 870,000 goats, with about 250,000 horses and 630,000 cattle used as beasts of burden. The mineral wealth of the territory includes rich coal mines, and diamonds exported to an annual value approaching half a million sterling.

Rise of the Transvaal.

The South African Republic, or Transvaal, dates its political existence from 1852. The Boer leader, Pretorius, after the battle of Boomplatz, was living, a proscribed man with a reward of £2000 offered for his arrest, to the north of the Vaal. The danger to British authority arising from simultaneous wars with the Basutos and the Kaffirs, and from a threatened alliance between the Boers and Moshesh, induced Sir Harry Smith to reverse the sentence of outlawry, and, in the famous "Sand River Convention," signed in January, 1852, to recognize the independence of the Boers beyond the Vaal river. This arrangement was confirmed by Sir Harry's successor, Sir George Cathcart, by the British Secretary for the Colonies, and by the Boer Volksraad. The new state violated from the first the important clause in the convention that "no slavery is or shall be permitted or practised in the country to the north of the Vaal river by the emigrant farmers."

The South African Republic started on its political career with a population of 15,000 or 16,000 "Boers," or farmers possessed of the best land in a country well adapted for most kinds of tillage and for pastoral life. Little capacity for self-rule was shown. There were at first four executive heads—one for each of the leading factions—and for a time there were four separate republics, a system resulting in virtual anarchy which drew to the territory all the rascaldom of South Africa, and gave the Transvaal a bad name for cruel and oppressive treatment of the natives. The Boers themselves made war upon disaffected Bantu clans, and many atrocities were committed on each side. In 1860 the separate republics

became united, and then the factions engaged in a small civil war for supreme authority in the one Transvaal State.

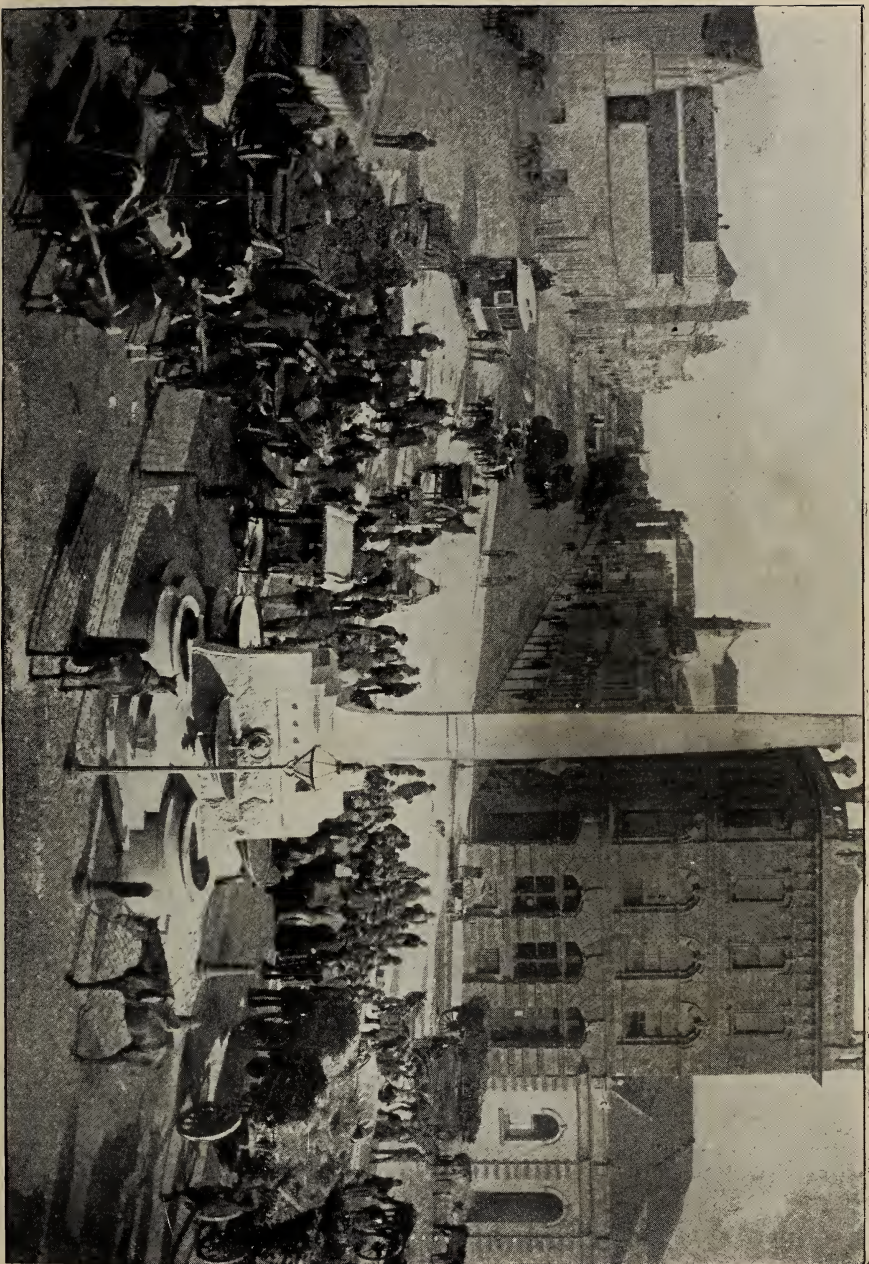
Pretorius and Kruger.

In 1864 peace was restored under the presidency of M. W. Pretorius, with Paul Kruger as commandant or military chief in the Government. There was no properly organized system of rule, and the most marked characteristic of the republic was Boer facility in making enemies. From 1865 to 1868 there was unsuccessful war with a mountain tribe in the north. The state treasury was destitute of funds, and peace with the natives had to be patched up on somewhat ignominious terms. The piety of the Boer community was strongly manifested in the building of churches, and the presence of large numbers of ministers of religion, whose flocks were ever at variance on trifles of doctrine or practice, but in social and political affairs the conspicuous matters were dense ignorance of books and of all affairs outside a narrow local circle; the lack of bridges over rivers, and the want of money in the treasury for the erection of public offices and the payment of the paltry salaries of officials.

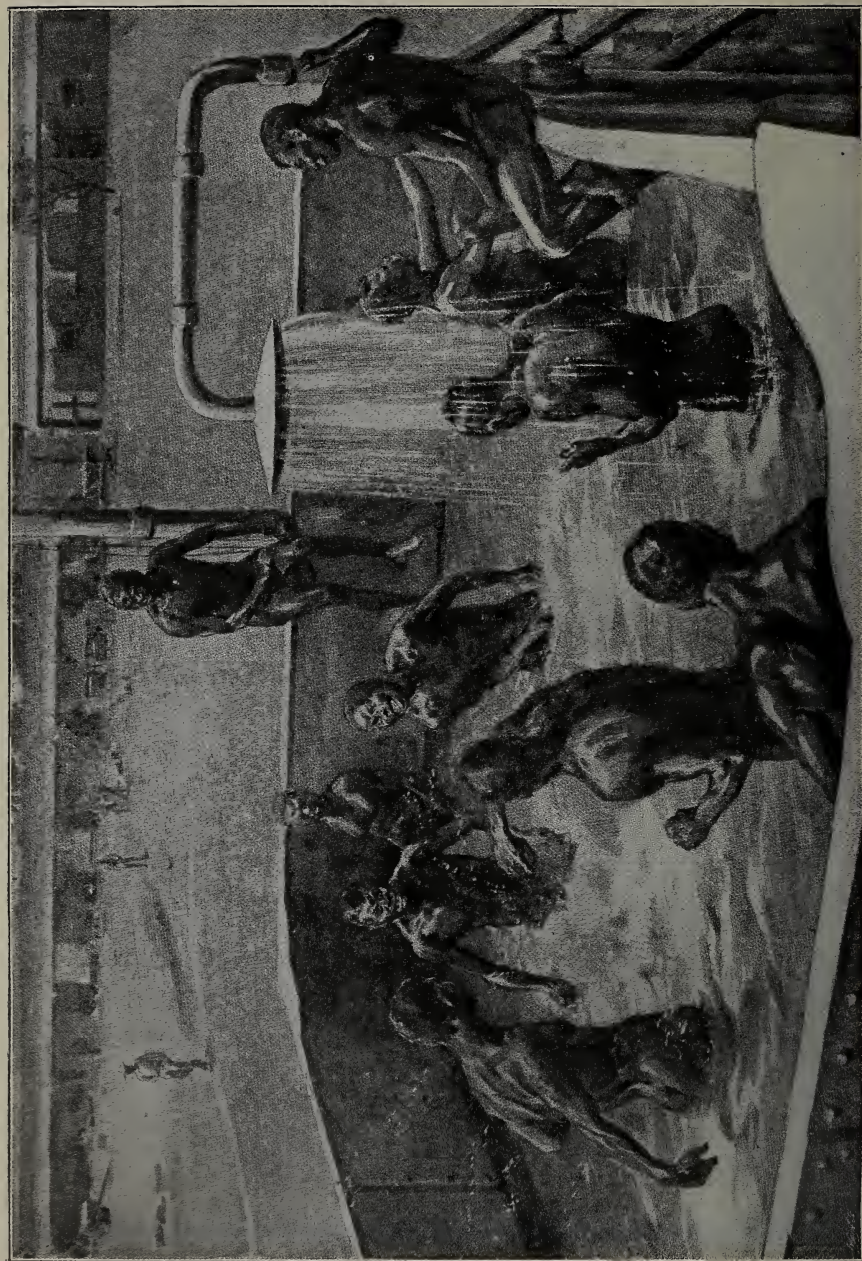
The material wealth of the country grew in flocks and herds, and in the produce of the fertile soil, and rude abundance reigned on the Boer farms. Under President Burgers, in 1876, war arose with a powerful chief named Sekukuni, and an attack made by a Boer "commando," led by the President in person, was repulsed with loss. The orthodox attributed the defeat to the leadership of the agnostic ruler, a man who had been formerly a minister, and had afterwards shown great ability in conducting cases in the Cape Colony law courts. As chief official of the Transvaal he was a decided failure, and, in presence of a successful native chieftain, the state found itself penniless and without an army.

British Annexation.

This condition of affairs caused a momentous change. The British Secretary for the Colonies, Lord Carnarvon, an enlightened man, eager for South African confederation, recognizing the danger



Morning Market, Port Elizabeth.



Miners Bathing in the Kimberley Compound.

to general European interests in South Africa arising from the helpless condition of the Transvaal State, despatched a special commissioner to make inquiries. This British agent was Sir Theophilus Shepstone, a man of unequalled experience and knowledge of South Africa, then Secretary for Native Affairs in Natal. He was empowered, if he thought fit after due inquiry, to annex to the British dominions all or any part of the Transvaal territories, and to take over the government, "provided he was satisfied that a sufficient number of the inhabitants desired to become British subjects." In January, 1877, he entered Pretoria amidst a scene of enthusiastic welcome from the towns-people. Due inquiry was made into the condition of affairs, and the wishes of the people concerning annexation.

The British Commissioner was soon convinced that British rule could alone save the State from utter ruin. The English and German residents in the villages or little towns were eager to come under British sovereignty. President Burgers, summoning the Volksraad, presented them with the alternatives of a thorough reform of the system of rule, or British sway under a confederation. The members gave assent to a reform. The President, faced by public bankruptcy, the entire suspension of trade, factions among the Boers in prospect of a new presidential election, and Cetewayo's bands of warriors gathered on the frontier, really favored annexation.

Opposition of the Boers.

In accordance with his view, Sir Theophilus Shepstone, in April, 1877, proclaimed the Transvaal to be British territory, and assumed the government. Burgers made a formal protest, and closed his political career by retirement to Cape Town on a pension. The "Executive Council" declared the annexation to be an "act of violence," and at once despatched the Vice-President, Paul Kruger, and the Attorney-General, to London to plead for its reversal. All their efforts were vain. Lord Carnarvon remained firm; but there was one matter in which Sir Theophilus Shepstone, his instrument, and himself, were thoroughly deceived. No account had been taken of the feeling of the Boers in the country districts, the backbone of the

country, the men who furnished soldiers for the "commandos" in time of war, the hardy class whose skill in the use of the rifle was, along with incompetent leadership of British soldiers and a reversal of policy at Downing Street, to restore independence to the South African Republics.

A second deputation to England, consisting of Paul Kruger and Pieter Joubert, was backed by *mé*morials against annexation signed by over 6,500 persons, practically the whole rural population, but a new Secretary for the Colonies, Sir Michael Hicks Beach, plainly refused the withdrawal of British sovereignty, while he promised a form of self-government for the Transvaal as "an integral and separate state" in a South African confederation. There was an unfortunate delay in drawing up a new form of government for the territory, and in April, 1879, when Sir Theophilus Shepstone had been succeeded as Administrator by Colonel (Sir Owen) Lanyon, no step in that direction had been taken. The High Commissioner, Sir Bartle Frere, had at that time an interview with the Boers near Pretoria, and bade them "never believe that the English people would give up the Transvaal."

His successor, Sir Garnet Wolseley, declared that "so long as the sun shone the Transvaal would remain English territory." In October, 1879, however, he was reporting to the Colonial Office that "the main body of the Dutch population are disaffected to our rule," and at the end of the year, when a new Transvaal government had been constituted as that of a "Crown Colony," with a nominated Executive Council and Legislative Assembly, the Boers, gathered in mass meeting, declared that they would not be subjects of the Queen.

The War for Independence.

The Boers were specially encouraged in resistance to the British sovereignty by three events. These were, firstly, the British success over the Zulus, removing all need of British help against the lately formidable neighbor; secondly, the British defeat of Sekukuni, whose rough handling of the Boer levies had brought about the downfall of the republic; and thirdly, the accession of Mr. Glad-

stone to power in Great Britain. That statesman, during his "Midlothian campaigns," had denounced the annexation of the Transvaal in the strongest terms, and it was made clear that his views concerning the Boers of the Transvaal were backed by a large body of his British admirers. The Boer leaders had also, during their visit to England, learned something of British party methods, and became aware that the victors at a general election were capable of reversing the policy of their predecessors. They fully expected that the government of Mr. Gladstone would at once make their country independent, and when it was found that the new Premier maintained the British sway they resolved to fight for their freedom.

Paul Kruger, Pretorius and Joubert became the heads of a provisional government, and in December, 1880, a proclamation of independence was issued. All the Boers were united in a cause which they firmly believed to be supported by Heaven, and they took the field in considerable force. The leading man in the governing triumvirate, Paul Kruger, called "Oom (Uncle) Paul" by the admiring Boers, was one of the original emigrants from Cape Colony, a man distinguished in the Boer warfare with native tribes, and a member of one of the strictest bodies of Dutch Protestants. Pieter Joubert, a younger man than Kruger, also a fighter in Kaffir wars, was a self-educated man of the Covenanter type. Pretorius was an able administrator, who had been, as we have seen, President of both the Orange Free State and the Transvaal. One of the chief promoters and organizers of insurrection was Dr. Jorissen, a Dutch divine, learned and fierce in spirit and temper.

CHAPTER X.

The Zulu War—Moving Against the Zulus—The Zulus Defeated—Invasion of Zululand—End of the War—Boer Seizure of Zululand—Increase of Cape Colony—Basutoland—The Basuto War—The Basutos and the Orange Free State—Annexation of Basutoland—Bechuanaland.

THE history of Cape Colony and of Natal has been traced down to 1878. In that year serious trouble arose with the Zulu Kaffirs, already seen in this record. Panda, the younger brother of Dingaan, had succeeded to his rule, as we have seen, and he became independent of Natal in 1843, with the Buffalo and Tugela Rivers as the settled northern boundary of the British colony. He was a man devoid of mental or physical energy after his accession to power—a peaceful potentate who maintained a firm alliance with his white neighbors. The discipline of the army was much relaxed, but the military system established by Chaka was retained. The young warriors, mindful of the nation's warlike past, wanted a worthy leader, and they found him in their king's eldest son, Cetewayo. A civil war in which about one-fourth of the Zulu males, with many women and children, perished, took place between parties headed by Cetewayo and his younger brother, Umbulazi. In 1856 the former triumphed in a great battle on the Tugela, where Umbulazi and a large number of his supporters fell. Thenceforth Cetewayo was co-king with his father, and virtual ruler of Zululand, succeeding to full kingship on Panda's death in 1872. Of fine person, dignified demeanor, great mental ability, high courage, and ruthless cruelty towards opponents, the Zulu sovereign ruled with a rod of iron, restoring the old military discipline, and making his people truly formidable as the most energetic and fearless natives of South Africa.

The arrival of Sir Bartle Frere, formerly Governor of Bombay, as Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner, was the signal for war. Cetewayo was in an irritated state because the Natal Government had interfered, in the interests of peace, between himself and the Transvaal Boers, who had annexed some territory claimed by the Zulus. The annexation of the Transvaal by Great Britain in 1877—a momentous transaction which opened a new era in South Africa—destroyed the balance of power in that region, bringing British authority face to face with the Zulus. The High Commissioner, with his Indian views as to native potentates in presence of British power, was unable to endure the standing menace of Cetewayo's army in existence close to the Natal frontier, and promptly summoned him to disband his forces and change his stern system of rule, with the demand of an answer within thirty days.

The reply of the Zulu King to this audacious ultimatum was contemptuous silence, and on January 10th, 1879, British forces, under Lord Chelmsford, crossed the frontier in three divisions, composed of British soldiers, colonists, well drilled, brave Basutos, and some other native allies of little value. The chief events which followed are well known. On January 22d the centre column, under Lord Chelmsford, was encamped about ten miles east of the ford on the Buffalo (Tugela) River, called Rorke's Drift, at a point on the march for Cetewayo's "kraal," or capital, Ulundi. To the north of the camp was a solitary hill called Insandhlwana (Isandula). During the absence of half the troops, with the General, the men at camp were suddenly assailed by a great force of Zulus, and slain almost to the last man, overwhelmed by fierce rushes, like those of the Arab warriors in the Soudan, made by men armed with a heavy, broad-bladed spear for close fighting, several lighter javelins or assegais for hurling, a hard-wood club, and a large oval shield. In this disastrous action there fell 26 officers and about 600 non-commissioned officers and men of the 24th Regiment, and 24 officers and as many rank and file of the Natal Volunteers and the Natal Native Horse (Basutos). Two guns, all the wagons and oxen, 1200

rifles, and a great quantity of ammunition and other stores were carried off by the foe.

Natal was saved from immediate invasion by the historic defence, one of the finest military achievements of the minor class of modern days, maintained on the evening of that dreadful day at Rorke's Drift, by Lieutenants Bromhead of the 24th Regiment and Chard of the Royal Engineers. These heroes, in command of men like unto themselves, about 100 effectives, chiefly of the 24th, defended some weak buildings, with some parapets composed of bags of mealies (Indian corn) and biscuit boxes, for twelve hours, including the night of January 22d, against the determined attacks of 4000 Zulus, who left nearly 400 bodies on the ground when they retired at the approach of Lord Chelmsford's column. Large numbers of blood-stained shields showed that many more slain or wounded Kaffirs had been carried off. The defenders of the post had 17 men killed and 10 wounded. Surgeon Reynolds and the Rev. George Smith, acting-chaplain to the forces, showed conspicuous gallantry, and the name of Rorke's Drift became immortal in the records of the British Army.

Moving Against the Zulus.

At the end of January the situation of the British forces, as regarded the enemy, was that Colonel Pearson, having defeated the Zulus who tried to stay his advance, had a firm hold of the south of their country in a strongly-fortified position at Etshowe, with about 1100 European troops and a good supply of food and ammunition; that Colonel Evelyn Wood, to the north, had formed a strongly entrenched camp at Kambula Hill, and that Rorke's Drift, now well fortified, was held by the remains of the third column. The frontier of Natal was thus secured, and it remained to strike an effective blow at Zulu power.

Strong reinforcements arrived from England and other parts of the Empire, while Wood was making daring raids on Zululand, aided by Colonel Redvers Buller at the head of the colonial horsemen. On the other hand, a convoy was surprised by the watchful and active savages, with the loss of a captain and 62 men of the 80th Regiment.

On March 27th Lord Chelmsford took the field again with a strong column, comprising the 57th and 91st Regiments, eleven companies of the 60th and 99th, two of the Buffs, a naval brigade, about 300 mounted infantry and natives, and a few field guns, rocket tubes and Gatlings. In all he had about 5,650 men, three-fifths of whom were white troops. After the severe lesson of Insandhlwana, no precaution was neglected, the force being kept well together by day, marching over open ground towards Etshowe, and covered by reconnoitering parties of mounted men. At night the men slept within a wagon laager with a shelter trench, one company of each regiment keeping ready for immediate action.

The Zulus Defeated.

At daybreak on April 2d, when the troops were encamped near a little stream called the Ginginhlovo, the Zulus came on in dense columns. They were met at 1,000 yards by the fire of Gatlings, but still surged forward in all the strange splendor of their leopard-skin cloaks, feathered crests, necklets and knee knots of white ox tails, and colored shields, singing a war song, and keeping time thereto in rhythmic dance. At 300 yards from the trenches round the laager, a hail of fire from the breechloaders burst upon their terrible array, but the rush continued, and some warriors arrived within a score of yards from the northern angle of the camp. One desperate charge after another was made at different points, the great induna, Dabulamanzi, showing heroic courage as a leader; but all melted away before the continuous stream of bullets, and a charge of cavalry drove the enemy away in rout with very heavy loss. The victors lost two officers and nine non-commissioned officers and men killed, and six officers and forty-six non-commissioned officers and men were wounded.

Invasion of Zululand.

Colonel Pearson's garrison was then withdrawn from Etshowe to the frontier, and a regular invasion of Zuzuland was planned. Colonel Wood had, meanwhile, despatched a body of mounted troops and native infantry, under Colonels Russell and Redvers

Buller, to attack the Zulus on Inhloblane Mountain, a flattish eminence about three miles long, at fifteen miles distance east of Kambula. The force, about 1,400 men in all, ascended the mountain at two different points, overcoming the enemy and seizing many cattle, but the men were then compelled to retreat by the advance of many thousands of Zulus from the north. Severe loss was incurred before the troops regained the laager at Kambula. On March 29th, that position, defended by under 2,000 men of all arms, was attacked in great force, but every charge was repulsed with heavy loss, and Redvers Buller's pursuit of seven miles forced the lesson home, with a loss to the British and native allies of eight officers and seventy-five men killed and wounded, mostly stricken with bullets from the rifles captured by the Zulus from the Twenty-fourth Regiment on the fatal day of Insandhlwana.

By the middle of April, reinforcements to the number of about 400 officers, 10,000 men and 2,000 horses, had reached Natal, and a large force took the field in a march upon Ulundi. On June 1st, the Prince Imperial of France, serving as a volunteer with the artillery, was killed, in command of a reconnoitering party, by Zulus in ambush. On June 27th, Cetewayo, whose army had by this time lost many thousands of men, applied for terms, but the negotiations came to naught, and on July 4th, the invaders, over 4,000 Europeans and about 1,000 natives, with twelve guns and two Gatlings, were near the Zulu capital. Under cover of the cavalry, the men marched in a hollow rectangle, and halted at about a mile and a half from the town on the approach of the enemy in force. The horsemen fell back and entered the rectangle, and the Zulu warriors advanced, firing, in a great converging circle. The bullets were ill-aimed, from lack of practice with the rifles. At a distance, the British artillery fired shells with great effect; at closer quarters, the breech-loaders and Gatlings shattered the foe to pieces. The Seventeenth Lancers, issuing from the rear-face of the rectangle, then charged the Zulus and broke them up, after a loss to the victors of three officers and ten men killed, and eighteen officers and sixty men wounded.

End of the War.

The battle of Ulundi ended the Zulu war. Sir Garnet Wolseley had now arrived as commander of the forces, Governor of Natal, and special High Commissioner for the territories north and east of Natal and the Transvaal, to that extent superseding the authority of Sir Bartle Frere, who was recalled in 1880. In August, Cetewayo was hunted down, through the treachery or fear of a Zulu, in a secluded kraal on the border of a forest, and sent as a prisoner to Cape Town. He conducted himself with the utmost propriety, and was soon allowed to reside on a small farm near that of Langalibalele, the fallen chieftain from Natal. His conquered country was divided into thirteen districts, each under a chieftain, with a British resident.

The result was anarchy, and in 1883 Cetewayo was restored to a portion of his former authority, with two-thirds of the territory. He had visited England prior to his restoration, residing for some time in Kensington, impressing all persons favorably by his dignity of demeanor and good sense, and showing a remarkable but in nowise immoderate appreciation of champagne. Part of the remaining third of Zululand was placed under a chief of the royal house named Usibepu, a former opponent of Cetewayo, and warfare ensued between the parties of the rivals. The former conqueror of British troops had the worst of this struggle, and in February, 1884, he died, a broken, worn-out man, a fugitive under British protection, at Etshowe.

Boer Seizure of Zululand.

Cetewayo's son, Dinizulu, with the aid of some restless Boer "trekkers" from the Transvaal, became "King of Zululand," defeating Usibepu, and a Boer state, styled the "New Republic," was set up on land which he conceded to the Dutchmen. The British Government, in December, 1884, secured the seaboard by hoisting the flag at St. Lucia Bay. In 1887, the remaining portion of Zululand was annexed to the Empire, and divided into six districts, each under a magistrate, with soldiers and police. The

ephemeral "New Republic," now known as the Vryheid District, was incorporated in 1888 with the South African (Transvaal) Republic. Dinizulu, arrested for disturbing British arrangements, was sent with two other chiefs, in 1889, to reside at St. Helena. Since that time the land has enjoyed peace, with a territory enlarged towards the North and North-east.

Increase of Cape Colony.

Cape Colony was increased in 1879 by the annexation of the Kaffir country known as Fingoland, the Idutywa Reserve (a district in the Transkei country, formerly assigned to friendly Kaffirs) and Griqualand East. In 1885 Tembuland and Galekaland were added to the territory. Between 1880 and 1889 the post of Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa was thrice held by Sir Hercules Robinson, G. C. M. G., (the late Lord Rosmead), a veteran colonial ruler who had well served his country as governor in Hong Kong, Ceylon, the West Indies, New South Wales and elsewhere. Progress during this period was shown in the extension of the railway system to Kimberley, the diamond centre in Griqualand West, and in December, 1887, the South African Jubilee Exhibition was opened at Grahams-town. In 1890, a man of remarkable ability, energy and ambition, Cecil J. Rhodes, became Premier of Cape Colony.

The adjacent colony of Natal has fairly increased in prosperity since the days of the Zulu War, partly owing to the gold production in the Transvaal promoting the transport trade through the colony, and creating a market for her agricultural products. In 1893, Natal came under responsible government, with a quadrennial Legislative Assembly elected by voters qualified in a moderate amount of real property, or £10 annual rent, or an income of £96 per annum, with three years' residence in the colony. There are about 50,000 Europeans, 43,000 Indian coolies, and nearly half a million Kaffirs. The revenues—one and a half millions—much exceeds the expenditure; the imports are about five and a half millions, largely for the transit trade to the interior; the exports are about one and three-quarter millions.

Basutoland.

The little state called Basutoland, nearly the size of Belgium, to the north-east of Cape Colony, with a fine climate, well watered, and producing on its rugged, broken plateau abundance of grass for the vast herds of cattle, had its origin in a treaty concluded by the Cape Government in 1843 with a wise, powerful, energetic and able chieftain named Moshesh. The son of a petty chief, he became by far the most distinguished black ruler in South Africa, through his diplomatic and military skill, his power of organization, and his capacity for ruling his fellow men. About 1820 he began to form a compact political body out of the remnants of various tribes, rendering aid to all in need, treating all on an equal footing, conciliating his strong neighbors, the Zulus, in the time of Chaka and Dingaan, by an artful show of submission and by payment of tribute, and making a capital at Thaba Bosigo, an impregnable mountain stronghold. His admirable tact towards other powers was shown in 1831, when a Matabele force vainly besieged Thaba Bosigo, and was at last compelled to retreat by want of food. Moshesh, with words of friendship, sent a supply of provisions enough to take them home, and was forever afterwards unassailed from that quarter. Natives in trouble, refugees from all regions, came to settle under his protecting care, and the missionaries of all sects were welcomed as those who brought with them civilizing arts. The power of the Basuto leader was solidified by his formal recognition, in 1843, as ruler not only of his own territory, but of a large vacant region north of the Orange River, and of the lands of the lower Caledon. This arrangement was soon the source of trouble. Native chieftains on the Caledon repudiated the authority of Moshesh, and in 1848 the impetuous British Governor, Sir Harry Smith, in forming the Orange River Sovereignty, deprived the Basuto ruler of a large part of his dominions.

The Basuto War.

Thenceforth Moshesh began to intrigue against British power, with the inevitable result of war. A small force of British troops and farmers, with a number of natives, took the field against a chief-

tain dependent on the Basuto sovereign, and under Major Warden, British Resident at Bloemfontein, they were defeated on June 30th, 1851, at Viervoet Hill. The Kaffir war, then in full swing, prevented Sir Harry Smith from obtaining due redress for this check. Basuto bands then made raids on European colonists and the tribes not owning allegiance to Moshesh, and in 1852, after dealing with the Kosa Kaffirs, Sir George Cathcart marched for Platberg, on the Caledon River, with a powerful force of British troops—about 2000 infantry, 500 horse and two guns.

Full submission not being made, the British general advanced towards Thaba Bosigo, beyond the river, opposite Platberg, entering the country in three divisions. Both Cathcart and his subordinates underrated the enemy's power and skill, and on December 20th, 1852, at the battle of Berea Mountain, virtual defeat was incurred by the invaders of Basutoland. One column was led into an ambush, severely handled, and forced to retreat. The body led by the General in person was checked by 6000 Basuto horsemen, armed with European weapons, and on the following day the British withdrew to their camp after losing between 60 and 70 men, including 37 killed. The prudent victor at once called in the aid of the pen of one of his friendly missionaries, and sent in a letter asking for peace. Sir George Cathcart embraced the offer and withdrew his forces.

The Basutos and the Orange Free State.

The Basuto ruler plunged into a ruthless war with the newly-made Orange River Free State, plundering the herds of white farmers, and having much the better of the struggle with the armed "Burghers" through his skillful strategy. Sir George Grey, in 1858, was accepted as mediator, and his decision left the Basutos in possession of much more territory than the portion allowed by Sir Harry Smith. Under Sir Philip Wodehouse, as Governor of Cape Colony, the boundary was again reduced to Sir Harry Smith's line, and the Free State was ravaged by Basuto horsemen, with the slaughter of many settlers. The Burgher forces gained some victories in the field, and took some strongholds, but Thaba Bosigo could not be captured, and, after a year's truce, war was renewed. Moshesh was now, in

1868, after nearly fifty years of active life, unfit to command, and had no substitute. One fastness after another was occupied by the enemy, some of his people fell away, the Basutos were reduced to straits by the destruction of granaries and the wasting of crops, and the tribe, driven up into the mountains, suffered much from disease and famine. In this extremity an appeal was made for British intervention, and the Basutos, at the request of Moshesh, became British subjects in March, 1868.

Annexation of Basutoland.

Soon afterwards Moshesh died, and in 1871 the territory, limited by large concessions to the Orange Free State, was annexed to Cape Colony, with a general use of the Bantu law. Peace quickly brought a restoration of prosperity, and all was well until 1879, when a chieftain named Moirosi rebelled. After some fighting on difficult ground, his mountain stronghold was captured at the end of the year. More disturbance came from an attempt to introduce European settlers and the application of an Act for disarming natives. A general Basuto revolt occurred, and great expense, with little success, marked the warfare waged by the colonial forces. In 1881 Sir Hercules Robinson, the High Commissioner, intervened, and concessions as to disarmament brought a cessation of hostilities, followed by an Act of 1884 transferring Basutoland to Imperial control as a Crown colony, with all legislative and executive authority vested in the High Commissioner. A "Resident Commissioner" holds sway, with his headquarters at the capital, Maseru, and Assistant Commissioners, in seven districts, have authority shared with hereditary chiefs. There are about 250,000 Bantu natives, with a few hundred Europeans, all of whom are officials, missionaries or traders. The territory is strictly maintained as a native reserve, no European settlement being allowed, and the whole country does not contain a single recognized canteen or "drinking shop." All the schools—except two Government and some industrial, out of nearly 150, with over 7,500 pupils—are connected with the missionary societies, the chief organization of that class being the excellent Paris Evangelical Mission. In 1891 the country entered the Customs Union existing

between Cape Colony and Orange Free State; in the following year the telegraph wires were extended to Maseru. Good progress is being made in population, and in agricultural and pastoral wealth.

Bechuanaland.

British Bechuanaland, formerly a Crown colony, incorporated with Cape Colony, in November, 1895, is a territory about the size of England, on the central plateau of South Africa, with an average elevation of 4,000 feet above sea level. The country is mostly pastoral, with extensive woods in the north-east, a dry and very healthy climate, and a very fertile soil. This favorite scene of missionary labor for Livingstone, Moffat, and many other earnest pioneers of Christianity and civilization, suffered much from the unscrupulous Boers who "trekked" northwards from Cape Colony. After the Boer war of 1881 there was trouble between two chiefs and their rivals, the latter being victorious through the interested aid of the Boers of the Transvaal. The Boer Government then made a "peace and settlement," which included the confiscation of territory belonging to one of the defeated chieftains. The Government of Cape Colony promptly interfered with this arrangement, and Sir Charles Warren, sent out as Special Commissioner in 1884, entered the country with 4,000 men of all arms, including 2,000 irregular cavalry. He met with no resistance from the Boers or natives, and, remaining in the territory until August, 1885, he organized the Crown colony as above, and also proclaimed, as the "British Bechuanaland Protectorate," the land between the Molopo River on the south and the Zambezi on the north, with the Transvaal Republic and Matabeleland on the east, and German South-west Africa on the west, having a total area of about 213,000 square miles. A magnificent province was thus peacefully added to the British Empire, with a population estimated at 200,000, including the Bamangwato tribe, ruled by the excellent chief named Khama, a real Christian, if conduct be the test, as a good ruler, an enemy of alcoholic liquors, and a friend of education. In 1896 there was a revolt of some of the chiefs, followed by much fighting with colonial forces; in August, 1897, it was ended by surrender of the rebel leaders.

CHAPTER XI.

Outbreak of the First Boer War—Outbreak of the War—Disaster for the British—Advance of the Boers—Defence of Potchefstroom—Fierce Assaults—Colley's Campaign—Sympathy with the Boers—The Rival Forces—Laing's Nek—Ingogo—British Reinforcements—Majuba Hill—The British Routed—End of the War—Compensation for Losses—Transvaal Finances.

THE reputation of the Transvaal Boer as "a first-class fighting man" dates from the brief campaign of the winter of 1881. Previously his military virtues had been held cheap, especially by officers of the British regular forces. Within a few days of the opening of the little war which ended at Majuba Hill, Sir Owen Lanyon, the Administrator of the Transvaal, was writing in the most contemptuous terms concerning the martial qualities of the Boers, and ridiculing the idea of a serious outbreak. "They are incapable of any united action," he said, "and they are mortal cowards, so anything they may do will be but a spark in the pan." This, as events speedily showed, was an absurd miscalculation; but it must be admitted that there was no apparent reason to think highly of Boer soldiership in 1880.

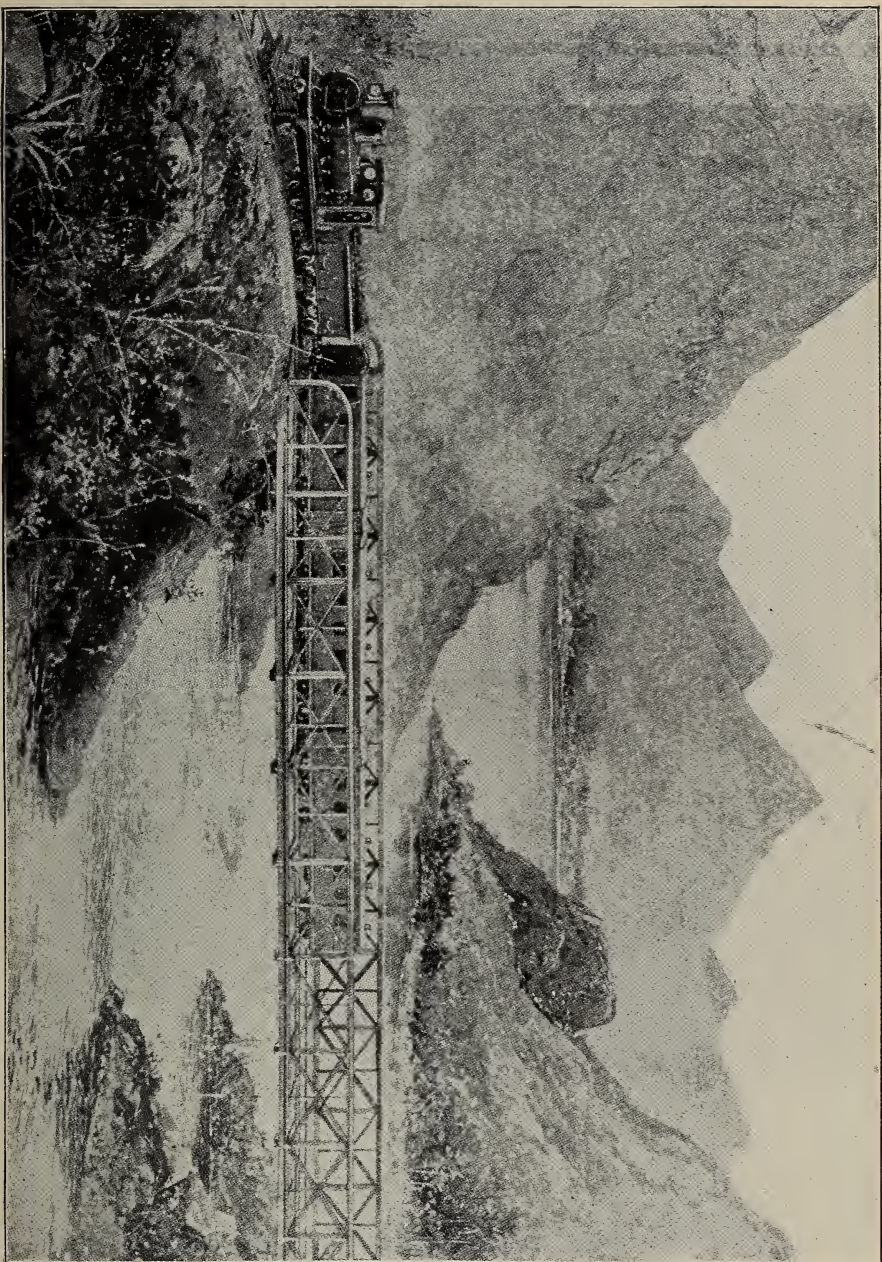
In the old days, it is true, the "emigrant farmers" had faced the natives with the most determined courage; but in their more recent native wars the Boers had certainly been distinguished rather for discretion than valor. In their few previous encounters with British troops, the Boers, whether in the Cape Colony, the Free State, or Natal, had invariably been worsted; and disorganized as they had become during the Imperial occupation of the country, there seemed little ground for anticipating that the movement which Mr. Kruger, General Joubert and Mr. Pretorius were heading, could ever be formidable from a military point of view.

Outbreak of the War.

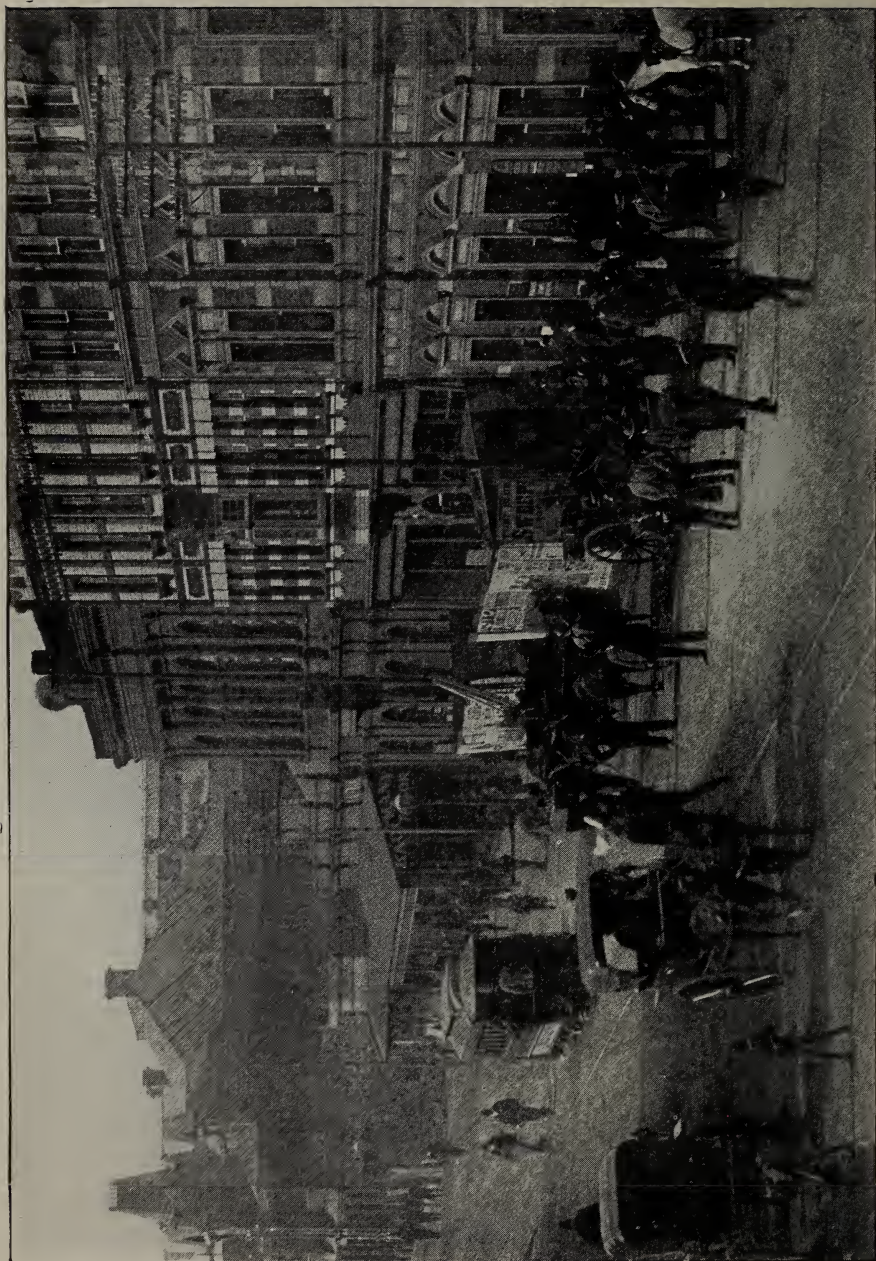
The rebellion, therefore, when it did break out, found the British authorities in South Africa completely unprepared. In the Transvaal there were only about fourteen hundred troops all told, scattered in different forts; the Natal garrison was even weaker, and when Sir George Colley collected his available forces to advance to the front in January, 1881, he could only get together a scratch contingent of about thirteen hundred men. Such was the situation when, on December 16—the anniversary of “Dingaan’s Day”—several thousands of armed Boers met near Heidelberg, declared their independence of Great Britain, and hoisted the Republican flag. Hostilities began at Potchefstroom, where a collision took place between a strong party of Boer horsemen, who entered the town to get the Declaration of Independence printed, and about a hundred and forty men of the 21st Regiment who were encamped outside. The Boers attacked the court-house, forced the British civil officer and his guard to surrender, and were themselves shelled by the artillery at the camp. Having thus committed themselves, they made no further pretence of pacificatory measures. They sent a message to Sir Owen Lanyon, summoning him to surrender, in the name of the Provisional Government, and armed commandoes began to assemble on the Natal frontier and in the neighborhood of the various British garrisons.

Disaster for the British.

A few days afterwards Pretoria was roused from its contemptuous indifference, and England awakened from its ignorance of the whole matter, by the news of a startling disaster. On December 20, a portion of the 94th Regiment of British Infantry, two hundred and fifty strong, encumbered with a train of unwieldy African ox-wagons, was marching from Lydenburg to Pretoria. Suddenly at a place called Broncker’s Spruit, a Boer patrol appeared with a white flag, and informed the Colonel that he could not be permitted to advance further. He declined, of course, to obey these orders, and on his refusal, bodies of concealed Boer riflemen opened fire on the column from both flanks and from the front. There was no time for



Orange River Boundary—Cape Colony and Orange Free State.



Commissioner Street, Johannesburg.

the troops to deploy, and no chance of replying effectually to their ambushed opponents; and in a very few minutes two-thirds of the force lay stretched on the ground. Further resistance was useless. The Colonel, himself mortally wounded, ordered a surrender, and those of the soldiers who had escaped the Boer bullets delivered up their arms. Eighty-six of the 94th had been killed, and nearly all the rest were wounded, many of them fatally. The Boers contended that this massacre was a legitimate military operation, since war had actually begun, and they had a right to take advantage of the negligence of their adversaries; but the prevalent view in England was that Colonel Anstruther was treacherously entrapped.

Advance of the Boers.

The noise of firing at Broncker's Spruit stirred both sides to energetic action. The British forces in the Transvaal were, however, unable to concentrate so as to assume the offensive. All they could do was to entrench their various camps and forts, and hold out till they were relieved, or till the suspension of hostilities. This they did successfully in every case except at Potchefstroom, where the garrison, which was short of provisions, surrendered on March 21, after the terms of peace had actually been agreed upon at the conference between Sir Evelyn Wood and the Transvaal Delegates—a fact that was concealed from the garrison by the Boer Commandant, Cronje. The defence of Potchefstroom, and some of the other fortified posts, was, on the whole, creditable; but at Pretoria, where the Administrator, the Headquarters Staff, a strong force of British Infantry, with nine-pounder and seven-pounder guns, and the whole population, military and civil, were kept “cooped up like rats in a barrel” for three months, by some six hundred Boers, unprovided with artillery or siege appliances of any kind, the spectacle was not encouraging to British prestige.

Serious fighting took place on the northern frontier of Natal, from which alone, since the Free State was neutral and there were no available troops in the Cape Colony, the Transvaal could be invaded. General Joubert assembled some 700 men at Coldstream on January 3, 1881, and shortly afterwards occupied Laing's Nek.

Defence of Potchefstroom.

The stubborn defence of Potchefstroom is well worth recalling. When it was ascertained early in December, 1880, that the Boers were determined to fight, every precaution was taken at Potchefstroom, and the court-house and the gaol were fortified. On the 14th the Boers were reported to be in large force some five miles off. On the 15th about 500 mounted Boers rode into the town and took possession of some buildings. Next day several armed Boers rode to within 200 yards of the camp. Colonel Winsloe, who was in command at the town, ordered a small party of mounted infantry under Lieutenant Lindsell to ride up and inquire what they wanted. When that officer approached the Boers fired. Lieutenant Lindsell then gave the order to his men to charge, which they did most effectively, cutting down two of the enemy, and driving the remainder back to the town amidst the cheers from the men garrisoning the fort and gaol. An attack was then made by the Boers on two sides of the fort, but the steady fire of its defenders soon repulsed them. That evening the water furrow from which the supply of water for the camp was taken was cut off. A well was sunk to the depth of twenty feet, but no water was found. The weather was fearfully hot, and the men suffered terribly when the supply of water was limited. On the 17th it was determined to take the water-carts to a stream half a mile away from camp and fill them. This difficult expedition was entrusted to Lieutenant Lindsell, who set out in the dark with twenty-five drivers of the Royal Artillery acting as cavalry, the mounted infantry, and a company of the 21st. The expedition was most successful, and enough water was brought in to last another two days. In the meantime the working of the well was going on, but without result. At length when the last drop of water had been finished, several new wells were begun, and on December 19th the Royal Artillery party struck water at nine feet.

Fierce Assaults.

In the meantime the Boers had kept up a hot fire on the fort, the gaol, and the court-house. On the morning of the 18th the court-house was fiercely assaulted. The garrison was short of

water, and the roof of the building was fired, so it was deemed advisable to surrender. This was done on the understanding that the lives of the defenders should be saved. To the dismay of the garrisons of the prison and the fort, first a white flag was seen hoisted over the Union Jack on the building, and a quarter of an hour later the Union Jack was replaced by the flag of the South African Republic. On the 21st the garrison of the prison, falling short of provisions, evacuated it, and retired without loss to the fort. The Boers, encouraged by the capture of the court-house, and strongly reinforced, made a great effort to capture the fort on January 1. The little garrison was sorely pressed. Two thousand Boers kept up an incessant and rapid fire for some time, but made no visible impression. Nothing of note occurred until the 5th, when the Boers occupied the cemetery about 300 yards to the left. Lieutenant Lindsell and a party of volunteers made their way down by moonlight, and drove the Boers back to the town. This little expedition was afterwards spoken of by the Boers as the most gallant feat during the siege. On the 22nd a brilliant charge was made on the trenches. Lieutenant Dalrymple Hay led the attack, and was successful in gaining possession of a troublesome position and capturing four prisoners and some ammunition, water-proof coats and trenching tools. Soon after this engagement a truce was called, and an exchange of prisoners took place. But as soon as the truce was over firing began again.

From that time to the end of the siege nothing of much interest occurred. Food ran very short in the fort. By the beginning of March rations had fallen to four ounces of meat, one-quarter ounce of coffee, and one and one-half pounds of unground mealies. Tea and biscuits were all gone. Fever, dysentery and scurvy broke out. There was heavy fighting on March 17 and 18. At length on the 20th Colonel Winsloe decided that it would be better to surrender with honorable terms than be forced to surrender unconditionally in three days' time—for provisions could only last till then. On the 21st, therefore, the surrender was made. When Colonel Winsloe surrendered, he was entirely ignorant that an armistice of eight

days had been declared, having been misled by the statements of the Boer leaders. Tardy reparation was afterwards made for this treachery. The siege had lasted three months and five days, and the total British casualties were 83 killed, wounded and prisoners, out of 213.

Colley's Campaign.

Such was the state of affairs within the Transvaal itself. In the meantime Sir George Colley, Governor of Natal, whose authority as High Commissioner of South-east Africa extended over the Transvaal, had not been idle. He made immediate preparations to march to the relief of Pretoria; and although he was able to muster only some 1,500 men under his command, he deemed it necessary with this, as it afterwards proved, wholly inadequate, force to march to the relief of the besieged British garrisons, whose position, owing to all communications being cut off, was thought to be even more serious than it actually was. Sir G. Colley issued an address to his troops, in which, while declaring his intention to put down the rebellion, he said, "The task now forced upon us by this unprovoked action is a painful one, and the general calls on all ranks to assist him in his endeavors to mitigate the sufferings it must entail. We must be careful to avoid punishing the innocent for the guilty, and must remember that, though misled and deluded, the Boers are in the main a brave and high-spirited people, and are actuated by feelings which are entitled to our respect."

Newcastle, the nearest town to the Transvaal border, was the point of concentration for the British troops; and reinforcements were anxiously expected both from England and India. The Boers in the meantime advanced from Coldstream, across the Natal border, to Laing's Nek, and patrolled as far as the Ingogo river, within sixteen miles of Newcastle; later on both these places obtained a melancholy notoriety.

Sympathy with the Boers.

The state of affairs had excited a deep and widespread sensation throughout Europe. In Holland, naturally, the feeling was strong in favor of the Boers, who were looked upon as fellow-

countrymen fighting for their liberty, of which they had been unjustly deprived by England. Both in Germany and in France the Liberal portion of the press adopted the same view; and in England an influential committee was formed, called the Transvaal Independence Committee, for the purpose of urging upon the Government the restoration of self-government to the Boers. In Cape Town the principal members of the Opposition waited on the Governor, Sir George Strahan, with a similar object, more especially representing the effect on the colony of a war which must, if carried on, become a war of races. The Conservative press, on the other hand, denounced the attack on the 94th as a massacre.

In the Free State, bordering as it does on the Transvaal, inhabited by people of the same race, of similar pursuits, by men who had arrived where they were by a precisely similar process that their neighbors became settled in the Transvaal, the interest not unnaturally culminated; and it was thought far from unlikely that the Boers of the Free State would not remain content with mere sympathy, but would take an active part in the war. Luckily, at this juncture, there was presiding over the affairs of the Orange Free State a statesman of temper and ability eminently fitted to deal with them. Mr. John Brand, a gentleman of Dutch descent (a son of Cristofel Brand, formerly Speaker of the Cape House of Assembly), from the first exerted himself to keep his own people neutral in the struggle, and then to bring about a settlement that might be satisfactory alike to Boers and British. On December 5 he had telegraphed to Sir George Strahan, suggesting that a Commissioner should be sent up to the Transvaal with a view of ascertaining the true state of opinion with regard to annexation, and suggesting Sir Henry de Villiers, Chief Justice of the Cape Colony, as well fitted for such a post. At the moment Sir George Strahan was unable to adopt this course, but a correspondence ensued, giving rise to communications with the Home Government, leading to the armistice, and ultimately to the peace.

At this time the various British garrisons in the Transvaal were in a state of siege, and, owing to the stoppage of communica-

tions, rumors, mostly incorrect, and summonses always vague, were the only sources of information as to their position. The Boers were also reported to be besieging Wakkerstrom.

The Rival Forces.

On January 24, Sir G. Colley, having made a laager at New-castle, and provisioned it for thirteen days, and having collected 1,500 men there, determined to advance into the Transvaal, deeming it unadvisable to wait for reinforcements, seeing that it would take a month to put them into the field, and accordingly at day-break marched for the Transvaal with a column officially stated at 1000 men.

This movement was much criticised at the time, one opinion being that the Boers would disperse at his approach, and the other that they would surprise and outnumber him.

The actual number of Boers in the field is not known, but the best opinion seems to put their whole available fighting force at from 6,000 to 8,000 men, of whom there were parties at Pôtchefstroom, Pretoria, Standerton, Wakkerstrom, Lydenberg, and other places. They were all mounted, but had no artillery, with the exception of one gun, which was at Potchefstroom, and were armed with rifles only, having neither swords nor bayonets. On January 25, the troopship *Euphrates* arrived at Durban with 1,400 troops on board, and on the same day Sir George Colley with his column arrived at the Ingogo River without opposition, within four miles of the Boer patrols.

Laing's Nek.

After crossing the Ingogo River, Sir George Colley's advance was stopped by rains, and he encamped four miles from Laing's Nek, where the enemy were supposed to be from 2,000 to 3,000 strong, until January 23, when at 6.30 he moved from camp to attack the Boers. The attack was repulsed with heavy loss, including Colonel Deane of the 58th, and six other officers, and some eighty men killed, and one hundred wounded.

The Boers were here charged, on the authority of an alleged eye-witness, with shooting the wounded, and the London streets

were full of newspaper placards with "Boer Atrocities;" later on, however, General Colley telegraphed that the Boers had "treated the wounded with courage and humanity." Sir William Lanyon charged the Boers with stirring up the natives against the English, and they made similar charges against him, both equally groundless, although it is true that a British official, Sir Morrison Barlow, did propose to raise a commando of Swazis against the Boers. His action was strongly disapproved of both by Sir O. Lanyon and the higher authorities.

Ingogo.

After the repulse on the 28th, General Colley returned to camp and remained there unmolested, keeping up his communications with, and sending his wounded into, Newcastle until February 7, when the post was stopped by a strong Boer patrol, and on the 8th, General Colley, with five companies of the 60th, two field and two mountain guns, and a detachment of cavalry, moved from camp to restore the communications. Leaving two mountain guns and one company of rifles on the one side, he crossed the Ingogo River and shortly afterwards was attacked; the attack was repulsed, but with heavy loss on the side of the British. About sunset the Boers retired, and the force was brought back into camp, and a burying party, under a flag of truce, was afterward sent to the scene of action. Captain Macgregor, R. E., Assistant Military Secretary, and five officers were killed, and sixty-two men killed and sixty-four wounded.

British Reinforcements.

On February 17th, Sir Evelyn Wood, who had been sent out as second in command, arrived at Newcastle with reinforcements, consisting of the 2d Battalion 60th Rifles, the 92d Highlanders, two squadrons 13th Hussars, and fifty men of the Naval Brigade with two guns. The road from Newcastle to General Colley's camp was open. In the meantime communications had been going on between President Brand, Sir Hercules Robinson (the new Governor of the Cape Colony), and the Home Government, and on January 27th Sir Hercules had telegraphed the President: "I am directed to

inform your Honor that if avowed opposition ceased forthwith, her Majesty's Government would thereupon endeavor to frame such a scheme as they believe would satisfy all enlightened friends of the Transvaal."

Sir E. Wood returned to Maritzburg on February 22d, after a consultation with Sir George Colley, and making a reconnoissance, and General Colley returned to camp with reinforcements, consisting of the 15th Hussars, the 92d, Naval detachment, and two guns, and a convoy of 150 wagons.

Majuba Hill.

On the night of February 26, General Colley and staff moved out of camp to occupy Majuba Hill, overlooking the enemy's position at Laing's Nek. He had with him 20 officers and 627 men of the 58th, 60th, 92d, and Naval Brigade. With great difficulty they arrived, after an arduous climb of some eight hours, at the top, too much fatigued to entrench themselves.

The Boers, however, though at first exceedingly alarmed when they saw the Highlanders, in the early dawn, looking down upon them from the lofty heights of Majuba, were not inclined to give up the key to their frontier without a struggle. Under the direction of their famous "Fighting General," Nicholas Smidt, they developed an ably-conceived and skillfully-executed movement. While the larger portion of their force was stationed on the lower slopes of the mountain, whence they could maintain a continuous fire upon the summit, small bodies of active young men were pushed forward towards the higher acclivities. It was like the advance of infantry skirmishers covered by artillery. The long-range firing of the Boer marksmen did little damage to the defenders, most of whom were sheltered behind the rim of the basin, but it had the effect of sheltering the advance of the climbing party of skirmishers, who, as the morning wore on, were gradually making their way up the steep flanks of the great hill. Owing to the contours of the ground, a large part of the ascent was "dead" to rifle fire from above, so that the active young Boer sharpshooters were able to collect in points a short distance below the summit without exposing themselves to the

bullets of the defenders, whizzing harmlessly above the hollows in which they were ensconced.

This movement had gone on for hours without a suspicion on the part of the defenders of its real character and danger. Suddenly, a party of Boer riflemen showed themselves on the bare hill-side, immediately below one of the kopjes, and fired a point-blank volley at the picket guarding it, which fell back in confusion. The appearance of the enemy's skirmishers on the rim of the sheltering basins completely demoralized the defenders. Never was there a better exemplification of Napoleon's famous dictum, that in war the moral effect is everything. The assailants were a mere handful; the defenders, six hundred British troops, still unbroken, might have tumbled them headlong down the slope if they had ventured a charge with the bayonet. But the "psychological moment" was allowed to pass by; the officers had lost touch of their men, who were mixed up in a promiscuous throng, on which the Boer bullets were beginning to tell with deadly effect. There was first confusion, then wavering, and then something like a panic, and before many minutes the whole force, or as much of it as could move, was in full flight down the side of the mountain, losing heavily from the enemy's bullets as they ran.

The British Routed.

The rout was disastrously complete. Sir George Colley himself was killed, with Captain Romilly, who commanded the Naval Brigade; seven other officers shared their fate, and fifteen were wounded or captured by the Boers. The total loss of all ranks was two hundred and thirty, besides fifty-nine unwounded men who surrendered to the victorious enemy. This defeat ended the war. A few days afterwards Sir Evelyn Wood, who had succeeded to the command, received instructions from home to negotiate for peace.

It will be seen that the short campaign was not conclusive as to the real capacity of the Boers to carry on war on a large scale against regular troops. That they displayed some fine military qualities is evident. Their skill with the rifle was undeniable; and not less admirable was their adroitness in finding cover, and adapt-

ing their dispositions to the nature of the ground on which they fought. They showed also that they could move swiftly and silently, and concentrate and disperse with baffling rapidity. Of the final engagement Sir William Butler says: "If in this war the fighting general of the Boers had done nothing except the attack he was now directing against Majuba, the manner in which he carried out that movement would suffice to stamp him as one of the ablest leaders of mounted infantry that have appeared in modern war."

End of the War.

In consequence of the death of General Colley, the chief command and the Governorship of Natal now devolved on Sir Evelyn Wood, who, on receipt of the news of the disaster, hurried up from Maritzburg to Newcastle, and thence to the camp. On March 6th, a conference was held between Sir Evelyn Wood and Joubert, half-way between the Boer and British lines, and an armistice was agreed upon for eight days, lasting from noon of the 6th to midnight of the 14th, in order to enable the Boer President, Kruger, to reply to communications which had been already made to him by the late Sir G. Colley; the difficulty of, and time taken in, communicating from one part of the country to the other having hitherto prevented him from replying. This armistice ended the war.

With regard to the "ratification of the Convention," it was settled that it should take place within three months; that as soon as it was concluded the civil government should be handed over to the Boers, but the troops should not be withdrawn until the vote of approval by the Volksraad had been obtained; in default, her Majesty would resume her sovereignty over the Transvaal.

Compensation for Losses.

The question of "compensation for losses through war" was naturally the subject of much discussion, but eventually an agreement was reached. The Boer leaders argued that "the act of taking from individuals and using anything required for a combatant force was an act justified by the necessities of war, and the loser had no title to indemnification. Such a disposal of private property

was, according to their contention, only the system of requisitioning known to all civilized warfare, and was specially legalized by the laws and customs of the Transvaal under the name of commandeering. They had taken and used in that way the property of the people who had been on their side without making any return for it, and it was not fair, they argued, that they should have to make a return to those who had been against them."

This position was in accordance with the general custom of the Transvaal as to commandeering, and the Cape Colony had so far followed the practice as to pass Acts of Indemnity after the Garka and Galeka war, and in the Transvaal itself, under British government, a similar Act was passed with regard to the war with Secocoeni by its final and short-lived Legislature. The Commissioners, however, were of opinion that taking property without paying for it was not an Act "justified by the necessities of war," although Sir Henry de Villiers thought that, nevertheless, her Majesty's Government was precluded by the terms of the peace agreement from demanding compensation for such acts.

Indirect claims, however, resulting from possible depreciation of the value of property, the Commissioners refused to recognize.

Transvaal Finances.

The "financial" question was the last, though not least, dealt with by the Commissioners. The liabilities of the Republic at the time of annexation amounted to £301,727, and of this under British administration over £150,000 was paid off, but fresh liabilities had been contracted, and on December 31, 1881, the total liabilities were £390,404; this included a Parliamentary grant of £100,000. These liabilities had increased by August 8, when the administration was handed over, to £457,393. In addition to this there was to be taken into account the cost of the two expeditions against Secocoeni, the latter being estimated at over £383,000; compensation to those who had suffered loss of property through the war, put at £200,000; and indemnification to displaced officials, altogether making nearly £600,000, which, added to the former liabilities, would bring the total debt to over £1,000,000.

The Commissioners recommended that the Transvaal should not be charged with the costs of the unsuccessful expedition against Secocoeni in 1878, and also (Sir E. Wood dissenting) that the costs of the successful expedition of 1879 should be remitted; and both these propositions were approved of by Lord Kimberley.

Eventually the debt of the new State was brought out as due to creditors in the following order: 1st Charge—Cape Commercial Bank, £48,000; Railway debenture holders, £85,667; Orphan Chamber Fund, £27,226. 2d Charge—British Government, £265,000. Total—£428,893. This included gratuities to displaced officials, but not compensation for war losses. It was proposed that a sum of not more than £500,000 should be advanced by her Majesty's Government to the new State at $3\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., and also a payment of £2 10s. 9d. per £100 for a sinking fund to extinguish the debt in twenty-five years.

The Triumvirs lost no time in calling together the Volksraad with the object of getting the Convention duly ratified.

The Convention, ratified by the Raad on October 25, was superseded by the London Convention of 1884.

CHAPTER XII.

The Conventions Between Great Britain and the Boers—Suzerainty
—Mr. Gladstone on Blood-Guiltiness—The Convention of 1884
—The Transvaal Constitution—The State Church—The
President—The Army—The Judges—The Second
Volksraad—Purport of the Constitution—The
Orange Constitution.

THE details of the granting of self-government to the Boers, after Majuba Hill, were entrusted to a Commission of which the British representatives were Sir Hercules Robinson, Sir Henry de Villiers, and Colonel Evelyn Wood. Upon the report of the Commission was founded the Convention of Pretoria, 1881. Her Majesty's Commissioners did "undertake and guarantee," to use the words of the preamble, "complete self-government subject to the suzerainty of her Majesty, her heirs and successors, will be accorded to the inhabitants of the Transvaal territory upon the following terms and conditions, and subject to the following reservations and limitations."

Suzerainty.

Lord Kimberley, in his instructions to Sir Hercules Robinson, defining the meaning of suzerainty, wrote: "Entire freedom of action will be accorded to the Transvaal Government, so far as is not inconsistent with the rights reserved to the suzerain Power. The term suzerainty has been chosen as most conveniently describing superiority over a State possessing independent rights of government subject to reservations, with reference to certain specified matters." Selborne, then Lord Chancellor, in answering Lord Cairns's objection that suzerainty did not quite mean sovereignty, remarked: "The control of foreign and frontier relations essentially distinguishes a paramount Power." By the Convention of Pretoria

England controlled the foreign relations of the Boers, the frontier relations of the Boers, and the native relations of the Boers. But the Convention was no sooner signed than the Boer leaders tried to whittle it away. Their one aim was to destroy the suzerainty. On the 24th of May, 1881, Mr. Kruger and Joubert, as representatives of the people of the Transvaal, sent their most hearty congratulations to her Most Gracious Majesty Queen Victoria on this the anniversary of her Majesty's birthday. The address runs as follows:—

“A short time ago we had occasion publicly to state that our respect for her Majesty and for the British nation had never been greater than now that we are enabled by the Peace Agreement to produce proof of England's noble and magnanimous love of right and justice.”

It closed with the following pious expression:

“We respectfully request that your Excellencies may be pleased to convey to her Majesty our deepest respect and the assurance that our prayers are that Almighty God may shower His blessings upon her Majesty, and that He may spare her Majesty for many years for the welfare and prosperity of Great Britain and of the whole of South Africa, and more especially of the Transvaal, who hails and respects her Majesty as her future Suzerain.”

When the Convention was signed Mr. Kruger and the Triumvirate showed their respects by holding a banquet at Pretoria, at which the British representatives were present, and her Majesty's health was drunk with ironical cheers *last* of all the political toasts.

Mr. Gladstone on Blood-Guiltiness.

There were not wanting politicians, both in England and in Africa, who gave reasons which were held to justify the surrender to the Boers. To the 700,000 native inhabitants of the Transvaal, to the thousands of Dutch Afrikaners who had stood loyally by the British Government, to the large number of Englishmen who had made the Transvaal their home on the strength of the numberless assurances that the country would never be given back, as well as to the English in Cape Colony and Natal, there seemed no possible

justification for the action of the Gladstone Cabinet. What then were the general arguments urged in favor of their policy? Mr. Gladstone himself declared that "it was a question of saving the country from sheer blood-guiltiness"—a statement which, if true, reflected most of all on the right honorable gentleman himself, for if he believed the Boers were in the right, why did he inform Mr. Kruger (June 8, 1880), that the "Queen's sovereignty must be maintained," and why did he permit General Colley's operations? More sensible apologists for the surrender advanced other arguments. They pointed to the fact that it was with great difficulty that President Brand prevented the Free State Burghers joining the Transvaal Boers; to the exasperation manifested by the Dutch Afrikaners in Cape Colony and Natal, and to the fact that the British Government were advised from the Cape that the continuance of the struggle would probably light up a race conflict throughout South Africa. These were the sole arguments on the score of expediency ever advanced. It is needless to point out that no appeasement of racial animosity followed the conclusion of the Convention of 1881. The Boers never respected its terms, but continued to importune the British Government for an ampler measure of independence.

The Convention of 1884.

The late Lord Derby (famous for the instability of his political convictions) had succeeded Lord Kimberley as Colonial Secretary, and he listened favorably to the application of President Kruger. The result was the substitution of the Convention of 1884 for that of 1881. This Convention is the basis of the present relations between Great Britain and the Transvaal. By its terms the State was permitted to call itself the South African Republic, whilst the control of foreign policy stipulated for in the Convention of 1881 was reduced to the provision that the Republic should conclude no treaty with any state or nation (other than the Orange Free State) without the consent of the Queen. Nothing is said in the Convention about "suzerainty," but as it is expressly stated that the articles of the Convention of 1884 are substituted for those of 1881, it is con-

tended on behalf of the British that the suzerainty still subsists. This contention is strengthened by the fact that in the Pretoria Convention suzerainty is mentioned not in the articles but in the preamble, which was not renounced by the terms of the London Convention. It is further held that the retention of the power of vetoing foreign treaties implies suzerainty.

The Transvaal Constitution.

It will be of interest to review briefly the Constitution under which the South African Republic entered upon its second career of independence. This document consists of no less than two hundred and thirty-two articles.

Article 6 declares the territory of the Republic open to every stranger who submits himself to the laws—a provision noteworthy in view of recent events—and declares all persons within the territory equally entitled to the protection of person and property.

Article 8 states, *inter alia*, that the people “permit the spread of the Gospel among the heathen, subject to prescribed provisions against the practice of fraud and deception”; a provision upon whose intention light is thrown by the hostility of the Boers to the missionaries.

Article 9 declares that “the people will not tolerate equality between colored and white inhabitants either in church or in state.”

Article 10 forbids slavery or dealing in slaves.

Article 19 grants the liberty of the press.

The State Church.

Articles 20 to 23 declare that the people will maintain the principles of the doctrine of the Dutch Reformed Church, as fixed by the Synod of Dort in 1618 and 1619, that the Dutch Reformed Church shall be the church of the state, that no persons shall be elected to the Volksraad who are not members of that church, that no ecclesiastical authority shall be acknowledged save that of the consistories of that church, and that no Roman Catholic churches, nor any Protestant churches save those which teach the doctrine of the Heidelberg Catechism, shall be permitted within the Republic.



Mountain Battery in Action.



Lord Kitchener.

After these general provisions we come to the frame of government. Legislation is committed to a Volksraad, "the highest authority of the state." It is to consist of at least twelve members (the number is at present twenty-four), who must be over thirty years of age and possess landed property. Each district returns an equal number of members. Residence within the district is not required of a candidate. The members are elected for two years, and one half retire annually. Every citizen who has reached the age of twenty-one enjoys the suffrage (persons of color are of course incapable of voting or of being elected). "Any matters discussed shall be decided by three-fourths of the votes." (*Sic.*) [This provision has been repealed. The length of time required for naturalization has also been enormously extended, as we shall presently see.]

Three months are to be given to the people for intimating to the Volksraad their opinion on any proposed law, "except laws which admit of no delay," but laws may be discussed (apparently, however, not enacted) whether published three months before their introduction or introduced during the session of the Volksraad. The sittings are to open and close with prayer, and are to be public, unless the chairman, or the president of the executive council, deems secrecy necessary.

If the high court of justice declares the president or any member of the executive council, or the commandant-general, unfit to fill his office, the Volksraad shall remove from office the person so declared unfit, and shall provide for filling the vacant office.

The President.

The administration, as well as the proposal of laws is entrusted to an executive council. Its president is elected for five years by the citizens voting all over the country. He must have attained the age of thirty and be a member of the Dutch Reformed Church. He is the highest officer of the state, and all public servants, except those who administer justice, are subordinate to him and under his supervision. In case of his death, dismissal, or inability to act, his functions devolve on the oldest member of the executive council till

a new appointment is made. The Volksraad shall dismiss him on conviction of any serious offence. He is to propose laws to the Volksraad—"whether emanating from himself or sent in to him by the people"—and support them in that body either personally or through a member of the executive council. He has, however, no right to vote there. He recommends to the Volksraad persons for appointment to public posts; and may suspend public servants, saving his responsibility to the Volksraad. He submits an estimate of revenue and expenditure, reports on his own action during the past year and on the condition of the Republic, visits annually all towns and villages where any public office exists, to give due opportunity to the inhabitants of stating their wishes.

The executive council consists of four members besides the president, namely, the government secretary, the commandant-general, and two other members. All except the commandant-general are elected by the Volksraad; the secretary for four years, the two members for three years. The commandant-general is elected by the voters of the whole Republic for an unlimited time. All, including the president, are entitled to sit, but not to vote, in the Volksraad, and all must belong to the Dutch Reformed Church. The president and council carry on correspondence with foreign powers, and may commute or remit a penal sentence. A sentence of death requires the unanimous confirmation of the council. The president may, with the unanimous consent of the council, declare war and publish a war ordinance summoning all persons to serve.

The Army.

The provisions relating to the military organization are interesting, chiefly as indicating the highly militant character of the Republic, which makes express provision not only for foreign war and for the maintenance of order at home, but also for the cases of native insurrection and of disaffection or civil war among the whites. The officers are all elected, the commandant-general by the whole body of voters, the commandants by the voters in each district, the field cornets and assistant field cornets in the wards. All are chosen for unlimited terms.

The Judges.

The judiciary consists of landrosts (magistrates), heemraden (local councillors or assessors), and jurors. The provisions regarding the exercise of judicial power are minute and curious in their way, but have no great interest for constitutional purposes. The landrosts are proposed to the people by the executive council, two months being allowed the people for sending in objections to the names suggested. Very minute provisions regarding the oaths to be taken by these officials, their salaries and their duties, including the penalties they may inflict, fill the remaining articles. But the only guarantee for the independence of the courts is to be found in the general statement in Article 15, that "the judicial power is vested in landrosts, heemraden and jurors," and in the declaration that the judicial officers are to be "free and independent" of the president. A supreme court has subsequently, by enactments of 1877, 1881, and 1883, been established, consisting of a chief justice and four puisne judges.

The rest of the Grondwet consists of details relating to civil administration (which is primarily entrusted to the judicial officers, supported by the commandants and field cornets), and the revenue of the state, which was intended to be drawn chiefly from fees and licenses, the people having little disposition to be directly taxed. The farm tax is not to exceed forty dollars, and the poll-tax, payable by persons without or with only one farm, is fixed at \$5.00 annually. Five dollars is the payment allowed to each member of the Volksraad for each day's attendance. The salary of the president of the council, which the Grondwet fixes at 5,333 dollars, 2 schellings, and 4 stuivers, to be increased as the revenue increases, now amounts to £7,000 sterling per annum, besides allowances.

The Second Volksraad.

The most considerable change made in this constitution, besides the creation of a supreme court already mentioned, has been the establishment, in 1890, of a chamber called the Second Volksraad, which is elected on a more liberal basis than the First Volksraad—persons who have resided in the country for two years, have

taken an oath of allegiance and have complied with divers other requirements, being admissible as voters. This assembly, however, enjoys little real power, for its competency is confined to a few specified matters, and its acts may be overruled by the First Raad, whereas the Second Raad has no power whatever of passing upon the resolutions or laws enacted by the First Raad. The Second Volksraad is, therefore, not a second chamber in the ordinary sense of the term, such as the Senate in American States or the House of Lords in England, but an appendage to the legislature proper. It was never intended to have substantial power, and was, in fact, nothing more than an unreal concession to the demands of the Uitlanders, or recent immigrants excluded from citizenship. To use a colloquial expression, it was a "tub thrown to the Uitlander whale."

Purport of the Constitution.

A few general observations may be made on this constitution before we proceed to examine its legal character and effect.

It is a crude, untechnical document, showing little trace either of legal skill on the part of those who drafted it, or of a knowledge of other constitutions. The language is often vague, and many of the provisions are far too detailed to be fit for a fundamental law.

Although enacted by and for a pure democracy, it is based on inequality—inequality of whites and blacks, inequality of religious creeds. Not only is the Dutch Reformed Church declared to be established and endowed by the state, but Roman Catholic churches are forbidden to exist, and no Roman Catholic, nor Jew, nor Protestant of any other than the Dutch Reformed Church is eligible to the presidency, or to membership of the legislature or executive council. Some of these restrictions have now been removed. But the door is barred as firmly as ever against persons of color. No one whose father or mother belonged to any native race, up to and including the fourth generation, can obtain civic rights or hold land.

It contains little in the nature of a Bill of Rights, partly perhaps from an oversight on the part of its draftsmen, but partly also owing to the assumption—which the history of the Republic, until within the last few years, amply verified—that the government

would be a weak one, unable to encroach upon the rights of private citizens.

The Orange Constitution.

The Constitution of the Orange Free State is a terse and straightforward document of sixty-two articles, most of which are only a few lines in length. It begins by defining the qualifications for citizenship and the exercise of the suffrage (articles 1-4), and incidently imposes the obligation of military service on all citizens between the ages of sixteen and sixty. Only whites can be citizens. Newcomers may obtain citizenship if they have resided one year in the state and have real property to the value of at least £150, or if they have resided three successive years and have made a written promise of allegiance.

Articles 5-27 deal with the composition and functions of the Volksraad, or ruling assembly, which is declared to possess the supreme legislative authority. It consists of representatives (at present fifty-eight in number), one from each of the wards and from the chief town or village of each of the (at present nineteen) districts. They are elected for four years, one-half retiring every two years. Twelve constitute a quorum. Every citizen is eligible who has not been convicted of crime by a jury or been declared a bankrupt or insolvent, who has attained the age of twenty-five years, and who possesses fixed (*i. e.* real) unmortgaged property of the value of £500 at least.

The Volksraad is to meet annually in May, and may be summoned to an extra session by its chairman, as also by the president, or by the president and the executive council.

The Volksraad has power to depose the president if insolvent or convicted of crime, and may also itself try him on a charge of treason, bribery, or other grave crime; but the whole Volksraad must be present or have been duly summoned, and a majority of three to one is required for conviction. The sentence shall in these cases extend only to deposition from office and disqualification for public service in future, the president so deposed being liable to further criminal proceedings before the regular courts.

The votes of members of the Volksraad shall be recorded on a demand by one-fifth of those present. The sittings are to be public, save where a special cause for a secret sitting exists.

The Volksraad shall make no law restricting the right of public meeting and petition.

It shall concern itself with the promotion of religion and education.

It shall promote and support the Dutch Reformed Church.

It may alter the constitution, but only by a majority of three-fourths of the votes in two consecutive annual sessions.

It has power to regulate the administration and finances, levy taxes, borrow money, and provide for the public defence.

Articles 28 to 41 deal with the choice and functions of the president of the state.

He is to be elected by the whole body of citizens, the Volksraad, however, recommending one or more persons to the citizens.

He is chosen for five years and is re-eligible.

He is the head of the executive, charged with the supervision and regulation of the administrative departments and public service generally, and is responsible to the Volksraad, his acts being subject to an appeal to that body. He is to report annually to the Volksraad, to assist its deliberation by his advice, but without the right of voting, and, if necessary, to propose bills. He may fill vacancies in the public offices that occur when the Volksraad is not sitting, but his appointments require its confirmation. He may also suspend public functionaries, but dismissal appears to require the consent of the Volksraad.

He may declare war and make peace and treaties, but in all cases only with the consent of the Volksraad.

Articles 42 to 46 deal with the executive council. The executive council consists of five members, besides the state president, who is *ex-officio* chairman, with a casting vote. Of these five, one is the landrost (magistrate) of Bloemfontein, another the state secretary, both these officials being appointed by the president and confirmed by the Volksraad; the remaining three are elected by the

Volksraad. This council advises the president, reports its proceedings annually to the Volksraad, and has the rights, in conjunction with the president, of pardoning offenders and of declaring martial law.

Regarding the judicial power only two provisions require mention. Article 48 declares this power to be exclusively exercisable by the courts of law established by law. Article 49 secures trial by jury in all criminal causes in the superior courts.

Local government and military organization, subjects intimately connected in Dutch South Africa, occupy articles 50 to 56 inclusive.

A field cornet is elected by the citizens of each ward, a field commandant by those of each district, in both cases from among themselves. In case of war, all the commandants and cornets taken together elect a commandant-general, who thereupon receives his instructions from the president. Those who elected him may, with the consent of the president, dismiss him and choose another. Every field cornet and commandant must have landed property, the latter to the value of £200 at least.

Article 57 declares Roman Dutch law to be the common law of the state.

Articles 58 and 59 declare that the law shall be administered without respect of persons and that every resident shall be held bound to obey it, while articles 60, 61 and 62 guarantee the rights of property, of personal liberty, and of press freedom.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Explorations and Missionary Work of Livingstone—Burton and Speke—Up the Nile—Baker and His Work—Livingstone in Zambezia—Stanley's First Venture—Dr. Rohlf's—Dr. Nachtigal—Miss Tinne—Paul Du Chaillu—Serpa Pinto—Dr. Schweinfurth—On the Zambezi—The "Scramble for Africa"—Rhodesia—Joseph Thomson—Stanley and Emin Pasha—West Africa—Somaliland.

WE must now retrace our steps a little to take some account of the development of Africa, the literal opening up of the Dark Continent, by the missionaries and explorers of the present century, and especially of the latter half of the century. The first and greatest of them all was the illustrious Scotch missionary, David Livingstone, of whom some mention has already been made. He had settled in Bechuanaland in 1841, and had gradually extended his journeys further and further north, until, with William Oswell and Murray, two English sportsmen, he discovered Lake Ngami. Mr. Francis Galton had attempted to reach this lake in 1851 by an interesting but very difficult journey through Damaraland; but he did not succeed in getting nearer to Ngami than the bed of a dried-up watercourse, the Omaramba. Andersson, a Swede, however, in 1851 left Walfish Bay, and traveling through Ovamboland, managed to arrive at the shores of Ngami. Green explored the lower course of the Okabango-Toege in 1856.

In 1851 Livingstone, accompanied by his wife and family, and by Mr. Oswell, reached the Zambezi at Sesheke. Feeling himself on the threshold of vast discoveries, Livingstone despatched his wife and family to England, with the monetary help of Mr. Oswell, and placed himself under the tuition of Sir Thomas McClear, the Astronomer Royal at Cape Town. Turning his face northward in June,

1852, he reached the Zambezi again in that year, traced it along its upper course, near to its source, and then traveled across to Angola, which he reached in May, 1854. Returning again from Angola to the Zambezi, he followed that river, more or less closely, to near its mouth, and then made his way to Quelimane, by the route always followed until the recent discovery of the Chinde mouth of the Zambezi. From Quelimane he was conveyed by a British gunboat to Mauritius, and arrived in London on the 12th of December, 1856.

Burton and Speke.

Somaliland had been first explored in 1854 by Richard Francis Burton and John Hanning Speke. Burton was an officer in the Indian army, and had previously made a remarkable journey to the holy places of the Hedjaz. In 1856 the Royal Geographical Society (which had developed from out of the African Association in 1830) despatched an expedition under the command of Burton, who chose Speke for his lieutenant, to discover the great lakes which the German missionaries reported to exist.

As a result of this epoch-making exploration, Burton discovered Tanganyika (though he only mapped out the northern half), and Speke discovered the south shore of the Victoria Nyanza. Hurrying home before Burton, Speke got the ear of the Geographical Society, and was at once sent back (with Captain J. A. Grant as his companion) to discover the sources of the Nile. Burton was rather hardly treated in the matter, but he was a man too clever for his times, and one who made many enemies among the pompous, respectable, retired merchants who in those days directed geographical exploration at home.

Speke and Grant reached the southern end of the Victoria Nyanza, journeyed northwards and missed the Albert Nyanza, then, met and relieved by Sir Samuel Baker, traveled down the Nile to Egypt. It was a most remarkable journey, but in some senses a blundering one, remarkable as much for what it missed as for what was gained in exploration. Through not having made any survey of the vast lake they believed they had found, and not being able to give much idea of its shape and area, its very existence came after-

wards to be doubted until it was conclusively established by Stanley. Speke and Grant had left England in April, 1860, and reached Khartoum on the 30th of March, 1864, and England soon afterwards. Speke died from a gun accident in September, 1864. Grant, afterwards made a Colonel and a C. B., accompanied the British expedition to Abyssinia and lived until 1892.

Up the Nile.

Prior to the journey of Speke and Grant down the Nile, that river had been already made known up to the vicinity of the great lakes by explorers following in the footsteps of the military expeditions sent by Muhammad Ali to conquer the Soudan. A Catholic mission had established itself on the Upper Nile in 1848, mainly supported by the Austrian Government. Amongst the missionaries was Dr. Ignatius Knoblecher, who in 1849 explored the White Nile as far as Gbodorok and Mount Logwek. Other explorations were carried out by Giovanni Beltrame, another missionary. A Maltese ivory merchant named Andrea Debono and a Venetian named Giovanni Miani had also explored the White Nile, and the latter was the first European to visit the Nyam-nyam country. An English ivory trader named Petherick had started from Khartoum in November, 1853, and had ascended the Bahr-al-Ghazal and the Nyam-nyam country. He was entrusted with the mission of meeting and relieving Speke and Grant, but by some accident he failed to do so. On one of his later journeys he was accompanied by Dr. Murie, a naturalist (who is one of the few early Nile explorers living at the present time), as far as Gondokoro. Heuglin, Kiezelbach, Munzinger, and Steudner were among the methodical German explorers who traveled in the Egyptian Soudan and in Abyssinia in 1861 and 1862.

Baker and His Work.

The greatest explorer of these regions, however, next to Speke and Grant, was Mr. (afterwards Sir Samuel) Baker, who with his wife conducted an exploration of the Upper Nile on his own account with the intention of meeting, and if possible succoring, Speke and

Grant. Baker had previously explored the Abyssinian tributaries of the Nile. After leaving Speke and Grant to continue their homeward journey, he started off for the south to fill up the blanks in their discoveries. The Nile was reached in the Bunyoro country, and after a long detention at the court of the scoundrelly Nyoro king, and after incredible sufferings, Baker and his wife discovered the Albert Nyanza, which, from various causes, he took to be much larger than it really is. The entrance and exit of the Nile from the Albert Nyanza were visited.

The Bakers reached Gondokoro, and then returned homewards in March, 1865. Their journey down the White Nile was blocked by the obstruction of a vegetable growth (the sudd). At last this was cut through, and Egypt was eventually reached. When Baker returned to London he was knighted for the discoveries he had made. The Albert Nyanza was afterwards circumnavigated by Gessi Pasha, a Levantine Italian, in the service of the Egyptian Government, and by Colonel Mason Bey. Neither of them, curiously enough, noticed the Semliki flowing into the lake, nor did they catch sight of the snow-covered Ruwenzori.

Livingstone in Zambezia.

Livingstone's first great journey resulted in his being sent back with a strong expedition to pursue his discoveries in Zambezia. During these journeys, between 1858 and 1864, the river Shire was explored, and Lake Nyaza was discovered and partially mapped. Livingstone was accompanied by Dr. (afterwards Sir John) Kirk, who made most valuable natural history collections, and whose subsequent long career as Political Agent at Zanzibar, and many explorations along the East coast of Africa, have caused his name to be imperishably connected with that part of the continent.

The French occupation of Algeria and their conquests in Senegambia had naturally produced considerable exploring work. Though much was done piece by piece, it has not resulted in the handing down of notable names, with some few exceptions. Panet, a Frenchman, in 1850, traveled overland along the Sahara coast from St. Louis, at the mouth of the Senegal, to Morocco. Vincent,

another Frenchman, in 1860, explored the country from St. Louis to the Adrar district of the Sahara, behind what is nowadays the Spanish Protectorate of the Rio de Oro. Paul Soleillet described the Algerian Sahara, and Duveyrier, a really scientific traveler, made important journeys from Algeria, southward and south-eastward, adding much to our knowledge of the Northern Sahara. Duveyrier visited the interior of western Tripoli, and brought back considerable information about the Touareg and their dialects.

Stanley's First Venture.

In 1866 Livingstone resumed his explorations of East-Central Africa. He traveled overland south-westwards from the Ruvuma River to the south end of Lake Nyassa, then north-west and north to the south end of Tanganyika, thence from Tanganyika to Lake Mweru to the mighty Luapula River, and to Bangweolo, which lakes and river he discovered in 1868. Again reaching Tanganyika, he joined some Arabs and crossed the Manyema country eastward to Nyangwe, on the Lualaba-Congo. From here he returned to Ujiji, where he was met by Mr. H. M. Stanley, who had been sent by the "New York Herald" to relieve the great explorer.

After traveling with Stanley half-way back to Zanzibar, Livingstone returned to Lake Bangweolo, and died there in 1873. Various expeditions had been despatched to his relief. One, under Lieutenant Grandy, was sent out in 1873 to ascend the Congo, but the expedition was most unfortunate, and the explorer died near Sao Salvador. After many changes and withdrawals, a great expedition, organized by the Royal Geographical Society, started from Zanzibar, in 1873, to find and relieve Livingstone. It was under the leadership of Lieutenant (afterwards Captain) Vernon Lovett Cameron. Cameron soon heard of Livingstone's death, but pushed on to Tanganyika, and mapped that lake for the first time accurately. He then traveled across to the Lualaba, which his altitudes practically determined to be none other than the upper Congo; but, deterred from descending it by the tremendous difficulties that offered themselves, he struck south-westwards across a country not very difficult to traverse—the slightly civilized Mwata Yanvo's empire (impregnated

with Portuguese influence), and reached Benguela in November, 1875, the first Englishman to cross Africa.

Dr. Rohlfs.

At the beginning of the '60's, Dr. Gerhard Rohlfs, one of the greatest of African travelers, began to explore Morocco. He had enlisted in the Foreign Legion, serving in Algeria, was a doctor of medicine, a renegade, and had a great knowledge of Arabic. He therefore traveled about the southern part of Morocco, and penetrated to the oases of Twat and Ghadames in the Sahara (1864), and in 1865, reached Fezzan and Tibesti. In 1866, he started on a journey to Bornu, and eventually penetrated across the Niger to Lagos, on the Guinea coast, thus being the first European to make a complete journey from the Mediterranean to the Gulf of Guinea. In 1873 he explored the oases in the Libyan Desert, and in 1878 he conducted an expedition, despatched by the German Government, to Wadai, but got no further than the oasis of Kufra. Subsequently, two Italians, Dr. Pellegrino Matteucci and Lieutenant Alfonso Maria Massari, accompanied as far as Darfur by Prince Giovanni Borghese, traveled across Africa, from East to West, by way of Suakin, Kordofan, Wadai, Bornu, Kano and Nupe, to the Niger, whence they returned to England, where Matteucci unfortunately died. They were the first Europeans to cross Africa from East to West, but their journey was not productive of much geographical knowledge.

Dr. Nachtigal.

From the point of view of knowledge acquired and transmitted, one of the most remarkable journeys ever made in Africa was that of Dr. Nachtigal, who, after having served as physician to the Bey of Tunis, was appointed in 1868 by the Prussian Government to take presents to the Sultan of Bornu. Leaving Tripoli in February, 1869, Nachtigal halted at first in Fezzan, and from that country made a very interesting journey to Tibesti, a mountainous region in the very middle of the Sahara Desert. He was the first and only European who has really examined this remarkable mountainous region. Returning to Murzuk, he resumed his journey to Bornu, where he

arrived in 1870. He thoroughly explored Lake Chad, and much of the Shari River; visited Bagirmi, Wadai (where an earlier German traveler, Moritz Von Beurmann, had been murdered in 1863, when searching for Vogel), Songhai, Darfur, Dar Runga and Kordofan, thence returning home through Egypt. He brought back with him an enormous mass of geographical and linguistic information.

Miss Tinne.

In his journey from Tripoli to Fezzan Nachtigal was accompanied by an extraordinary personage, Miss Tinne, perhaps—if she preceded Mrs. Ida Pfeiffer, who explored Madagascar in 1860—the first European woman to explore Africa on her own account. Miss Tinne was said to be the richest heiress in the Netherlands. She, her mother, and her aunt had been in the habit of passing their winters in Egypt. In 1861 they ascended the Nile as far as the Sobat River. In 1863 a most important expedition was organized by Miss Tinne, consisting of her mother and aunt, three German gentlemen, and herself. They set out to explore the Bahr-al-Ghazal, and finally reached the Nyam-nyam country. They were accompanied even by European ladies' maids, and 200 servants. By July, 1864, on returning to Khartoum, Miss Tinne had lost, through fever, her mother, her aunt, and one of the German explorers. She then traveled alone for four years in North Africa. Determining to make an expedition to Lake Chad, she attached herself to Nachtigal's expedition as far as Murzuk. Afterwards, traveling on by herself, she was treacherously attacked by the Touareg of the Sahara, and murdered; for it was supposed that the iron water-tanks carried on camels were full of treasure. What became of the unfortunate maid-servants she had with her, history does not relate. They probably led for a few years an indescribably wretched existence as the wives of Touareg raiders. So perished one of the most picturesque of African explorers—Alexandrine Tinne.

Paul du Chaillu.

On the west coast of Africa the most remarkable journeys made in the '50's and '60's were those of Paul du Chaillu, who

traveled in the Gaboon country, and whose natural history collections almost surpassed those of any other traveler for their richness and the remarkable forms they revealed. He will always be remembered as the man who practically discovered the gorilla. Winwood Reade, the first African traveler who was at the same time a literary man, visited the west coast of Africa in the '60's and traveled inland to the source of the Niger. His exploring journeys were of small account, but his descriptions of West Africa are the most vivid, the most truthful, and will perhaps prove to be the most enduring, of any that we possess. Captain Richard Burton, of Tanganyika fame, who had been appointed Consul at Fernando Po, ascended the peak of the Cameroons, and visited Dahome and the falls of the Congo between 1860 and 1864. The Marquis de Compiègne and Herr Oskar Lenz explored the Ogowe River, in French West Africa, in 1873; and later on Mr. Grenfell, of the Baptist Mission (afterwards to become still more famous), considerably increased our knowledge of the Cameroons.

Livingstone's death and Cameron's successful crossing of Africa did a great deal to arouse European interest in that continent. Stanley was dispatched by the "New York Herald" and the "Daily Telegraph" to complete Livingstone's explorations of the Unknown River. In 1875 he started on that journey, which in its discoveries and its results is the greatest to be found in the annals of African exploration. He circumnavigated the Victoria Nyanza, circumnavigated Tanganyika, marched across the Lualaba, and followed its course resolutely and in the teeth of fearful obstacles until he proved it to be the Congo, and emerged on the Atlantic Ocean.

Serpa Pinto.

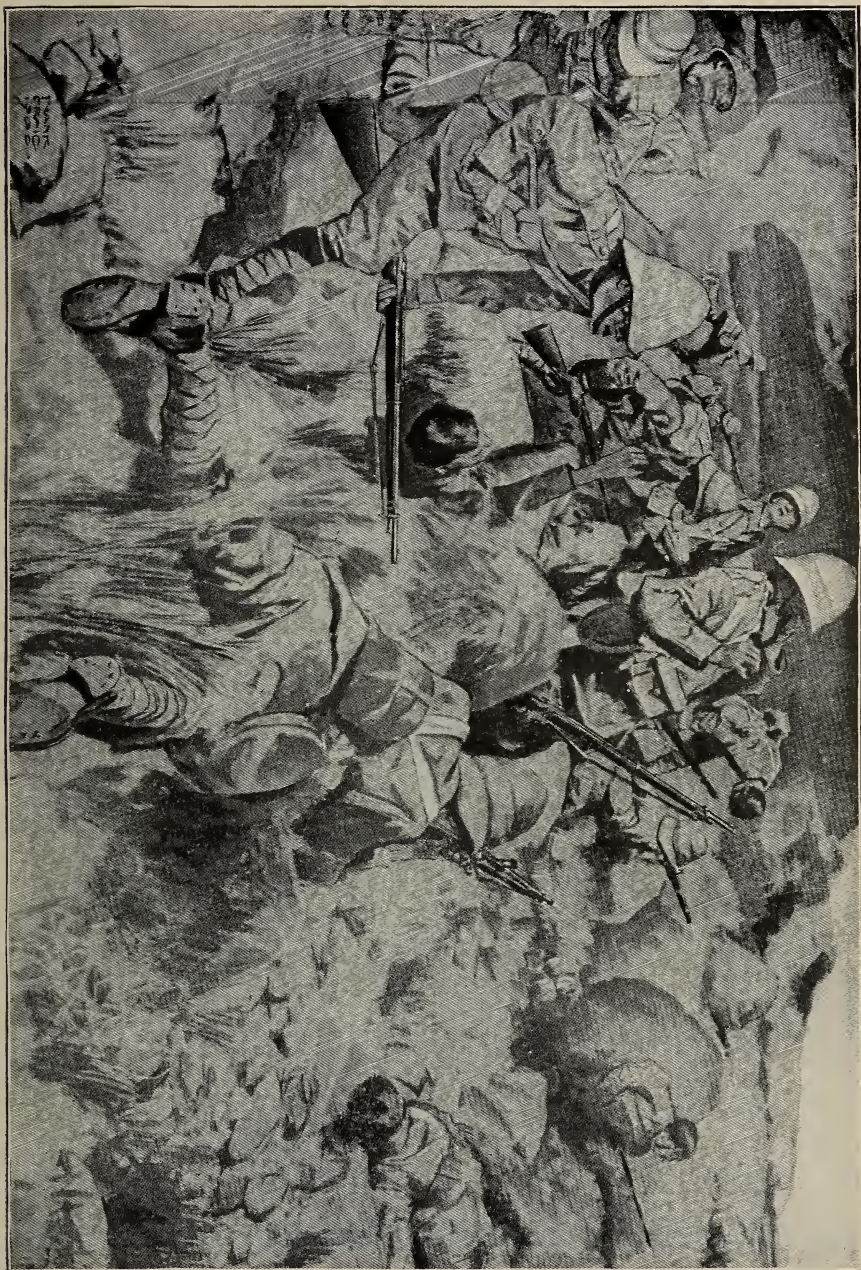
Cameron's journeys had aroused the Portuguese from their lethargy. Three explorers, Serpa Pinto, Brito Capello, and Roberto Ivens, were dispatched to Angola. Leaving Sao Paulo de Loanda in 1877, Serpa Pinto journeyed in zigzags to the Zambezi, and descended that river to the Barutse country, whence he accompanied M. Coillard, the French missionary, across the Kalahari Desert to the Transvaal. Capello and Ivens explored the northern part of

Angola and the River Ewango. Two or three years later they started on a journey remarkable for the importance of the geographical results obtained. They explored much of the Upper Zambezi, tracing that river to its source, traveled along the water-parting between the Zambezi and the Congo, and then turned southwards again to the Zambezi, and so out to the Indian Ocean.

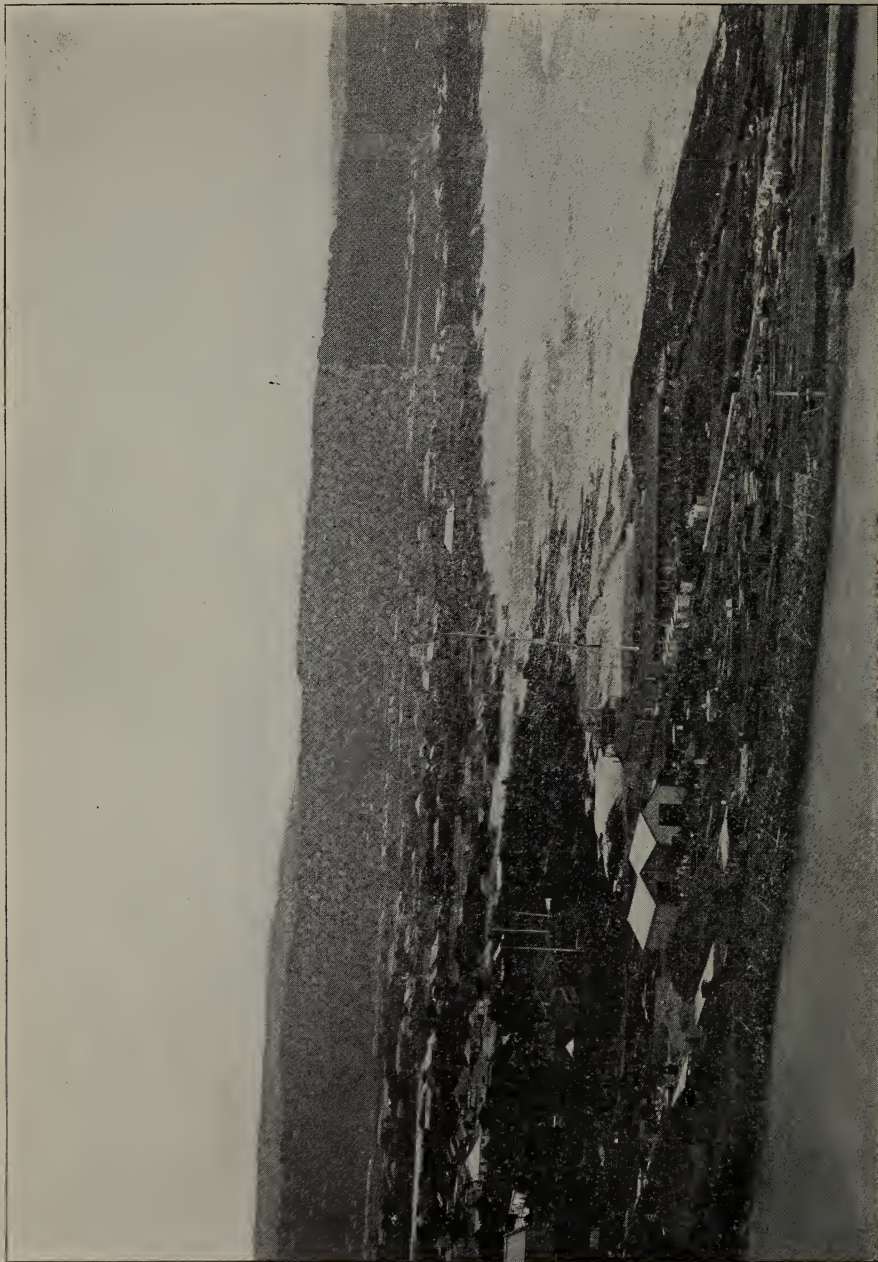
Dr. Schweinfurth.

In the Nile regions, explorations were steadily continuing. One of the "great" African travelers, Georg August Schweinfurth, a native of German Russia (Riga), first visited the Nile valley as a botanist. In 1868, he started on a journey of exploration up the White Nile and the Bahr-al-Ghazal, accompanying Nubian ivory merchants. With these he penetrated far to the southward through the Nyam-nyam country till he reached the Monbuttu, and there he discovered the Welle River flowing to the west, which ultimately turned out to be one of the principal feeders of the Ubangi, the great northern confluent of the Congo. Schweinfurth returned to Egypt in 1872, and has since devoted himself to the botanical exploration of Egypt, Arabia and Abyssinia. His journey, from the enormous amount of material gathered together, was surpassed in importance by few African explorations.

Sir Samuel Baker (1868-'73), and later, General Gordon, became Governors-General of the Egyptian Soudan, a vast dependency of the half-European State of Egypt, which naturally, whether under European or Egyptian governors, employed large numbers of Europeans. Amongst those who added to our geographical knowledge were Colonel Purdy-Bey, Colonel Colston, the great General Gordon, Marno (a Viennese); Colonel Chaille Long (an American), who visited Uganda, discovered Lake Ibrahim, and actually proved that the Nile flowed out of the Victoria Nyanza, and then into the Albert Nyanza; and Linant de Bellefonds, a Belgian, who also visited Uganda whilst Stanley was there in 1875, Stanley giving him a famous letter to be posted in Egypt. There were also Colonel Mason Bey and Gessi Pasha, who circumnavigated the Albert Nyanza; poor Lupton Bey, who explored the Bahr-al-Ghazal and Nyam-



English Advance Brigade.



City of Durban, Natal.

nyam country, and died after long captivity in the Mahdi's hands; and Slatin Pasha, once Governor of Darfur, who has had a happier fate.

On the Zambezi.

The establishment of missions in Nyassaland drew explorers thither. Captain Frederic Elton, who had been appointed Consul at Mozambique, journeyed to Lake Nyassa with several companions, explored the northern extremity of the lake, and started to return overland to Zanzibar, but died on the way. His successor as Consul, Lieutenant H. E. O'Neill, crossed backwards and forwards over utterly unknown ground between Mozambique and Nyassa, fixed many positions at the south end of the lake and in the Shire Highlands, and explored many parts of the Portuguese East Africa north of the Zambezi. Bishop Steere, Archdeacon Chauncey Maples, Bishop Smythies, and other missionaries of the Universities Mission, also explored the country between Lake Nyassa and the River Ruvuma and the Mozambique coast. South of the Zambezi, explorations had been carried out by Baldwin, Baines, Anderson, Ericsson, and other sportsmen-travelers. Carl Mauch and Edward Mohr (Germans) had explored Mashonaland, and had discovered the remarkable ruins of Zimbabwe. In 1875 Dr. Pogge had made a journey from Angola to the court of the Mwata Yanvo. Two other Germans, named Reichardt and Bohm, had in the later '70's crossed Tanganyika from Zanzibar, and explored the country to the north of Lake Mweru.

A remarkable journey was made in 1878-9 by Dr. R. W. Pelkin, who with one or more missionary companions of the Church Missionary Society, journeyed overland from Suakin up the Nile to Uganda. They came back again (with the Rev. C. T. Wilson) in 1881 from Uganda via the White Nile, Bahr-al-Ghazal and Darfur to Egypt.

The "Scramble for Africa."

The return of Cameron and the subsequent success of Stanley had caused the King of the Belgians to become intensely interested in the exploration of Africa, at first, no doubt, from a disinterested

love of knowledge, but soon afterwards with the definite idea of creating in the unoccupied parts of that continent a huge native confederation or state which should become dependent on Belgium. The king summoned to Brussels distinguished "Africans" from most European countries with the desire of forming an International Committee which should bring about the complete exploration of Africa. But this international enterprise soon split up into national sections, and what the King of the Belgians had intended should be entirely disinterested geographical work ultimately developed into the "Scramble for Africa." Still, it did lead considerably to the increase of geographical knowledge.

The Royal Geographical Society sent out a well-equipped expedition to Zanzibar to explore the country between Tanganyika and Nyassa. It was under the orders of Keith Johnston, who died soon after starting, leaving his task to be fulfilled by Joseph Thomson. Mr. Thomson was completely successful, and covered much new ground between Nyassa and Tanganyika to the west of Tanganyika, and to the south, where he discovered the north end of Lake Rukwa. On the west coast the French Section dispatched De Brazza to explore what is now French Congo. His geographical discoveries led to annexation. Antonelli and other Italians directed their efforts to the exploration of Shoa, to the south of Abyssinia. But the main outcome of this action on the part of the King of the Belgians was the founding of the Congo Free State. Mr. Stanley was sent back to the Congo at the expense of a small committee—eventually at the sole charge of the King of the Belgians. Whilst he was by degrees reascending the Congo and making many geographical discoveries, such as the Lakes Leopold and Mantumba, a Baptist missionary already referred to, Mr. George Grenfell, made known the Ubangi River, a northern affluent of the Congo, which Vangele and other Belgian explorers afterwards determined to be the Wells.

Lieutenant Hermann Wissmann (afterwards Major von Wissmann) mapped out the course of the Kasai, and other southern affluents of the Congo, and crossed and recrossed Africa, coming out at Zanzibar and at the Zambezi,

Rhodesia.

In 1879, Dr. Oskar Lenz, who had previously explored the Ogowe, journeyed from Morocco to Timbuctoo, and from Timbuctoo to Senegambia. Subsequently Dr. Lenz ascended the Congo, and crossed over to Tanganyika, returning to Europe by the Zambezi on a more or less futile attempt to discover the whereabouts of Emin Pasha. In the earlier '80's another Austrian explorer, Dr. Holub, traveled in South Africa and made an unsuccessful journey into Central Zambezi. The celebrated hunter of big game, Mr. F. C. Selous, not only added much to our knowledge of South Central Africa (the Rhodesia of to-day), but penetrated north of the Zambezi into the valley of the Kafue river, his explorations in that direction having only been "caught up with" quite recently. Mr. F. S. Arnot, a missionary, made a remarkable journey from South to Central Africa, exploring the southern part of the Congo basin (Katanga) and reaching the west coast of Benguela. In 1884 Lieutenant Giraud, a Frenchman, made an interesting journey to Lake Bangweolo, which he was the first European to map with any degree of accuracy. In 1882, the Earl of Mayo, accompanied by the present writer, explored the River Kunene, in South-west Africa. Subsequently the author of this book traveled through Angola and up the River Congo, and on his return journey to England visited that little known part of Africa, Portuguese Guinea. He was subsequently sent on an expedition to Mt. Kilima-njaro, in East Africa. Amongst other geographical work he visited little known parts of Tunis in 1880 and 1897; discovered (with Dr. Cross) the southern end of Lake Rukwa, in East Central Africa, in 1889; in 1886-88 explored the Cameroons and the Niger Delta; and made numerous journeys in British Central Africa (1889-95).

Joseph Thomson.

In 1883, Joseph Thomson, already famous as an African explorer, was sent on a most important mission by the Royal Geographical Society. He was to cross the nearly unknown country separating the Mobasa littoral from the East coast of the Victoria Nyanza, between the two great snow mountains of Kenia and Kilimannjaro

(Kilima-njaro, since Krapf's and Rebmann's reports, had been thoroughly mapped by Baron von der Decken; it had also been ascended nearly to the snow level by Mr. Charles New). Mr. Thomson's visit to Kilima-njaro nearly coincided with that of the present writer, and was of short duration. He practically rediscovered Kenia (Krapf's account being so vague that it had become regarded as semi-mythical), and photographed this second greatest snow mountain of Africa. After some difficulties he succeeded in penetrating the Masai country, and discovered the great Rift valley of Lake Naivasha, together with Lake Baringo, and succeeded in reaching the north-east coast of Victoria Nyanza—a most remarkable journey, resulting in great additions to our geographical knowledge. Mr. Thomson subsequently made a journey from the mouth of the Niger to Sokoto, explored the Atlas Mountains of Morocco, mapped much fresh country in Central Zambezi, and died, still a young man and much regretted, in 1895. The Hungarian, Count Samuel Teleki, who followed in Thomson's footsteps, discovered Lakes Rudolf and Stephanie. Lieutenant Huhnel, who went with him, accompanied other expeditions in the same direction and accomplished admirable surveying work.

Stanley and Emin Pasha.

Then came the last epoch-making journey of Stanley—the search for Emin Pasha. After the British occupation of Egypt and the loss of the Soudan, Emin Pasha had retreated to the Equatorial Province. Through Dr. William Junker (a Russian traveler, who had made journeys of the first rank in the western watershed of the Nile, and had brought back an immense mass of valuable information), he managed to communicate with Europe, by way of Uganda, making known his condition, and appealing for help. Stanley was placed at the head of a great English expedition which was to go to his relief. He traveled by way of the Congo, and at the junction of the Congo and the Aruwini, entered the unknown. He crossed that always difficult barrier, the Bantu borderland—in this case an almost impenetrable forest. After overcoming innumerable obstacles, Stanley met Emin Pasha on the Albert Nyanza, and eventu-

ally escorted him to the coast at Zanzibar. In the course of this journey Stanley discovered Ruwenzori, the third highest mountain in Africa, the Albert Edward Nyanza (one of the ultimate lake sources of the Nile), and the Semliki River, which connects the Albert Edward and the Albert Nyanza.

West Africa.

In West Africa, which had for some time been neglected as a field for exploration, there still remained gaps to be filled up—in the great bend of the Niger, and behind the Cameroons. In the last-named country, German travelers, Dr. Zintgraff, Morgen, Kund and Tappenbeck, Von Stettin, Uechtritz and Passarge, explored the mountainous country between the Cameroons and the Benue watershed, or traced the course of the great and hitherto quite unknown rivers of Lom and Mbam, which unite and form the Sanaga, a river which enters the sea on the south side of the Cameroons estuary. Dr. Baumann also explored the neglected island of Fernando Po. In the bend of the Niger various French explorers and one or two Germans and Englishmen filled up the blanks. Notable among these was Captain Binger, who was the first to make known much of the country between the Upper Niger and the Guinea coast, and Colonel Monteil, who traveled across from the Upper Niger to the Central Niger, and thence to Lake Chad and Tripoli (1894). The gap between the basin of the Congo and Lake Chad was partly filled up by the explorations of Crampel, Dybowski, Maistre, Gentil and other French travelers.

To come down to quite recent times, Mr. Alfred Sharpe (now H. M. Commissioner in British Central Africa), gradually mapped Lake Mweru, discovered the large salt marsh between that lake and Tanganyika, explored the Luapula and the Luangwa, and made other interesting discoveries in South-Central Africa, discoveries since supplemented by the survey of Lake Bangweolo by Mr. Poulett Weatherly. M. Lionel Decle, the well-known French traveler, made a journey from Cape Town overland to the White Nile, by way of Lakes Nyassa, Tanganyika, and Victoria Nyanza. Count Goetzen explored the unknown country between the Albert Edward Nyanza

and Tanganyika, discovering the lofty volcano of Virunga and Lake Kivu; and Mr. Scott Elliott journeyed from the East coast to Mt. Ruwenzori, and thence to British Central Africa for botanical purposes.

Somaliland.

The great eastern horn of Africa, Somaliland and Gallaland, was long left unexplored after Burton and Speke's journey to Harrar in the '50's. At the beginning of the '80's its exploration was again attacked. Messrs. F. L. and W. D. James, with three companions, penetrated Somaliland as far south as the Webbe Shebeili River. They were followed in exploration by Ruspoli, Bricchetti-Robecchi, Bottego (Italians) and Revoil and Borelli (Frenchmen). The last named made a most important journey south from Abyssinia, and discovered the Omo River. His account of his travels, published by the French Government, is an almost perfect exemplar of what such a work should be. Mr. W. Astor Chanler, an American, afterwards made a very important exploration of Gallaland, north of the Tana River. Dr. J. W. Gregory, of the British Museum, traveled to Lake Baringo and Kenia, which mountain he ascended higher than any preceding explorer. Mr. Gregory's journey was productive of much information regarding the geology of the countries traversed. Dr. Donaldson Smith (an American) traveled over these countries between Somaliland and Bantu, East Africa, bringing back much new information. Captain Swayne has explored the interior of Somaliland; Lieutenant Vandeleur has surveyed Uganda and Unyoro (where also Major MacDonald, the late Captain B. L. Sclater and Captain Pringle, R. E., have done excellent surveying work); and Mr. H. Cavendish has just performed a remarkable journey right across the eastern horn of Africa.

In this review of explorers many names have been omitted, and only the leading journeys have been touched on. A great deal of the existing map of Africa has been quietly and unostentatiously compiled by patient officials, whose work has often been anonymous, and who have done much to correct the lightning-flash streaks across the darkness of unexplored Africa drawn by the great pioneers.

CHAPTER XIV.

**The Transvaal Parliament—Secret Sitzings—The Favorite Topic—
Kruger's Influence—The Second Raad—What the Members
are Like—The Cape Parliament—Plenty of Room—The
Sessions—Winter Sessions.**

MUCH has been heard recently of President Kruger, not only the nominal, but also the very real head of the South African Republic; and much also has been heard of that curious Batavian Hollander, Dr. Leyds, the State Secretary, the most astute adviser of the head of the State. Little, however, is heard of the Raads, those two most obedient assemblies whose members are the elected representatives of the free burghers of the State. This is indeed strict justice, for both Raads, and especially the first, have been content to play an entirely subordinate part; and instead of the President occupying his theoretical place as the servant of the people—which means to the Dutchmen and Burghers—the representatives of the burghers have been the humble followers of the President. This is a position of affairs not unknown in other Republics, but the course of public affairs has particularly accentuated it in the Transvaal. The theory of Government as laid down in the Grondwet, the foundation law or constitution of the Republic, provides for a President and Vice-President, a State Secretary, and five other members who form the Executive Council; the First Raad, or general elective body, with complete power only limited by the Grondwet; and the Second Raad, a sort of minor elective Council for local affairs, and to whose care is also nominally entrusted all that relates to the mining industry. The Chambers in which these two elective bodies meet are in the block of the Government buildings at Pretoria, a handsome pile, with one grand entrance from the church square. They are fairly lofty, well-lighted rooms, each

with raised dais, and central seats for the Chairman, President, and State Secretary; and the Secretary and Minute-Keeper of the Raad, and the members, sit each one in his own appointed chair.

Secret Sitzings

Scanty provision is made for visitors inside grilles, and for the Press a gallery is set apart, from which it is almost impossible to hear. This last is not of very great moment, for almost every matter of the least possible interest is considered in secret session. The meetings are opened with prayers, and the attendance roll is most jealously kept. Any member absent from a meeting is docked of his day's pay, and so determined are some of the members that there shall be no shirkers in the matter of attendance, even though nothing be accomplished, that during last session it was even proposed that any member absent for half an hour should be considered an absentee for the day. Careful minutes are kept of all proceedings, and the rules of debate are practically those with which Parliamentary procedure elsewhere has rendered us familiar. Day by day they are continually violated, however; members get heated in their arguments and conversation, hurl defiances one at the other, and even sometimes indulge in challenges to head-punching contests.

The Favorite Topic.

All burghers of the Republic have the right to present memorials and petitions to the Raads direct, and each of these must be considered, and a report made in open session. As the Transvaal burgher is still, to all intents and purposes, a pastoralist, accustomed to free access to his elected chiefs and governors, the consideration of these occupy the greater part of each session; and whether Hendrick Viljoen shall have a free grant of land and a pension because he is aged and poor, and was one of the original voortrekkers, or whether some remote dorp shall have a bridge over a torrent that is dry eleven and a half months out of the twelve, are far more important questions than whether Johannesburg shall have municipal government, or whether the Education Office is working in a satisfactory manner. It has not in the past been at all uncom-

mon for a whole fortnight of the session to be continuously devoted to minor and personal petitions. The foregoing applies generally to both First and Second Raads. The First Raad, however, is the principal and original elective body, and is most careful to maintain its pre-eminence. It alone can deserve the title of a legislative body; and, as before pointed out, in theory it possesses absolute power. It can initiate legislation without regard to the Second Raad, and can insist on its enactments being passed into law by Presidential promulgation. Its members comprise every variety of the Transvaal Dutchmen, but the educated and enlightened men are sadly in the minority.

Kruger's Influence.

Sometimes the First Raad does not go in the path that the South African "Grand Old Man" has marked out for it. Then he comes himself into the Raad, and with a most perfect knowledge of his creatures, wheedles, storms, or threatens resignation, as the occasion calls for. This last is the President's ultimate resort, and it has never yet failed to have due effect. These special appearances are always managed with consummate art, as on the famous occasion when, in response to an Outlander petition for the franchise, the President struck an attitude, and with tears declared that only over his dead body should they ever get it.

Sometimes the President gets really angry, as, for instance, when questions are asked as to improvements in the way of dams, roads, etc., that have been made, at the public expense, on his private farms, or as to the misdeeds of one or other of his numerous descendants.

The Second Raad.

This body was constituted as a sop to the Outlander, a special Raad to deal with minor matters, such as the Gold Law, and the mining industry, and native labor problems, and such-like—all of the least importance when compared with a burgher's petition for a new free farm. Even on its own special matters the Second Raad can do nothing but consider what is remitted to it, and make suggestions which may or may not be adopted.

What the Members Are Like.

Of the actual members of the Raads it may be said that the members of the Second Raad are of higher average than those of the First ; they are certainly better educated, and are men with more knowledge of the world. Since the establishment of the Second Raad, the members of the First have universally adopted black coats, hats, and collars for their Pretoria costume. The members of the First Raad are still, as they were, uneducated, half-nomadic pastoralists, whose only idea of policy is a low cunning born of their dealings with various tribes which have been cursed with the curse of Ham. Their particular village, or dorp, is the true limit of their ambition, and of a general policy for the State they have little conception. Their fathers trekked from English government and everything else English into the wilderness, and they only want to be left alone in an exclusive solitude. The Outlander is convenient because he pays heavy taxes, out of which they obtain fine pickings in one way and another ; but his restlessness and his constant seeking for a voice in affairs is disquieting, and they would rather enjoy the unlimited coffee and tobacco on their own stoeps in the old way. The President voiced this exactly when, in reference to a request that the town lands of Pretoria should be declared a public goldfield, having been proved to contain rich reefs, he said they had "too many goldfields already, and would not have any more."

The Cape Government.

The Cape Colony Parliament at Cape Town presents a contrast to that at Pretoria. It is housed in a handsome building built thirteen years ago, at the reasonable cost of a quarter million pounds. It is pretty to see how, whilst adapting the procedure of the mother of Parliaments, the Colony has been careful to imitate the color of the cushioned benches in the House of Lords and Commons at Westminster, respectively. An Englishman feels quite at home with the red benches in the chamber of the Legislative Council, which in degree answers to his House of Lords, and with the green-cushioned benches in the House of Assembly. Here, however, all resemblance to the Palace at Westminster ceases. The councilors, not being

hereditary, are not permitted, as in another place, to give themselves any airs and graces in the matter of stained glass windows or moulded ceilings. Except for the richer color of the leather cushions, the Legislative Council is not any better off than its neighbors at the other side of the lobby. Here again, by the way, is another point of resemblance between the Houses of Parliament at Westminster and Cape Town. Probably few members of either House of the British Parliament realize the fact that when the two Houses are in session, if all the doorways were thrown wide open the Lord Chancellor and the Speaker would find themselves seated vis-a-vis. The Woolsack at one end of the building is directly opposite the Speaker's chair at the other. The subtle significance of this arrangement is equally cared for at the Cape. The chair of the President of the Legislative Council and that of the Speaker of the House of Assembly face each other.

Plenty of Room.

One thing that strikes the visitor to the Cape Parliament accustomed to the state of Affairs of Westminster is the liberality of the accommodation. In the House of Assembly there are 100 seats, whilst the House when fully constituted consists of 76 members. In the Legislative Council the disparity between numbers and accommodation is greater still. The Council consists of 22 members, who have provided for their accommodation a chamber very much the same size as that allotted to the more numerous body. In the British House of Lords, Commoners looking in to hear the debate may find a few seats at their disposal in their gallery by the bar. If these are appropriated, they may find standing room in the pens on the floor behind the bar. If they are Privy Councilors, they may even stand on the steps of the Throne. In the Cape Parliament the haughty pride of the Upper House is curbed by the fact that members of the other Chamber listening to the debate are at liberty to seat themselves on red leather cushioned benches, identical in every respect with those on which the Councilors are seated, save that they stand below the bar. In other respects the leveling tendency of democracy prevails. The House of Lords at Westminster

have a dining-room of their own, which they rarely use, and to which they sternly decline to admit the hungry and overcrowded Commons. In the Cape Parliament the Upper House and the Lower House meet at a common dinner table. They have but one library between them, and but one billiard table. Here, it is true, they have the pull over the British legislator, who has none at all.

The Sessions.

Whilst all arrangements for providing dinners at the Cape Town Parliament House are up to date—even to the item of having the kitchen at the top of the building—there is not much call upon the commissariat department. This arises from the circumstances that the hours of business are less exacting than in England. The Houses meet five days a week at two o'clock, and rise at six. On Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, they resume the sitting at eight o'clock, and remain till a little after eleven, rarely later than a quarter past. As dinner is earlier at the Cape than in London, this arrangement permits of members dining at home, or at the hotels. Members of both Houses, in addition to traveling over the railway when going to and from Cape Town on legislative business, are paid. Those who live in or near Cape Town receive through the session twenty shillings a day. Those coming from a distance receive £1, 16s., the additional sum being designed to meet the charge of living away from home. In this connection there is an ingenuous arrangement which should not be forgotten if ever payment of members becomes a condition of English Parliamentary life. The session here lasts for a maximum period of ninety days. If members, by undue debate, choose to extend the period, no one can question their authority. Only, the pay stops after the ninetieth day, and members remaining in Cape Town to prolong the session do so at their own expense.

Winter Session.

The Parliamentary session is ordered with a view to the sittings being completed within the winter season. Another arrangement upon which those concerned for the progress of business at Westminster look with envious eyes is that for taking divisions. There is

no possibility for a quarter of an hour or twenty minutes being wasted in peregrination of division lobbies. When a division is challenged, members on either side cross over, exchange places, and the clerks go round and tick them off. This is in obedience to the Speaker's injunction, "Ayes to the right, noes to the left." As the Ministerialists sit on the right of the Speaker and the Opposition, they remain seated should the former vote "Aye" and the latter "No." This process, which occupies but a few minutes, is of course practicable only in an assembly where the principle of one seat one man prevails. In the British House of Commons, crowded as it is on the evening of a great division with an overflow of members, filling the side galleries and thronging the bar, the Cape custom would be impracticable. At Cape Town each member has his appointed seat. He selects it at the opening of the session, and, undisturbed, retains it till the prorogation.

Westminster sartorial customs are observed in the cases of the Speaker of the House of Assembly and the President of the Legislative Council. Both wear wigs and gowns. Also the Sergeant-at-Arms in one House and the Usher of the Black Rod in the other wear knee breeches, black silk stockings, and a sword. There is a bar in both Houses, though here it is put to different use. In Westminster it was, at one time, pretty regularly brought to light in the House of Commons in order that Mr. Bradlaugh might stand at the other side of it, and claim his right to take his seat as the elected of Northampton. At the bar of the House of Commons personages charged with breach of privileges are arraigned. At Cape Town, whenever a division is called, the bar is drawn out to serve the prosaic purpose of preventing trespass by strangers. Both Houses of the Cape Parliament have a mace which, as at Westminster, lies on the table or is hung by its side, according as the House is or is not in Committee. What the Cape Town Upper House has unique possession of is a something that at first sight looks like a dock. It is a railed enclosure fixed outside the bar. It serves the purpose of a dock, inasmuch that members who have been adjudged guilty of disorderly conduct stand in it and make apology to the House.

CHAPTER XV.

The Famous Diamond Mines of Kimberley—A Unique Scene—Discovery of the Diamonds—View of the Mines—How they are Worked—"Spreading the Blue"—Washing Out the Stones—Searching the Workers—In the Offices—Who Owned the Stone?

IN the story of the troubles between Boer and Briton in South Africa a prominent place must be given to the famous Kimberley diamond mines. For, in the first place, the diamond fields were once the property of Boers, as the names of several of the mines indicate. The property was bought by British prospectors for a mere trifle, and was developed into the richest mining region on the face of the globe. The wrath of the Boers at thus losing so rich a prize was indescribable and has never abated. For a quarter of a century they have brooded over it, and longed for revenge. In the next place it was the wealth derived from these mines that made Cecil Rhodes the powerful leader he has been for many years and that inspired him with the imperial ambition to make all of South Africa British from the Cape to the Zambezi. And in the third place, it was this discovery of enormous wealth on the old Boer farms at Kimberley that led English adventurers to look farther and to find and open up the wondrous gold mines of the Rand.

A Unique Scene.

Apart, however, from this, the mines are a singularly interesting place. There is nothing else like them in the world. The gold mines of the Rand are practically duplicated in Australia and California. But the Kimberley diamond mines, or fields, are unique. The name "fields" is very appropriately applied to them. There are literally fields of hundreds of acres covered with diamonds, as elsewhere they might be covered with beets or turnips. They lie

only a few miles from the desolate waste of the Great Karoo, which for hundreds of miles is destitute of trees and shrubs, except along the occasional watercourses. For a short distance close around Kimberley are fertile plains. But when the mines are reached a scene of utter desolation is presented. There are hundreds of acres absolutely void of trees or grass or any living thing. They are gray, bare and barren. Yet they are the richest fields in the world, for they are thickly strewn with diamonds, and any one of the dull clods may contain a gem worth a king's ransom.

Discovery of the Diamonds.

The mines were discovered nearly thirty years ago by the finding of some diamonds in the surface soil. They were on three adjoining farms called Voornitzigt, Bultfontein and Dorstfontein; these were the property of Boers, but were soon purchased by Englishmen for what seemed a handsome price, but was really a mere trifle in comparison with the wealth that has since been taken from the property. The name Voornitzigt is more easily defined than pronounced. It means simply a place commanding an extensive view. Bultfontein means a spring or fountain of water on a long low hill or "bult." Dorstfontein means literally thirst-fountain, that is, a spring at which the thirst is quenched. These three farms comprised in all about forty-five thousand acres, in which area are now included the diamond mines and part of the town of Kimberley. The name De Beers, given to one of the richest groups of mines, is that of the former Dutch owner of the Voornitzigt farm, and that of Dutoitspan is taken from that of the French Huguenot family of DuToit, which formerly owned Dorstfontein.

View of the Mines.

The mines are open pits from three to five hundred feet in depth, though in some of them there are underground workings at much greater depths. The soil in which the gems are found is called by the miners "blue," from its color, and is, indeed, now known by that name even among scientific men. It seems to be a tough, dry mud of volcanic origin, sometimes hardened into actual

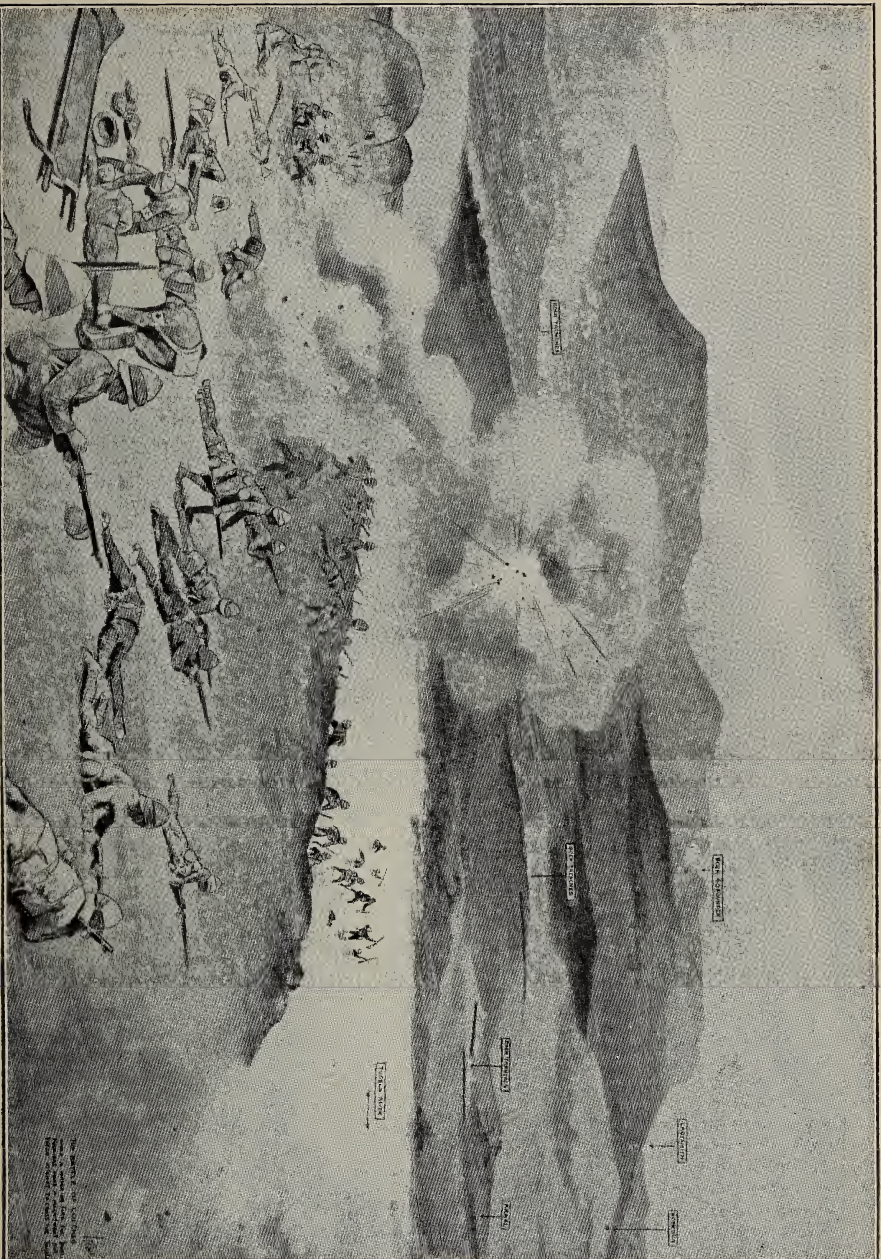
stone. It is drilled, blasted by dynamite, drawn to the surface by a series of cars hung on rope railways, and then dumped on the depositing floors or fields, for so hard and tough is it that it requires from three to twelve months' exposure to the weather before it can finally be broken up, washed and sorted.

How They Are Worked.

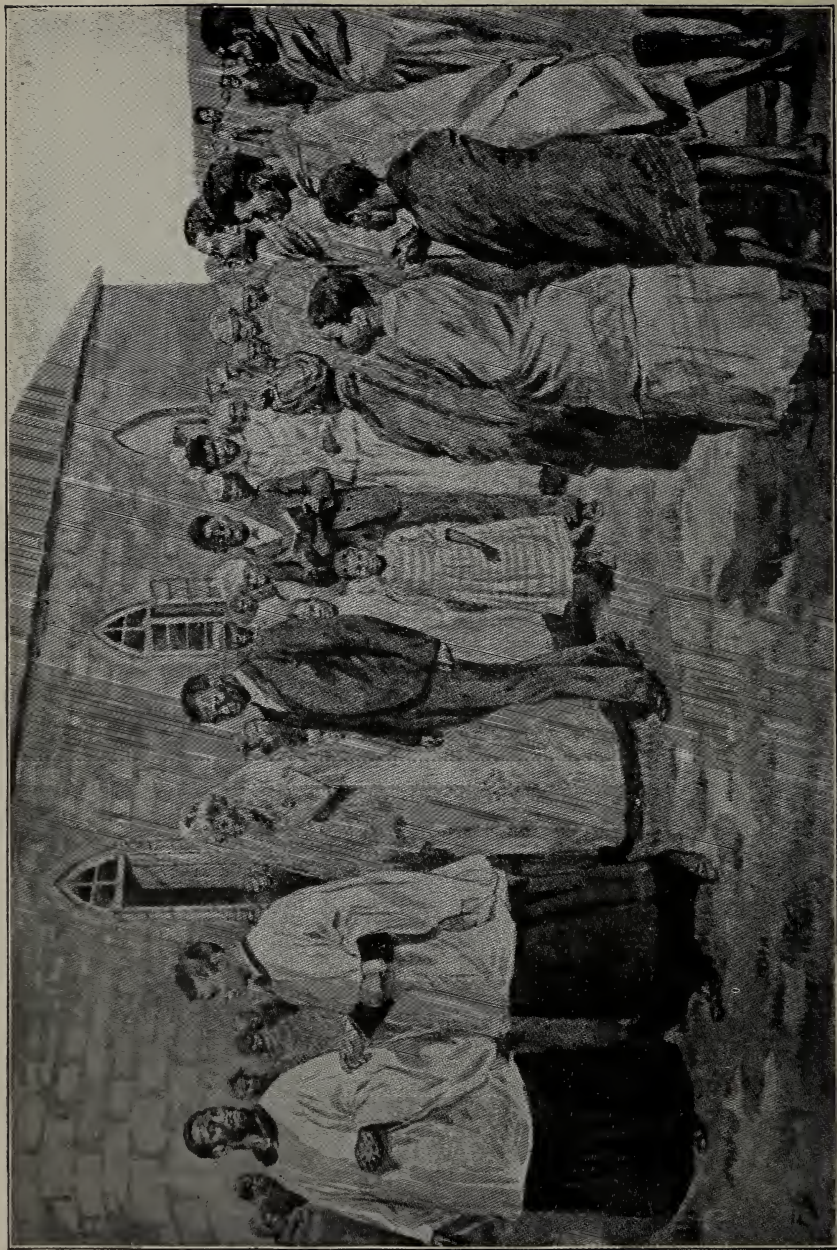
If one descends to the bottom of one of the mines he will find hundreds, perhaps thousands, or more of negro workmen. They are all splendidly-built men, of pure negro blood. They drill the blasting holes with power drills, or sometimes with hand drills and sledge-hammers, under the orders of white superintendents. After the blast is fired they work out the loosened ground with pick and shovel, load it into trucks, and dump it on the fields. The scene is a weird and uncanny one. The noise of the pumping engines and the throbbing of the steam drills, the ringing blows of the hammers upon the hand drills, the rattle and roar of the iron trucks on the steel-rope railways, and the unearthly shouts of the negro workmen make a perfect pandemonium of noise. After a time a great bell sounds at the mouth of the mine, announcing that the day's work is done. All hands swarm out of the mine, the white men in cars and baskets, which are hoisted up, and the negroes up slender, hanging ladders. When all are out, the blast is fired. A tremendous series of explosions shakes the solid ground for miles around. The diamond-bearing blue flies into the air and falls cracking in great masses. Huge slices of the ricky walls of the mines fall in. At last all is still, and then another force of men go in for their day's work. Although most of the men leave the mines before the blasts are fired, a few sometimes remain in sheltered places. It is most dangerous to do so, and, indeed, the mines are, under all circumstances, places of great peril. It is said that on the average a man is killed every day by the falling of masses of rick.

"Spreading the Blue."

When the blue is raised from the mine it is carried out to the fields and spread about, making the most desolate looking place



The Battle of Colenso.



A Native Wedding in Zululand.

imaginable. The fields cover about seven thousand acres and generally contain about a million truck-loads of blue. The average value of the blue is perhaps \$5 a load, so that \$5,000,000 worth of diamonds are constantly lying on the fields. When the blue has been exposed to the weather long enough, the superintendent announces that it is ready for further work. Negro workmen then go at it with heavy picks and break the lumps up as finely as possible. Then water, which is brought in pipes from the Vaal River, sixteen miles away, is plentifully applied by means of long hose similar to that used by fire companies. Then harrows and clod crushers are used, and then more water, and then heavy rollers, and so on until the blue is transformed into soft mud. Then it is loaded into trucks again and carried to the washing sheds.

Washing out the Stones.

Here it is raised by elevators to a height of fifteen or twenty feet and dumped into a series of sieves, which free it from stones and lumps. Next it goes into the washing machines, which are round, flat iron pans, in which revolve arms furnished with spikes to stir and churn the contents of the pan. Water is constantly poured into the pans and it carries off the worthless liquid mud. The residue is carted off for further treatment, to wit, about one per cent. of the total original mass of the blue. Even this small residue is presently reduced to one-third its bulk by being passed through a series of sieves working up and down in clean water. Here all substances much lighter than diamonds are thrown off. At last the precious remainder is brought in sieves and spread upon sorting tables. The work of sorting is conducted according to the individual taste of the manager. Some managers will employ only Europeans of good character. Others employ boys. At least one employs none but negro convicts. These latter are said to do the best work of all.

Searching the Workers.

Much has been written about the rigid searching system to which all employés are subjected. There is, indeed, such a system,

but it is largely a mere form. The negro workmen in the mines wear no clothes at all when at work, but leave their garments outside the mines, to resume them when their day's work is done. It is, therefore, manifestly almost impossible for them to steal and carry away any gems they might find. The white workmen are not searched at all. An attempt to do it was made in 1884, but led to serious riots and some bloodshed, and was promptly abandoned.

The workmen stand in long lines at the sorting tables, each with a heap of dark, moist pebbles in front of him. Each has a small iron scraper in his hand with which he draws away from the pile a handful of the pebbles, spreads them out, turns them over, and spreads and turns them again and again, so as to expose to his view every individual bit of stone. Now and then he sees a diamond. He picks it up and drops it into a tin box with not half the concern a boy manifests when he picks up an angle worm and drops it into his bait box. When his work is done, he hands the box full of gems to the superintendent, who takes them to the manager, who weighs them and enters them in his register, and then seals them up and takes them to the company's appraiser in the diamond market, who in turn sorts and classifies them and hands them to brokers to sell. Thus the diamonds are found in three ways, or at three times. First in the claims, when the blue is broken up by blasting. Second, on the depositing floors after the blue has been exposed to the weather a sufficient time to break it up. And third, in the sorting after the blue has been washed.

In the Offices.

The offices of the company in Kimberley are no less interesting than the mines. In them one may see numerous little piles of what might be samples of coffee occupying shelves along the sides of the room. These are piles of uncut diamonds, worth hundreds of thousands of dollars, exposed as carelessly as though they were mere pebbles. In each little heap there is perhaps half a pint of them, and half a million dollars' worth may often be seen exposed at once in a modest little room. Comparatively few of them show to the unpracticed eye their real value. Some look like common

pebbles, others like bits of glass, while some shine with brilliant lustre. The officials employed in these offices are, of course, paid good salaries. Many of them get \$10,000 to \$20,000 a year. There is really nothing, however, to prevent them from adding to their income by pocketing diamonds, excepting their sense of honesty and honor. It must be said that this sense is very highly cultivated. Thieving in the offices is of rare occurrence.

Indeed, throughout the entire community the company's ownership of all diamonds is generally recognized. Years ago, before the consolidation of all the mines under the ownership of a single company, people often picked up diamonds in the fields and by the roadsides, and unhesitatingly kept them as their own. Now, all honest people turn such treasure-trove over to the police, to be handed to the officers of the company. Indeed, it would be difficult for them to do otherwise. They could only dispose of such diamonds to the I. D. B., that is the Illicit Diamond Buyers. And to have any dealings with the I. D. B. is to make of one's self a social outlaw.

Who Owned the Stone?

Amusing complications sometimes arise from the habits of domestic fowls, which seem to possess an insatiable taste for diamonds. In the early days of diamond digging, it was profitable and by no means uncommon enterprise to keep a number of fowls and let them run at large, for the sake of the diamonds which were sure to be found in their crops when they were killed. There is an entirely true story, which has become classic throughout South Africa, of a very fine diamond which was found in the crop of a pigeon. The question arose, who was the owner of it? Was it the man who shot the pigeon, or the man on whose ground it was shot, or the housekeeper who bought the pigeon, or the cook who opened its crop and discovered the gem? The controversy was carried on in an animated manner for a long time, and the opinion of almost every man in Cape Colony who was supposed to be an authority on such things was obtained. But the question was never satisfactorily settled.

CHAPTER XVI.

Cecil Rhodes—Made by Diamonds—His Only Chance—Mr. Rhodes and General Gordon—Dealing with the Basutos—Making a Dream Come True—A Fitting Leader—The Jameson Raid—Never Caught Napping—In the Matoppo Hills—In the Savage Council—Talking with the Savages—A Daring Speech—The Making of Peace—A Conqueror—A Typical Empire Builder.

ABOUT twenty-three years ago, or before the railway was built in South Africa, two Englishmen were riding on a cart to Kimberley. One was a young man of twenty-four, of delicate and studious appearance; the other was middle-aged, with the face of one who had been in the wars. They were strangers. For two days neither spoke. From sunrise to sunset the young man pored over the pages of a prayer-book. "What are you reading?" asked the older man, when his curiosity at last compelled him to speak. "The Thirty-nine Articles," came the brief reply, and the young man turned to his book again. Thus met two men whose names were afterwards to become widely known in connection with the country in which they were traveling. Sir Charles Warren was going out to suppress a rising of the Kaffirs, and the young stranger with his prayer-book was going back from Oxford to Kimberley for the "long vacation." His name was Cecil Rhodes.

Made by Diamonds.

It is hardly too much to say that Mr. Rhodes has been made by diamonds. Diamonds set him on his feet when, a sick and lonely youth, he found himself for the first time in Africa. He had left his father's rectory in Hertfordshire to gain strength in a new climate, and his prospect was not the brightest. It is not true that he ever gained his livelihood in the streets of Kimberley, as has been asserted; but there was certainly a time when Mr. Rhodes and riches

were as far asunder as the poles. That time was not for long, however. Mr. Rhodes set foot in Africa a few years after diamonds had been discovered there, and it was not long before he staked all he had in a few claims. These he shared with his brother Herbert, who eventually relinquished his share and went up north, where, after an adventurous life as a hunter, he met with a tragic death. While his elder brother was hunting elephants, Cecil Rhodes was plodding away in the diamond fields. Many an old miner must remember the tall English lad sitting at a table near a quarry in Griqualand, in the early seventies, sorting his diamonds and superintending the work of his gang of Kaffirs; but how many of them guessed that the destinies of a continent were bound up with that lad and the diamonds on his table!

His Only Chance.

Mr. Rhodes, as has been intimated, did not go out as a diamond seeker. His delicate health had so alarmed his father that he sought the advice of a specialist, who told the youth that his only chance of life was to go to South Africa. He was barely twenty when he left the rectory at Bishop Stortford, where he was born on July 5, 1853, and he was full of the enthusiasm of youth. While working hard for his living in Natal and in Griqualand, he managed to find time to pursue his studies, and even to go over to Oxford to spend part of each year at Oriel College, where he took his degree. It was when returning from Oxford on one of these occasions that he learned the Thirty-nine Articles for his next examination, surprising Sir Charles Warren by wrapping himself up in his prayer-book for two whole days on a carrier's cart. Nothing could be more unjust than to regard Mr. Rhodes as a mere gold-seeker. If he has sought to grow rich, he has sought riches not for his own aggrandizement so much as to enable him to carry on the work to which, rightly or wrongly, he has given his life. "That's my dream—all English," he observed, many years ago, moving his hand over a map of Africa up to the Zambezi, and it is for the realization of that dream of empire that he has sought wealth. When Gordon told him of the roomful of gold which the Chinese Government had offered him

after the suppression of the Tae-ping rebellion, Mr. Rhodes expressed surprise that he had refused it. "It is no use of our having big ideas," he said, "if we have not got the money to carry them out." Mr. Rhodes has spent hundreds of thousands of pounds in the work in which he is engaged, and has built railways, erected telegraphs, and suppressed rebellions, out of his own pocket, with as little to-do as the average man makes in buying his morning paper.

Mr. Rhodes and General Gordon.

General Gordon had a great admiration for Mr. Rhodes. One day, as the two were walking together in Basutoland, Mr. Rhodes chaffed Gordon with letting the natives take him as the big man, whereas the "big man" was really Mr. Sauer, the Cape Secretary for Native Affairs. "You ought to explain that he is somebody and you are nobody," said Mr. Rhodes, and at the next Indaba the General stepped before the chiefs, and pointing to Mr. Sauer, said, "You are making a great mistake in treating me as the big man. That is the great man of the whites. I am only his servant, only his dog, nothing more." Mr. Rhodes was amazed that Gordon had taken it seriously, and when the Indaba was over, Gordon explained that he had done it because he thought it was the right thing to do, though, he added, "It was hard, very hard." Gordon pleaded with Mr. Rhodes to stay in Basutoland and work with him. "There are very few men in the world to whom I would make such an offer—very few men, I can tell you. But, of course, you will have your own way." And again, when he set out for Khartoum on his fatal last journey, the merest coincidence kept Mr. Rhodes from accompanying him. Gordon wired, asking him to go, and on the same morning Mr. Rhodes received an offer of a post in the Cape Ministry. But for that, he might have perished in Khartoum with Gordon—just as, but for a cold he caught while rowing at Oxford, which affected his lungs, he might never have gone out to Africa.

Making a Dream Come True.

Mr. Rhodes's "dream" seemed to be a dream and nothing more. The Boers were far more likely to get the land; or the Por-

tuguese, who already claimed it; or the Germans, who were laying hands on the Zanzibar coast. Memories of Rorke's Drift and Majuba Hill made further British conquests seem impracticable. But this was a dreamer who would undertake, with his own hands, to make his dream come true. He went at the task with complete faith, and in exactly the same way in which, on the basis of a single mine, he built up the great De Beers consolidation. He began with Cape Colony, thitherto a mass of jarring, warring factions; showed English and Dutch, and all the rest, that their interests were identical; made the whole colony united as one man, and himself the unchallenged leader. Then he moved beyond the Orange River, and beyond the Kalahari Desert, and took up all the land. To do this readily he formed a second "John Company" on a prodigious scale. The British South African Company was perhaps, in its composition, the most noteworthy of all those chartered companies which have been the advance agents of imperial dominion. Hostile critics have declared it was made up of "Tory Jingoese and royal Dukes." Indeed, it had such in it. But it also had such men of light and leading as Thomas Huxley and Lord Kelvin and Professor Henry Drummond, and such ultra anti-Tories as Sir Charles Dilke and Mr. Conybeare, M. P., and Mr. Schnadhorst, the manager of the great Gladstone political "machine." Tory squires and peers, Radical and Socialist politicians, Irish Home Rulers, all united under the puissant leadership of Cecil Rhodes to effect the realization of his dream.

A Fitting Leader.

Nor could such an enterprise have had a more fitting leader. In mental and physical equipment he was equal to every requirement. He knew his Africa by personal experience as well as he knew his classics through Oxford training. He could "prospect" for gold or diamonds with the shrewdest. He could palaver with Kaffirs or Matabeles in their own barbarous tongue. He could treat with the Boers with all their own stolidity. He could lead a company of cavalry or riflemen with the valor and skill of a predestined conqueror. And he could do it all with the tact of a born diplomat and

the profitable thrift of a master financier. What wonder that he could hold a world's fair at Kimberley, build a railroad across the desolation of the Great Karroo, project a telegraph line from Cape Town to Alexandria, and make Tanganyika the northern boundary of Cape Colony!

The Jameson Raid.

A few years ago some thought his sun was setting, down-stricken from the zenith. That was because of Jameson's raid into the Transvaal. Doubtless their judgment has now been reconsidered. How far he was responsible for that performance was a matter of dispute. On the face of the case there was one superlative reason for thinking he was not directly interested in it; it failed. But it gave a new turn to his career; more probably an upward than a downward one. His comment on Jameson's conviction and sentence was characteristic, one of those self-illuminative utterances of which only taciturn men of action are capable. "What a tribute," he said, "to the moral worth of the nation that has 'jumped' the world!" In that one sentence stand revealed the man's detestation of shams and hypocrisy and his appreciation of that open and above-board aggressiveness that has so often been the secret of British success. Again when timorous friends were begging him to be discreet, and foes were saying he dared not "face the music," he answered both, once and for all: "I am not going to lie about it!"

Other of his utterances were reckoned indiscreet, as calculated to arouse unnecessary antagonisms. Thus, he said he was about to be tried by the "unctuous rectitude" of his fellow-countrymen; a phrase that will stick all the more surely because an Englishman coined it. So his sneering reference to Mr. Chamberlain, "Some great men cultivate orchids!" seemed a foolish provocation. But John Bull loves a good fighter, so long as he fights fair, and it may be that these very defiances will only increase respect for the bold champion who flings them down.

Never Caught Napping.

Nor is he rash and heedless, after all, as note a certain episode. It was supposed that the trump card he had in reserve to confound

his enemies and vindicate his course toward the Transvaal was proof that the Pretoria Government had been intriguing with Germany in contravention of its obligations to England, and it was taught that he had in his possession some letters and other documents to that effect which the Boers would not like to have made public. There was trouble about that time with the Matabeles in the Matoppo Hills which his lieutenants could not settle. So up went Cecil Rhodes himself, walked straight into the hostile camp, squatted down in the chief's kraal, and talked straightforward common-sense into the insurgents, and speedily induced them to quietly disband and return to ways of peace. But while he was on that mission his splendid country house of Groote Schuur, at Rondebosch, was destroyed by fire. How, who knows? Some say an accident. Some darkly hint that those incriminating documents were supposed to be stored there, and that some Boer officials were uncommonly anxious for their destruction, and that therefore— Well, these suspicions were conveyed to Mr. Rhodes on his return; whereupon he smiled grimly, and patted the black leather sides of a bag he had had with him all the time in the Matoppo Hills.

In the Matoppo Hills.

Mr. Rhodes's trip to the Matoppo Hills, to stop short what threatened to be a tedious and costly war, was a most courageous performance. He took with him one Colenbrander, as an interpreter. Dr. Hans Sauer, and Capt. Stent, the correspondent. Two natives, John Grootboom and Makunga, accompanied the four white men. Three of the whites carried revolvers in their pockets. Mr. Rhodes carried nothing but a switch, a habit of his when in danger or under fire, which reminds one of the fatalism of his old friend Gordon, who in the Chinese war carried nothing but a cane. By a narrow gorge, through the granite hills, they made their way past kopjes and thick, bushy scrub that would have afforded excellent cover for an ambush.

In the Savage Council.

A messenger from the Matabeles invited Rhodes and his companions to a great Indaba, or conference, in a secluded spot.

Rhodes at once resolved to go. They all knew the danger—none better than Mr. Rhodes, whose restless, nervous energy made him conscious of every detail of his surroundings. At last through the neck of a narrow gorge, their horses picked their way into a small amphitheatre, somewhat resembling a cirque in the Pyrenees, inclosed on all sides by lofty walls of granite rock, many hundreds of feet in height, and dominated by a huge granite kopje. The kopje and the heights were alive with armed Matabele warriors, whose heads peeped out, showing like black balls against the granite, from the shelter of the crevices and boulders, as they looked down on the little party of defenceless white men below. Mr Rhodes halted his horse in a mealie patch and dismounted. His companions followed his example. The decisive moment had come. Was it a stratagem of the savages to get the great white chief into their power, or was it in good faith that the invitation to the Indaba had been given? Did the natives desire to lay their grievances before him whom they regarded as the king of the white men, or did they merely wish, by a ruse not unknown in savage warfare, to deprive the whites of their chief? The question was soon decided. The white men had not long dismounted when a white flag flashed from the kopje, and a long array of Matabele Indunas followed in single file, and, fixing the flag in the ground, sat down in a half-moon formation round the four white men. The natives were Indunas of age and weight in the nation. Nearly all wore on their heads the ring, the distinguishing mark of responsible warriors.

Talking with the Savages.

Mr. Rhodes, who sat some way up on the side of an ant-heap, greeted them in Zulu, "You are well out of it." The Indunas responded with the same good wish for the white chief and his Indunas. Then there was a long pause. Mr. Rhodes told Colenbrander to ask them to come to business. Colenbrander said: "Tell your troubles to Rhodes, your father. He has come among you unarmed, with peace in his heart." Then first one Induna, and after him another, waxed eloquent with their complaints. The chief of these complaints was the misconduct of the native police. . . . Mr.

Rhodes then assured them that there were to be no more native police.

A Daring Speech.

At last Mr. Rhodes stopped their complaints by sternly advancing the most serious charge he had against them. "I am not angry with you for fighting us, but why did you kill our women and children? For this you deserve no forgiveness." It was, as Mr. Colenbrander warned Mr. Rhodes, dangerous criticism in such a place—an unarmed white man boldly accusing the chiefs of the Matabele nation of their worst wrongdoing, while crowds of armed warriors looked on from the kopjes and boulders around, and the lifting of a hand would have brought them down like wolves on their prey. Then Mr. Rhodes, impatient at the long discussion of non-essentials, came to the point. "All this is of the past," he said (Colenbrander translated for him throughout); "Now for the future. Is it peace or is it war?" One of the Indunas at once took up a stick and held it above his head. Then, throwing it down at the feet of Mr. Rhodes, he cried, "See! this is my gun; I throw it down at your feet. This is my assegai," repeating the action; and all the Indunas loudly assented. Then Mr. Rhodes explained the situation. The cattle were all dead. The time for sowing had come; the rain was at hand. Let there be peace now, or they would have famine soon. To this argument he added the assurance, "I will remain with you in the land, and you can come to me with your troubles." This promise was received with applause.

The Making of Peace.

Then the Induna Somnavulu summed up: "It is good; my father, you have trusted us, and we have spoken. We are all here to-day, and our voice is the voice of the nation. We are the mouths and ears of the people. We give you one word. It is peace. The war is over. Your road to Tuli is safe. Try it. We do not break our word. We have spoken." The council had lasted more than four hours, and the sun was slanting low on the kopjes when Mr. Rhodes, by rising, gave the sign that it was over. Then came another moment of suspense, not, indeed, to Mr. Rhodes, who felt

that he had won. The natives crowded in on the whites, entreating for tobacco, which was given them, and down from the kopjes well-armed young warriors began to stream into the amphitheatre. The horses stood close by, and Mr. Rhodes's horse had caught its feet in the reins. But, anxious not to break the spell by any hasty movement, he waited till his party were ready to start. Then, while the Indunas, with lifted right hands, shouted, "Farewell, Father and King!" Mr. Rhodes turned his horse's head and made his way slowly back to camp, conscious that the big work he had set himself was done, that the Chartered Company was safe, and Rhodesia delivered. . . . The Indunas kept their word, and the Matabele loyalty is of more than feudal firmness.

A Conqueror.

It was at the end of December that he returned from the Matabele country. His progress from Durban to Kimberley and from Kimberley to Cape Town was a triumphant march. At Cape Town itself he was received like a conquering hero, and was greeted by a great audience at the Drill Hall, where, to an accompaniment of thunder, lightning and hail, he made a great farewell speech. Desperate efforts were made to get up "anti-Rhodes" demonstrations throughout the colony, but with little success. The English residents were with him to a man, and so were the great majority of the Dutch, who form the major part of the population. It was made unmistakably clear that, whatever might be his reception and his fate in England, he was trusted, honored and admired in South Africa above all other men of the time.

A Typical Empire Builder.

The figure of the man is, indeed, an inspiring one, seen in contemporary history or in actual presence. If you see him on horseback, one of his favorites of all places, you see him riding like a centaur, erect and firm, save for an intent, forward inclination of the massive head. In his home or in society you see a stalwart, unaffected man, plainly but fastidiously garbed, quiet and courteous but masterful in manner. The face is that of a lion, or a bulldog,

or of a man whose will is a law unto himself and unto all about him. "Rhodes," said Charles Gordon to him one day, "you are one of those men who never approve anything unless it is of their own doing." "Yes," replied Rhodes, "I fancy that's true." It is true. But then this man has practically done everything he has had anything to do with. His brow is that of a scholar, his figure that of an athlete, his voice that of an orator. His blue eye reads you through and through, while his thin lips seem meant to shut in rather than to give forth what thoughts are in his mind. Power is the supreme characteristic, both physical and mental. Perhaps the spiritual is in abeyance, or is lacking. Spirituality was not a striking trait of Drake, or Hastings or Clive. If this man errs in that respect, he errs in illustrious company, and not for a selfish motive. The British Empire in South Africa is the cause to which he gives himself. Perhaps unconsciously, but none the less surely, it was the inspiration of his early Oxford studies and his health-seeking in Natal. The consciousness of it grew upon him when he began to grow rich at Kimberley and when he finished his course at Oriel. It reached full confirmation when he became the "Diamond King" and Prime Minister of Cape Colony. It is revealed to all the world, now that he has carried the British flag and advanced the British border-line a thousand miles through one of the richest countries on the globe. His dream is realized.

On his last visit to Europe he was received with favor on nearly every side. He had several interviews with the German Emperor, who gave a dinner in his honor. He obtained from the German Government a franchise to build a railway and telegraph line through German territory in Africa. This was a long step toward carrying out one of his great dreams of a "Cape to Cairo" railway. In England, Oxford University honored Mr. Rhodes with the degree of D. C. L. His rehabilitation with the British public, therefore, seemed to have been well-nigh completed.

CHAPTER XVII.

The Cape to Cairo Railroad Scheme—From Cape Town to Cairo—The Road now in Operation—The Next Stage—On the Lakes—The Final Stretch—Some Account of the Country—North of the Zambezi—In the Highlands—Lake Tanganyika.

REFERENCE has been made to Mr. Rhodes's great plan of a "Cape to Cairo" railroad, running lengthwise of the African continent. This stupendous plan seems entirely practicable, and will doubtless soon be put into execution. The "Cape to-Cairo" project has long been cherished by Mr. Rhodes, and it may be that, in the end, it will be the one of all his far-reaching plans and comprehensive projects which will be most permanently connected with his name. Whatever may be his limitations in other respects, Mr. Rhodes has the capacity for looking into the future. The notion of linking Northern and Southern Africa, by means of the locomotive, was promulgated by him years ago, when to most people it might have seemed too visionary for serious consideration—when the tract between the Zambezi and Lake Tanganyika was held by fierce bands of Arab slave-raiders, when the district north of the lake was unexplored desert, and when the whole Nile basin, right down to the outposts of Egypt, was under the yoke of the Mahdist tyranny. As for the last-named obstacle, Mr. Rhodes always made light of it. "When we get our railway to the Nile," he used to say, "we will deal with the Mahdi." Fortunately, Lord Kitchener has saved him the trouble, by "dealing" with the Khalifa in a highly effectual manner, and at the same time bringing the northern portion of the Trans-Continental line well on its way towards the equator. The Egyptian Railway system, which for years came to a sudden block at Wady Halfa, has been carried to Khartoum, and probably in a few months' time may find its temporary terminus at Sabot. Thence, as occasion offers, and finances

permit, it will be prolonged further and further southward, passing the now historic Fashoda, and Lado, and Dufile, until at length it reaches the shores of the Victoria Nyanza, and a junction can be effected with the Uganda Railway coming up from the Indian Ocean, and with Mr. Rhodes's line, which may by that time be able to join hands with it from the south.

From Cape Town to Cairo.

It need hardly be said that, when we speak of the Cape to Cairo "railway," we use only a convenient and picturesque phrase. For some time to come, the Cape to Cairo "route" would be a more accurate description of the proposed line of communication than that which is commonly employed. Eventually, no doubt, the traveler will be able to step into his train of sleeping and dining cars at Cape Town, and will not be disturbed until he alights in the capital of Egypt. But long before this consummation is reached there will be a safe and easy, though not uninterrupted, mode of transit throughout the length of the African continent by several lines of railway, connected by steamers on the internal waterways. The road will be built by sections, and for the sake of economy those portions of the route on which facilities exist for water transport will be left to the last. The railway will come up to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, and at the point of contact steamers will be available to convey passengers and goods to the northern extremity of this great inland sea. From Tanganyika there will be another length of line to the Victoria Nyanza or the Albert Edward Nyanza; and from these lakes the navigable waters of the Nile will be available, at least in part, until the southward extension of the Soudan Railway shall be reached. In fact, the "Cape to Cairo" line will not be, as is sometimes supposed, a uniform new system, driven for several thousands of miles through a territory still virgin of the locomotive, like the Russian Trans-Asiatic Railway; it is rather in the nature of a series of comparatively short sections of road, joining existing means of communication, improving others, and making use of the marine engine as well as the railway line. In time, of course, the steamer will be

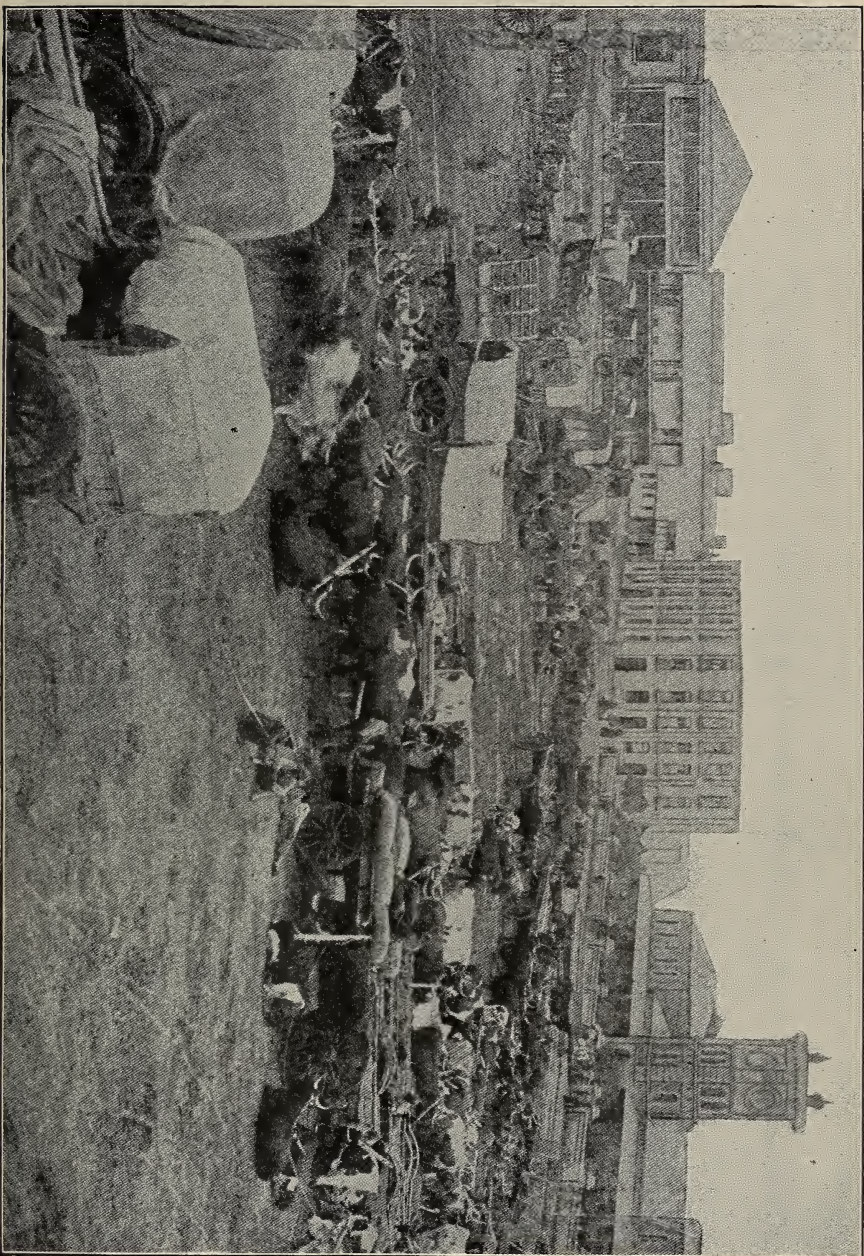
entirely dispensed with by those who desire a quick passage through the Dark Continent. The metals will run along the shores of Tanganyika, the Nyanza Lakes, and the Nile, and duplicate or supersede the slower transport facilities offered by the waterways. But this is for the future.

The Road Now in Operation.

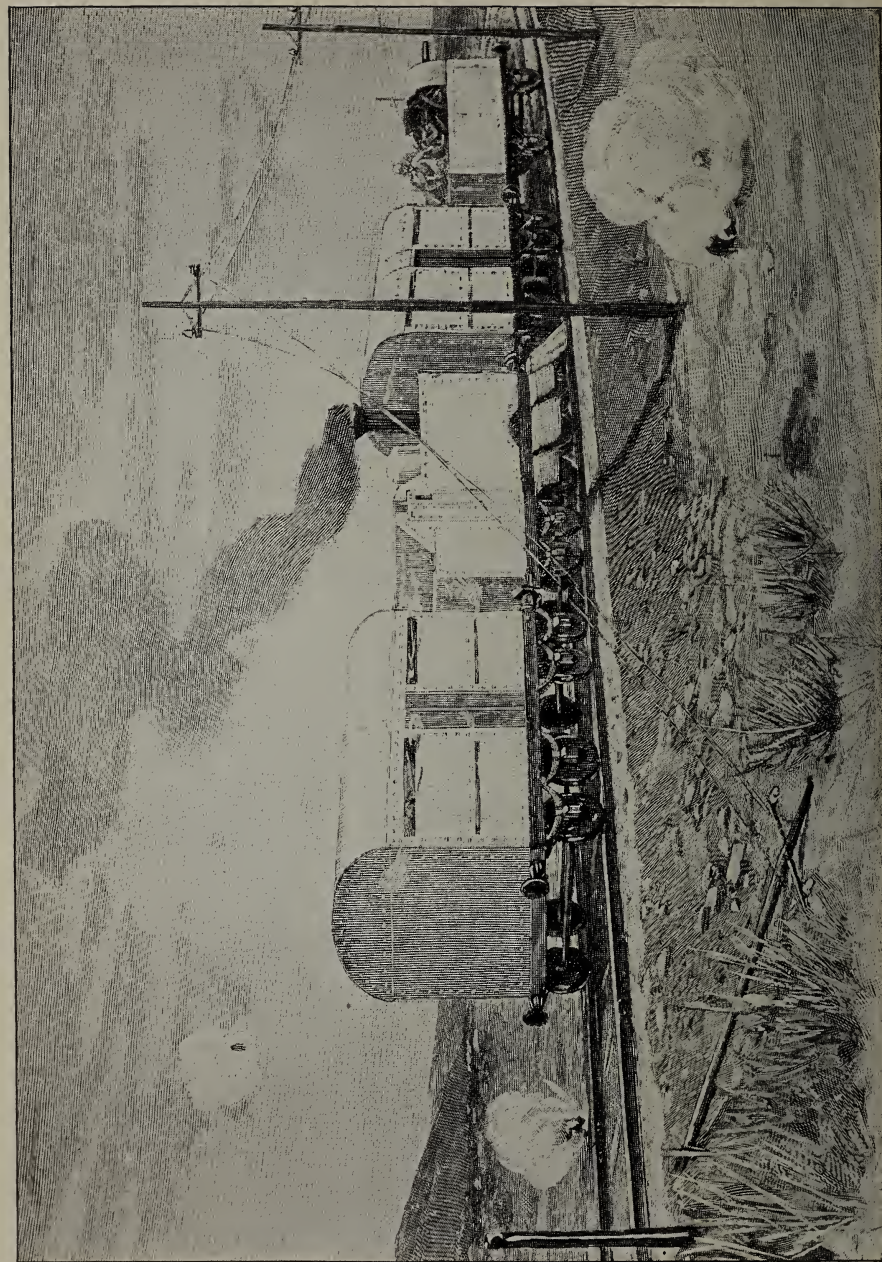
At present, and as a going concern, the Cape to Cairo Railway is represented, in an actual and official shape, by the property of the Bechuanaland Railway Company, Limited. The Cape Government line carries the traveler from the shores of Table Bay, past Kimberley, the city of diamonds, to Vryburg in British Bechuanaland. The Bechuanaland Railway Company was incorporated five years ago, with Mr. Rhodes, Mr. Beit, Mr. Rochefort Maguire and Mr. Thomas Shiels as directors, to prolong the connection, through the British Protectorate, into Matabeleland to Bulawayo, and thence "towards the River Zambezi." As a matter of fact, the line has now passed Bulawayo, and the Rhodesian capital was reached on the 19th of October, 1897, and was formally opened by the High Commissioner, with much *eclat*, and a great gathering of South African notabilities, in the following month. Since that date there has been steady and regular communication between the coast, Mafeking, Palapye, Khama's old capital, and Bulawayo. The distance traversed is thirteen hundred and fifty-three miles—seven hundred and seventy-four over the Cape Government system, and the remaining five hundred and seventy-nine over that of the Bechuanaland Company.

The Next Stage.

The latter is now preparing for its next advance, which is first to the Zambezi, and then to Abercorn, at the southern end of the Lake Tanganyika. The extension has already been christened by Mr. Rhodes, who has a happy knack in the matter of nomenclature, the Bulawayo and Tanganyika Line. The length of this line, if the Zambezi is crossed a little to the west of Zomba, would be about eight hundred miles, or two thousand one hundred and fifty in all from the Cape; the cost is roughly estimated at two million pounds



Market Square, Kimberley.



British Armored Railway Train.

sterling, but this amount is subject to revision after the completion of the survey. The line will be constructed in three instalments. A considerable part of the route of the first of these has already been surveyed, and it is known that no great difficulties will be experienced in construction. This first section, through Central Mashonaland, will tap a country now ascertained to be rich in gold, and, what is perhaps of more value, to contain coal also. The district traversed by the second section has lately been examined by Sir Charles Metcalfe, who reports that the country between Gwelo and the Zambezi is fairly healthy, and that it gives indications of gold and other minerals. The third portion of the proposed extension—that beyond the Zambezi—will open up a fertile cattle district, well populated by tribes who have been delivered from the tyranny of the slave raiders, and have come into contact with the British officials, and the Sikh police, of the Nyassaland or British Central African Protectorate. It is a country admirably suited for the collection and cultivation of rubber, and many other valuable tropical products. A branch line would give access to the flourishing Scotch settlements, coffee and tea plantations, and missionary stations of Blantyre and the Nyassa highlands, at present only to be reached by a tedious voyage to the mouth of the Zambezi, and thence up the Shire River.

On the Lakes.

Once Tanganyika is touched, it is, in a double sense, plain sailing for a time. From the British railway and British territory at Abercorn, the passenger will be transferred to a steamer flying the Union Jack, and having all the rights of a ship on the high seas under those colors. Unfortunately these satisfactory conditions cease when Tanganyika is left behind. The English sphere of influence is entered again, less than two hundred miles to the north, when the southern limits of Uganda are reached; but the intervening space is politically beyond British control. By the Anglo-German Agreement of July, 1890, a wedge of German territory was allowed to be driven between the Nyanza Lakes and Tanganyika, right up to the boundary of the Congo Free State. Conse-

quently the "Red Line" through Africa is here blocked. To Germany the territory was, and is, of small value for commercial, or indeed any other purpose. Emin Pacha's diaries give a forbidding account of the climate and character of this region, in which the explorer passed some painful months during his last unfortunate expedition. It may be that the latest Anglo German Agreement, the terms of which are not yet known, provides for a cession of a strip of this territory, so as to enable the projected railway to reach the head waters of the Nile without touching the dominions of any European power. If this cannot be managed England may have to fall back upon the expedient of procuring the "lease" of a slice of desert, on the other side of the boundary line, from the Congo Free State.

The Final Stretch.

German East Africa having been traversed, or left on one side, territory under British control, more or less, is again entered, whether the traveler steams across Lake Victoria to Uganda, or sweeps round the snowy summits of Ruwenzori into Unyoro. The latest news from this region shows that the natives are not altogether pacified or reconciled to the British presence; but Indian troops are in the country, and the process of completely establishing British ascendancy, both in Uganda and Unyoro, will now be undertaken in earnest, and is not likely to be a lengthy operation. Once clear of these semi-independent districts, the old Khedivial dominions are reached, and the traveler will find himself under the direct administration of a civilized Government. Equatoria will speedily become as orderly and as prosperous as Lower Egypt and Nubia have been made, under the direction of the Civil Service which Lord Cromer has organized; and long before the whistles of Mr. Rhodes's pilot engines have startled the rocks and mud-flats of the Nile, we may expect that Wadelai will present all the features of a British frontier post in Oriental lands. An officers' club, a hotel, a billiard table, a Black regiment, and a supply of familiar mineral waters, will cause the bosom of the Englishman hailing from the shores of the Southern Ocean, to swell within him, and remind

him how far the *Pax Britannica* extends. By that time the Trans-African telegraph will also have become an accomplished fact. This, the second of Mr. Rhodes's great enterprises, is not to wait for the tardier advent of the railway; and already his agents are being dispatched to survey the Nyanza-Tanganyika country with a view to planting the poles and wires, which will do almost as much as the iron road and the "fire-horse" to unveil the obscurest recesses of the Dark Continent before the penetrating glare of Western civilization.

Some Account of the Country.

The country through which it is proposed to carry the trans-continental line has been generally surveyed as far as the south end of Lake Tanganyika. It divides itself naturally for purposes of description into the country south and north of the Zambezi. From Bulawayo to the Zambezi is a distance of 400 miles. The first 100 miles will be through the gold area connecting Bulawayo with Gwelo, and will give the advantage of cheap transport to the mines. Some of the most important of these will lie on either side of the projected line. From Gwelo the railway will proceed for almost 100 miles slightly to the west of north, through a promising mineral area where old workings for surface gold are found along the entire route. From the edge of the Mafungabusi district it will continue for 50 miles into a coal area of wide extent, from which there are substantial hopes of obtaining a fuel supply for the whole of Southern Rhodesia. Beyond Mafungabusi, in a northerly direction, the outcrop of gold reefs comes to an end, and there follow about 70 miles of level coal area giving promise of coal beds undisturbed by the upheavals of igneous rock which in other coal areas of South Africa have tended so often to render the coal semi-bituminous and practically useless for commercial purposes. From the Mafungabusi district to the Zambezi the country is generally level until within twenty miles of the river, when it becomes broken, and there is a rapid, but, from the engineering point of view, easily manageable descent to the water level at a point where the Zambezi can be crossed on a bridge of about a quarter of a mile

in length. The country in the valley of the river is very fertile and thickly populated in all those parts from which the inhabitants have not been driven away by local raids. It is well watered and easy of irrigation, the banks of the river being generally low, and most forms of local produce yield two and three crops in the year. From the Victoria Falls to the point near the Portuguese frontier, at which it is proposed to carry the railway across the river, there is a distance of about 500 miles, the whole forming an extremely rich and populous lateral valley in which, with due protection from slave and cattle raiders, prosperous agricultural settlement might be expected rapidly to establish itself. The native population is at present generally naked, but shows a readiness to adopt the European custom of clothes, which promises well for the future capacities of the country as a market for British trade.

North of the Zambezi.

From the Zambezi on the northern side the proposed course of the railway rises gradually from 1,500 feet to about 5,000 feet or 6,000 feet, which is the extreme elevation of a plateau dominating the valley of the Loangwa River and running about midway between Lake Nyasa and Lake Bangweolo, to Lake Tanganyika. Nearly halfway, 220 miles north of the Zambezi, at a point where latitude 13° cuts the Machinga Mountains, there is a small lake variously known by native and English names, but marked upon the railway map as Lake Cheroma, which forms the headwaters of the Luswasi, a tributary of the Loangwa. Here, at an altitude of 5,000 feet above the sea, on a healthy and open plateau, suitable for rearing cattle and for agricultural operations, it is proposed to form a head station for the railway. The country lying between this point and the Zambezi is generally fertile. The railway will follow the high ground skirting the Loangwa valley on the west. The gradients are good all the way from the Zambezi, and, though there is broken ground to the east and west of the track selected, there is fairly level running along the higher plateau. The country generally along the railway track is covered with grass well watered and suitable for cattle. The broken ground has been partially ex-

plored for gold, and gives good indications at a place called Chepenje's, and again to the south of Mpsenis to the east of the proposed track and more than 100 miles north of the Zambezi. The Loangwa valley is very fertile. The river, with its tributaries, flows through rich, black earth. The valleys are thickly studded with native villages, and crops of beans, peas, maize, and rice are commonly raised. The tobacco crops are also unusually fine. Wild cotton, used by the natives for weaving a rough cloth, grows freely over the country stretching from the Loangwa for 100 miles east. The natives dye the cloth red or black, and use it for clothes. Three kinds of native rubber are also found wild in the country spreading east from the Loangwa valley.

In the Highlands.

East of the valley of the Loangwa, and before reaching the Boa River, lies the Angoni country. This district, which has an elevation of about 3,000 feet above the sea, is thickly populated. It is fertile, well watered, and, besides being a good agricultural country, is also very suitable for cattle, sheep and goats. Horse-sickness is unknown, and at Fort Patrick, the chief station of the British South Africa Company in this neighborhood, the horses which have been introduced are doing very well. The climate is described by Europeans who have visited it as being better than that of Blantyre and Zomba. The Luswasi or Cheroma Lake, upon the shores of which it is proposed to place the head station of this section of the railroad, is situated on a high level of the Machinga Mountains. It is about eight miles square, with clear, good water, and natives are settled all around it. The Luswasi River, which is about thirty miles long, drains the lake into the Loangwa, which from this point to the Zambezi has no falls, but is broken by rapids that would render steam navigation difficult, if not impossible. The climate of the Loangwa district generally is held to be healthier than that of the Shire highlands and lowlands. The Loangwa valley itself is very hot for about two months in the year. The rains last for about three months—December, January and February—and it is only during this period that malarial fever is to be dreaded by Europeans. There is plenty

of cheap native labor available throughout the district for the making of the railroad, and the cost of construction over this section of the line would be favorably affected by the cheap rate at which the natives willingly hire themselves for work. The native labor rate of Africa might almost be regulated by degrees of latitude. At Kimberley, in the diamond mines, the price paid for native labor is £5 a month; at Johannesburg, in the gold mines, £4 to £5 a month; in Southern Rhodesia £3 to £4 is the rate for the mines; and north of the Zambezi a teeming population is eager to find employment at six shillings a month. The construction of the railway tapping these labor fields will evidently tend to equalize the rates.

The section of 280 miles lying between the head station of the Luswasi and the southern end of Lake Tanganyika will follow easy country on high, grassy levels averaging 5,000 feet above the sea, very suitable for cattle and fairly well populated with blacks till within about 20 or 30 miles of Lake Tanganyika. Here there is a rapid fall of about 2,000 feet or 100 feet to the mile. At Tanganyika the native black population gives place to Arabs, whose custom it has been to raid the southern country for slaves. Of the populations passed through in the 500 miles lying between the Zambezi and Tanganyika, only one has the character of a warlike race. This is the Avemba, whose country is situated about 120 miles north of the Luswasi or Cheroma Lake, at the point at which the 11th parallel of latitude cuts the 31st degree of longitude. The remaining populations vary in degrees of civilization, some possessing the simple arts of agriculture only, others showing themselves able to work in iron and in gold filigree, to weave, and dye cloth, to plait straw, to carve ivory, and to make the coarser kinds of pottery. They generally show a capacity for learning European trades, and, under the teaching of missionaries or others, become expert in carpentering, building, and similar occupations. Throughout the course of the railroad south of Lake Tanganyika there are from time to time promising mineral indications, and the country of the lowlands is compared to the rich territories of Brazil, and of the northern part of the Argentine that lie in nearly corresponding latitudes in South America.

Lake Tanganyika.

Lake Tanganyika measures about 400 miles from north to south. At the south end of the lake it is proposed that a steamboat service shall take up the chain of communication and form the next link of 400 miles. From the south end of Tanganyika to the southern tongue of Uganda on one and a half degrees latitude and thirty degrees longitude, the territory through which communications must pass, is no longer British. Rights of way have, however, been provided for, and if a time should come when it should be considered desirable to continue unbroken railway communication from south to north it is probable that no insuperable obstacles to the execution of the project would be encountered. Under the present scheme it is proposed to continue the railway from the north end of Lake Tanganyika for another 450 miles to a point which is yet undecided in Uganda territory, so as to strike the navigable head waters of the Nile Valley and presumably the head of the Uganda railway running into Mengo, the capital of Uganda, from the east coast. This section has not yet been traveled over by engineers in the employment of the Trans-continental Railway Company, but the country is to some extent known from other sources. It is believed to lie at an elevation of about 4,000 feet above the sea, and to be generally rich in tropical products, needing above all things the cessation of slave raiding and the pacification of local strife in order to develop its agricultural possibilities. The immense importance of the construction of a through line of transport in superseding slavery is too obvious to be insisted on. The Anti-Slavery Conference, at Brussels, recognized ten years ago that no means so efficacious for the suppression of slavery could be employed as the construction of railways through the areas which at present serve as the sources of slave supply.

When the navigable head waters of the Nile Valley have been reached, the trans-continental work of the Bechuanaland Railway Company will be accomplished. It is estimated that if the work be now proceeded with, section by section, without delay, the whole might be finished to the south end of Tanganyika in five years.

CHAPTER XVIII.

The Story of Khartoum—The Time of Change—The Rise of the Mahdi—The Soudan in the Mahdi's Hands—The Mahdi Comes to Khartoum—The Siege of Khartoum—The Effect of Abu Klea—The Death of Gordon—The Death of the Mahdi—The Rule of the Khalifa—The End of it All—Adowa—Kassala—The Victory at Firket—Up to the Atbara—The Atbara Campaign—The Night March—The Battle of the Atbara—The Final Advance on Khartoum—The Concentrating Point—The Shabluka Cataract—The Sirdar's Calculations—The Battle of Omdurman, September 2, 1898—With Sword and Spear and Banner as of Old—The First Attack—The Second Dervish Attack—The Final Advance—The Sirdar Enters Omdurman—In Memory of Gordon.

THE story of South Africa would be incomplete without some further mention of the greatest episode in the modern history of North Africa. The Cape-to-Cairo railroad has been made possible only by the redemption of the Nile valley and the Egyptian Soudan from savagery, and this latter was done through the martyrdom—and the avenging—of Cecil Rhodes's friend and colaborer, Charles Gordon.

Neither Khartoum nor its Dervish equivalent, Omdurman, across the Nile, is a place merely of yesterday. It is probable that Khartoum, from its advantageous position at the angle of junction of the Blue Nile from Abyssinia and the White Nile from Central Africa and the Equatorial Lakes, has been a town of commercial importance and military strength for centuries, while Omdurman must for as long have been the complement and appanage of Khartoum on the opposite side of the river, its station of approach by the northern desert ways, and the head of the necessary ferry. Omdurman must always have been a neighbor and suburb of Khartoum, as Southwark has always been of London. Yet British interest in Khartoum

goes little farther back than twenty years, when General Gordon was installed there as Governor-General of the Soudan.

The Time of Change.

Then Khartoum was a busy town of forty thousand or fifty thousand inhabitants—the heart through which throbbed all the life and trade of the Soudan, trade in grain and gum, spices and ivory, feathers and slaves—especially slaves. It was to control, and finally to extinguish, that last detestable and inhuman traffic, that Gordon took office under the Khedive of Egypt. Ismail, who had an implicit faith in Gordon, and an unquestioning admiration of his notable qualities, was turned out by the Bondholders and the Dual Control, however, and there arose a Khedive who knew not Gordon nor approved his ways. Gordon was hampered in all his acts, and his passionate desire for the extinction of the slave trade was balked by such capable and powerful men as Zubeir Pasha. He threw up his post in disgust, in 1879, and was succeeded by Rauf Pasha, one of the most corrupt and cowardly scoundrels of Turkish officialdom. That was the turning point in the modern history of Khartoum. Had Gordon stuck, in spite of vexation and opposition, to the task he had undertaken, the last twenty years of Soudan history would in all likelihood have been quite another tale. There would have been no Mahdist empire, none of the unutterable horrors of savagery, fanaticism, and vice which have made the Soudan a desert, and no need for its reconquest and reclamation. Gordon himself soon doubted if he had done well and wisely in resigning; but “it was written” that he should resign, and he did.

The Rise of the Mahdi.

When Gordon re-entered Khartoum in February, 1884, it was, so to say, in quite another pair of shoes. He came to save it from the victorious Mahdi el Muntazer. Mohammed Ahmed, the self-styled Mahdi, “he that should come”—the promised Moslem Messiah who should purify religion and set the feet of the faithful again in the right way—became first known to Soudan fame in 1881. He had been brought up from his youth as a religious ascetic. He was

a handsome man, of tolerable learning for a Moslem, of considerable eloquence, and of great ambition and astuteness. Beginning as a religious reformer merely, his success among the superstitious, sensual and impulsive Soudanese Arabs became so great that he began to preach preparation for the Jihad, or Holy War, to drive out the Turks and Egyptians. With a band of disciples he retired for awhile to Jebel Gedir, in the south of Kordofan, to consolidate his influence. He craftily renamed the mountain "Jebel Masa," because it is written "from Jebel Masa shall the Mahdi come." Then he set himself to fulfil the prophecy. He had won over a party in El Obeid, the central town of Kordofan, and he marched thither, issuing proclamations and preaching as he went, and winning the adherence of the savage tribesmen with promises of the joys of Paradise, and of what was quite as much to the taste of the Soudanese Moslems, plenty of plunder and female slaves, if they joined him in the Holy War. In his first attack on El Obeid he was terribly repulsed, for with much political craft he had no tincture of military aptitude. Had his repulse been pushed home with energy his power might then have been annihilated, and his reputation in the world have been no more than that of the Mad Mullah of the Indian frontier. Even later, when he had taken El Obeid, he might have been allowed to "stew in his own juice" of superstition and sensuality; for he had no means for undertaking great expeditions, and his followers, though brave and strong, were without horses or camels, and without weapons, save sword and spear. But in 1883 his surprise and annihilation of the ill-considered expedition of Hicks Pasha made him the possessor of camels and horses, rifles and guns, and ammunition. And then he was the virtual master of the Soudan.

The Soudan in the Mahdi's Hands.

Tribe after tribe flocked to the Mahdi's standard, greeting him as a miraculous and divine deliverer and leader. With the destruction of Hicks Pasha's army there was nothing but surrender for the Egyptian Government officials in the Kordofan, Darfur, and Bahr-el-Ghazal provinces. The Austrian Slatin Bey, after protracted fighting in Darfur, finding himself reduced to the support of several

hundred men, short of food and short of ammunition, made a virtue of necessity and sent his surrender to Abdullahi, the Mahdi's chief Khalifa or lieutenant, whom he knew as a Darfurian. To save himself and those with him he took the oath of allegiance to the Mahdi, with no intention of keeping it longer than he could help. In Bahr-el-Ghazal the English Lupton Bey did the like. Meanwhile, in the Eastern Soudan, between the Nile and the Red Sea, Osmun Digna and the local Arabs had been busy. In January, 1884, they had destroyed Baker Pasha's force at El Teb, and they threatened Suakin. And thus the whole of the Soudan, from El Fasher in the West to Suakin in the East, and from Metemmeh in the North to Fashoda in the South, had fallen into the hands of the Mahdi—all save Berber and Khartoum. That was the situation when Gordon set foot again in Khartoum after an absence of about five years; and he took some time to realize it fully. For six months after his arrival he wrote in his journal: "It is most dispiriting to be in this position . . . when I think that, when I left, no man could lift his hand or foot in the Soudan without me, and now we cannot calculate on our existence for twenty-four hours." By that time he had been three months cut off from communication with Egypt, for Berber had fallen.

The Mahdi Comes to Khartoum.

Khartoum and Omdurman fort had been loosely invested for some time, but the Mahdi lingered near El Obeid till the end of August. Having come into unlooked-for wealth he indulged himself in all the sorts of luxury that tempt an Arab. He cast aside, in private, his asceticism, and became a glutton and a sensualist, while in public he still appeared the holy man of God, and preached, and wept, and prayed with as great eloquence, unction and frequency as before. And, with their master's example before them, his Khalifas and Emirs did the like. The Mahdi had expected that Khartoum would have fallen without his presence, but when it did not he raised his camp (which was not merely a camp, but a whole population, such as Moses led to the Promised Land), and moved against the insolent and rebellious place. It was well on in October

when Gordon, spying with his glass from the roof of the Governor's house, and turning his gaze to the North, over the palm trees of Khartoum and over the full Nile, saw a great commotion about Omdurman, strings of camels and clouds of flying horsemen, and heard the roll of the great war-drum, "The Victorious," of the Khalifa Abdullahi, who was Commander-in-Chief of the Mahdi's forces, and the melancholy boom of the ombeiyas, or war-horns, of the chiefs.

The Siege of Khartoum.

Next day Gordon found the siege more vigorously and more numerously pressed, and he saw that the Mahdists had established themselves in trenches in the five hundred yards' space between Omdurman fort and the river, whence neither the fire from Khartoum nor from the fort could drive them. From that day until the end he showed the greatest intrepidity and resource in his defense of Khartoum, despite treachery within and subtle and cruel fanaticism without, despite the hopelessness of his position, and the hunger and dejection of his soldiers. How he strengthened the inadequately fortified wall on the south, or land, side of Khartoum with mines and barbed wire, how he made money and medals to sustain the spirits and the hopes of the defenders, and how he himself was incessantly cheerful and alert—all that is an old and familiar story of heroism which the British will never forget. Of course, he made mistakes—who does not? Yet the mistake to be most deeply deplored was his misunderstanding of Slatin and other Europeans with the Mahdi. Slatin had taken pains to communicate with him from the Mahdi's camp, and had offered to come to his help if he would aid him in one small particular of escape. Gordon was offended with Slatin, and took no notice of the communication. But it was discovered by the Mahdi, and Slatin was put in chains. It was a pity; for Gordon much needed a faithful and skilled European officer to aid him.

The Effect of Abu Klea.

For three months the siege was maintained with the utmost determination. Gordon's only occasion of rest was on the Moham-

medan Sabbath, when the doomed city around him lay in silence. Even then he could not rest, for the incessant din from the Mahdist camp, with its five services of preaching and prayer, with the saddening boom of the ombeiyas ever throbbing in the dry air, and the fanatic yells of the people when the Mahdi el Muntazer appeared. Meanwhile, the belated British relief expedition was toiling up the Nile and across the Bayuda desert. Gordon heard of it, and sustained the sinking hopes and courage of his men with the promise of its coming. But the Mahdi also had heard of it, and his Emirs drew the siege more closely about Khartoum. Then came news of the terrible Dervish defeat by the British square at Abu Klea, which was heard by the Mahdi with amazement. One cannot tell whether Gordon received the glad news, for his journal ends on January 14 ; but he could not fail to guess that a great disaster had befallen the Mahdists from the weeping and wailing of women which rolled over to him from the camp for hours. The Omdurman fort had surrendered several days before the news came of the defeat in the desert. Yet the Mahdi was so confident of his ability to take Khartoum that he detached none of the released Omdurman force to aid in the siege. But when, a day or two later, word came of the second and third defeats of the Dervishes at Abu Kru and Gubat, and finally word of the white strangers having arrived at Metummeh, then the besiegers fell back from Khartoum in doubt and dismay. Had the British advance guard, or the merest handful of it, as an earnest of the rest, but pushed up the river from Metummeh at once, they would have found the siege raised : for that we have the word of Slatin, who was in the Mahdi's camp at the time. Day after day passed, however, and no one came. Then the Mahdi and his Emirs declared to their people that the British, having heard of their numbers and their might, and how God and his Mahdi were with them, had fled to their own land in fear. That was enough for the simple, savage Soudanese, who returned to the siege with new vigor.

The Death of Gordon.

On Sunday night, the 25th of January, 1885, the siege was pressed home. The Mahdi and his Khalifas after dark crossed

over in a boat from Omdurman to encourage their warriors. The Mahdi having instructed that he should be received by his people in silence instead of with the usual acclamations, harangued his silent host on the glories of Jihad and the joys of Paradise, and then recrossed the river to be out of the *melee*. At the first hint of dawn the besiegers, who by that time knew every spot in the line of defense and every disposition of the defenders, made a great show of noisy attack in the open front, while a chosen force effected an entry by the broken parapet and filled the ditch which they had noted at the western end of the defense, and which the falling Nile had disclosed more and more. At that point the defense was weak, and when the defenders saw the fierce Dervishes plunging through the river-mud they fled—and Khartoum was taken. The tale of massacre is too sickening to tell, even did space permit the recital. But Gordon was killed with a sudden spear-thrust on the top of the divan steps. His head was cut off and his body mangled and mutilated. The chained Slatin was waiting in the Mahdi's camp in an agony of suspense for the issue of the attack which he knew was being made. The red sun had little more than leaped above the horizon when he noted a movement of the throng opening and streaming towards his tent, and heard the sound of women weeping. "The slaves," says he, "approached my tent, and stood before me with insulting gestures. Shatta undid the cloth and showed me the head of General Gordon. . . . His blue eyes were half opened, the mouth was perfectly natural, the hair of his head and his short whiskers were almost white. 'Is not this the head of your uncle, the unbeliever?' said Shatta. 'What of it?' said I, quietly. 'A brave soldier who fell at his post. Happy is he to have fallen. His sufferings are over.' 'Ha, ha!' said Shatta. 'So you still praise the unbeliever; but you will soon see.'"

The Death of the Mahdi.

The Mahdi did not long survive his Christian antagonist. But what a contrast in their deaths! Gordon was the true saint and ascetic, the Christian soldier. Starved almost to a skeleton, but with a smile of gladness on his face, he met his fate, a martyr to his

conceptions of honor and duty, to his love for humanity, and to his affection for those who were faithful with him. The Mahdi, on the other hand, flaunted the pretentious make-believes of these virtues, and died a bloated mass of fraud. Intoxicated with success, he, his Khalifas and Emirs, gave themselves up to all manner of luxury and licentiousness. One of their luxuries was cruelty, and they committed on the helpless and terrified inhabitants of Khartoum excesses and tortures too horrible to name. And even then a voice was raised in the British House of Commons appealing for appreciation of the Mahdi as a high-souled patriot, fighting for the freedom of his Fatherland. Less than six months after Gordon's slaughter, the Mahdi, horribly diseased from his excesses, died a most revolting death from typhus fever—not in Khartoum, but in Omdurman, for the ruined Khartoum was all abandoned, save the few Government workshops.

The Rule of the Khalifa.

Still the atrocious tyranny he had instituted was continued by his appointed successor, the Khalifa Abdullahi, who was, if anything, more cruel and less capable than his master. For his own security he set himself with patient and subtle craft to destroy all the friends and relations of the Mahdi. He neglected and insulted the Ashraf, or "nobles"—that is to say, those who were of the Mahdi's kindred—and then, when they were at length stung to revolt, he fell on them and made short work of them; for their weapons were bad and out of repair, and so was their courage. He took action, too, with the tribes who had been most active in their support of the Mahdi—as the Barabra, Jaalin, Kenana, and others of the Nile valley; and to reduce them to poverty and impotence he invited from Kordofan his own great tribe, the Baggaras, or cattle owners, and planted them round Omdurman and in the Gezirah, the rich tongue of land to the south of Khartoum between the two Niles. But before they could be well planted they had to be fed, and they were fed, whoever starved. They grew insolent and idle, and domineered over and plundered the other tribes, because they were of the Khalifa's kindred. With idleness, dissoluteness, massacre of the

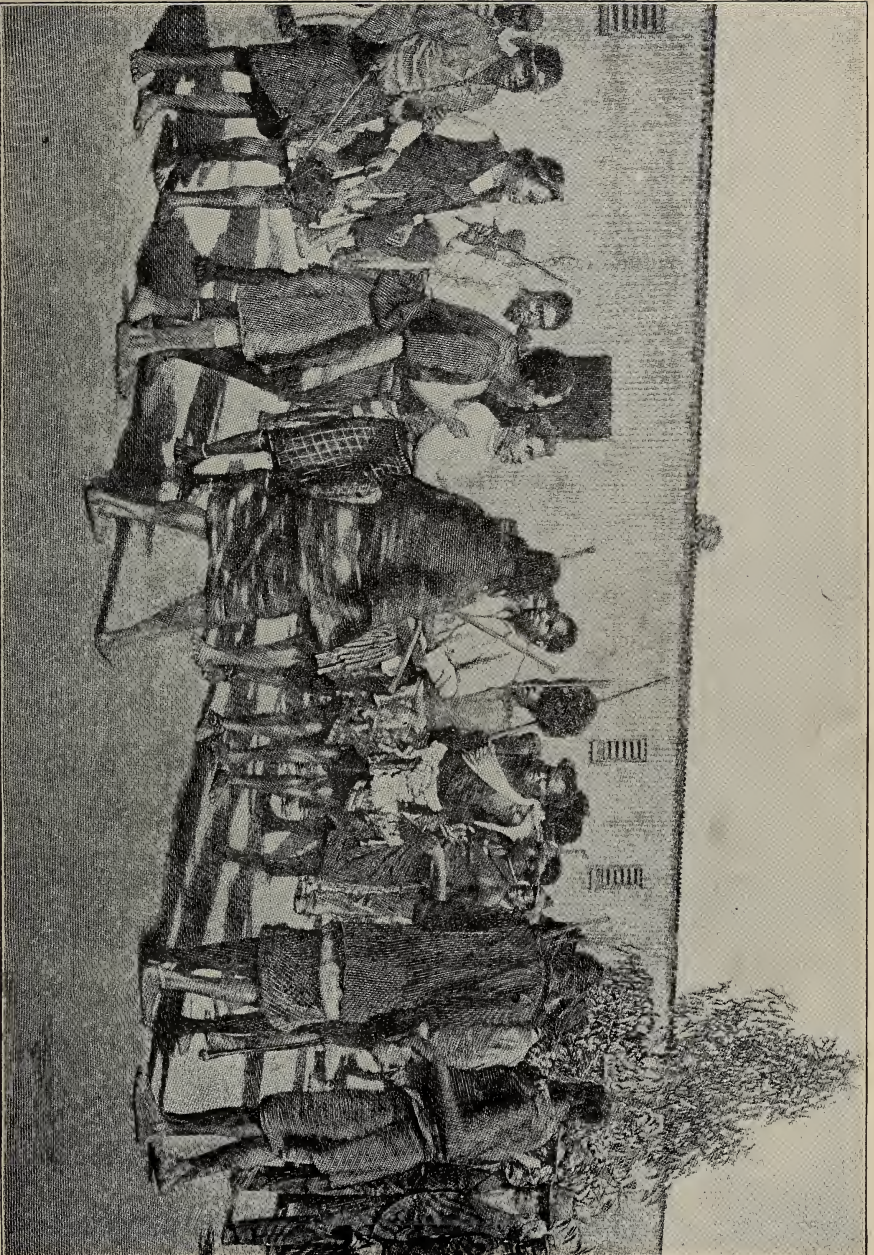
country people, and utter recklessness and ignorance in the regulation of trade, it is not surprising that there came, in 1889, a terrible famine, which was so absolute that the people of Omdurman died like flies at the end of summer, and many of those who survived—who were chiefly the better-nurtured Baggaras—were reduced to cooking the leather thongs of their augarebs, or bedsteads, and many others became cannibals. That was in Omdurman itself, while in the country round whole tribes completely died out and whole provinces lay waste and uninhabited. To such a pass had Mahdism brought the unhappy Soudan.

The End of It All.

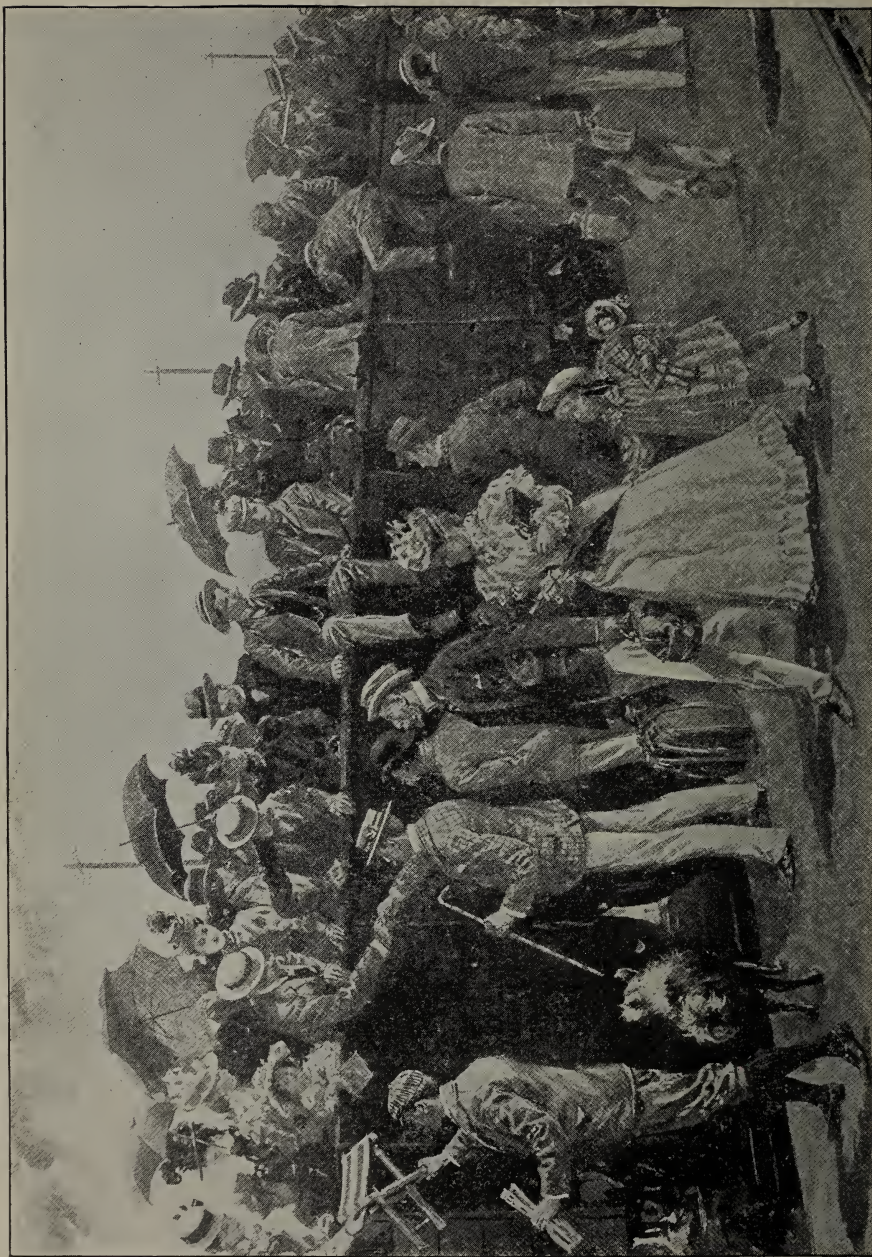
It was not only smallpox and famine that destroyed the people, but more insidious and slow disease. The loose example of the Khalifas and Emirs had not been lost on the tribesmen, nor even on the slaves, with the result that Omdurman was given over to the lowest and most destroying kind of debaucheries. In addition, the sword and the rope of the executioner were never idle. And whenever the melancholy boom of the ombeiya was heard through the streets, signifying that the Khalifa was riding abroad, the people would run out of their huts and houses, crying, "It is an execution!" so well known was the Khalifa's fondness for exhibitions of cruelty. Slatin Pasha, who knew the Khalifa well, and who studied the monster closely and anxiously during twelve years of captivity, declared that nothing gave him more delight than to witness the perpetration of torture. Thus, when no man's life was worth an hour's purchase, what wonder is there that people like Soudanese, fatalistic creatures of the air and the sunshine, should abandon themselves to the extremest recklessness of existence, and say, in effect, to each other: "Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die."

Adowa.

February 29, 1896, the fatal day of Adowa, when the Italians suffered their terrible reverse at the hands of the Abyssinians, was the real date on which the movement for the reconquest of the Soudan may be said to have begun. It was a blow which might



Gold Diggers of the Transvaal.



Exodus from the Rand.

have entailed a Dervish advance on Kassala, and so have given a fresh impulse to the Khalifa's now long quiet armies.

Kassala.

Kassala had fallen into the hands of the Mahdists years before, and was taken from them by the Italians. Slatin, who was at Omdurman at the time, has told us how the news of its loss was received by the Khalifa: "The ombeiya (the great ivory trumpet) was sounded, the great war-drums were beaten, the horses were saddled, and the Khalifa, accompanied by all his men, solemnly rode down to the banks of the Nile. Arrived there, he forced his horse into the river until the water reached its knees. Drawing his sword and pointing to the East he shouted: 'Allahu akbar!' (God is most great), and the cry was taken up by the immense crowd." All this, however, was mere sound and fury, signifying nothing. Not long before the Dervishes had inflicted a great defeat on the Abyssinians and slain their king, King John; but now they had another European foe to deal with besides the English. The Khalifa, however, announced that Kassala was merely a minor position, and that in a short time he intended to retake it, as well as the entire country up to the Red Sea. But he well knew that his capital was now more exposed than ever to an attack. Kassala remained secure in Italian hands until, on Christmas day, 1897, it was transferred to the Khalifa's most deadly enemy. The Egyptian flag, under the protectorate of Great Britain, was raised on the fortress of Kassala. It was the beginning of the end for the Khalifa and Mahdism.

At midnight on March 12, 1896, Sir Herbert Kitchener received by telegraph from London the orders to prepare for an advance up the Nile. On the 14th the reserves were called out, and on the 15th the first troops left for the front. Akasheh was to be occupied and the railway line to that point, destroyed by Mahdist raids, was to be relaid. Nearly the whole effective force of the Egyptian army was concentrated at Akasheh, the garrison at Wady Halfa being set free by the 1st North Staffordshire Regiment from Cairo, and the Egyptian troops from Suakin went by sea to Kosseir on the Red Sea coast, and marched across the desert to Keneh on the Nile. Before

active operations commenced, the news came that Osman Digna was once more at his old work near Suakin, but after some fighting, in which he was worsted, he retired, and the collapse of his raid left the Sirdar free to go on with the campaign on the Nile.

The Victory at Firket.

Eighteen miles from Akasheh up the river was the Dervish camp at Firket. On the night of June 6, 1896, the Sirdar moved out to the attack. His plan resembled that adopted by Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir, a night march and a surprise at dawn. The Sirdar divided his army. One division he led himself by the route near the river, the other, under Major Burn-Murdoch, advanced over the desert. The march was well-timed and well carried out. The Sirdar's army burst upon the Dervish camp and village, and, after a sharp fight, drove out the Dervish army with great loss. Hammuda, their principal Emir, was slain, and recognized on the battlefield by Slatin. The results of this battle, as enumerated by one of the war correspondents who was present, was that fifty miles of the Nile valley had been cleared of the enemy; that all doubts of the fighting qualities of the new Egyptian army were dissipated; that the only organized army of the Khalifa near the Nile frontier was destroyed, and that Suarda, which had been for years the starting-place of cruel Dervish raids on the Nile villages, had become the advanced post of the Sirdar's army. Finally, on both sides the moral effect was very great. It was the first time the new Egyptian army had taken the initiative in any fighting in the Nile valley; it had challenged a trial of strength, and struck the first blow. The battle of Firket decided the fate of Dongola, which fell an easy prey in September. "The result of these operations," said the Sirdar in his dispatch, "has been to completely stop the constant Dervish raids between Assouan and Wady Halfa, to add 450 miles of the Nile valley to Egyptian territory, 300 miles of which may be described as of great fertility, and to relieve, to their intense delight, the large and suffering population of Dongola from the barbarous and tyrannical rule of savage and fanatical Baggaras." In November of 1896 the Sirdar was in London, and was asked whether the Khalifa's power was broken. He

replied: "It is quite a mistake to suppose so." The outworks of the Mahdist power were taken, but the citadel remained intact. Next year, 1897, there was to be a fresh advance on the citadel. How was it to be made? The Sirdar knew, and he set to work to carry out his plans—the construction of the railway from Wady Halfa across the desert, cutting off the great bend of the Nile, to Abu Hamed.

Up to the Atbara.

It was hardly expected, by the general public at least, that the capture of Abu Hamed would involve also the capture of the great and important town of Berber and its communications with Suakin and the Red Sea, but such was the case. Once at Abu Hamed, as they soon were, the gunboats had Berber at their mercy, and not Berber only, but Metemmeh, and eventually Khartoum and Omdurman. Berber fell without a blow, and immediately steps were taken to open up the desert route, so long closed, to Suakin, and to establish an advanced post higher up the river at the junction of the Atbara River and the Nile. With the advanced post of the Egyptian army actually on the Abyssinian tributary of the Nile, it seemed now as though at last the doom of Khartoum was at hand. All that vast length of the great river from Wady Halfa to the Atbara was now securely won back for Egypt—so quickly, so easily, that it seemed scarcely possible that there could ever have been a Mahdist invasion of Egypt which had actually penetrated behind Wady Halfa. And now there were powerful gunboats far up beyond Dongola, beyond Abu Hamed, beyond even Berber. In October of 1897, Metemmeh—that sad name in the annals of Soudan wars, the place on the river to which Sir Herbert Stewart's exhausted desert column had fought its way over the Bayuda desert, where Gordon's steamers had joined it, and from which Sir Charles Wilson set forth in two of the little vessels to return with the terrible news of the tragedy of 1885—Metemmeh was bombarded by the Nile flotilla. Commanded by English officers, the three gunboats steaming in column of line ahead, engaged the Dervish forts and obtained proof of the presence of Emir Mahmoud and a strong Dervish force.

The Atbara Campaign.

The question as to whether the Emir Mahmoud would wait for the Sirdar or advance to attack him did not remain long unanswered. On the last day of 1897 there came a sudden request from the front for reinforcements. The fact that the Sirdar asked for a brigade of British troops made it certain that the need was pressing. The three regiments in Egypt—the Camerons, Warwicks, and Lincolns,—were ordered up, and the Seaforth Highlanders came later. By rail and by steamer, and by every available means of transport, there was a rapid concentration at the Atbara camp. Gunboats reconnoitered the river up to Shendy; the line of communication between Berber and the Atbara was especially looked to. It was known that a Mahdist army was on the march northwards for the purpose of reconquering Berber. News continually arrived there of the forward movement of the enemy. “The climax of popular anxiety and feeling was reached,” says one of the correspondents, “when ‘fighting’ Macdonald’s brigade of the Soudanese set out for the front. Men and women shouted to them not to return until they had burned Omdürman and killed the Khalifa and all his Der-vishes. The Sirdar also received an ovation from the natives whenever he showed himself. Then came word that Mahmoud, with the picked of the Mahdist army, had crossed the Atbara and had taken his whole army from El Aliab, on the Nile, some thirty miles above the confluence of the Nile and the Atbara, straight across the desert, eastwards to Nakheila, on the Atbara, a distance of thirty-five miles, in a single day. There, at Nakheila, Mahmoud intrenched himself. The Sirdar moved up the Atbara to Ras-el-Hudi, ten miles from the confluence of the stream, and there camped.”

The Night March.

At the beginning of April, the Anglo-Egyptian army began to draw nearer and, on April 7th, the final advance was made by night, in the now familiar manner which had been “invented” by Wolseley at Tel-el-Kebir, and successfully imitated at Firket. “When darkness had quite fallen all that could be seen was the shadowy outline of the particular square one happened to be with, or the cold

shimmer of the bayonets of the next. There was a heavy muffled sound through the night that did not carry far, as of thousands of feet tramping slowly, the weird potency of a dimly seen, silent, armed force." With halts for rest, and a little sleep, the army thus silently advanced on the enemy in the dead of night. At 1.15 on Good Friday morning the troops were quietly roused and ordered to fall in. "Throughout the march there was little or no calling of words of command. The men were told what to do by signs, such as a wave of the hand, or, if spoken to, it was in conversational tones that the orders were passed by the officers along the ranks."

The Battle of the Atbara.

By 4 o'clock in the morning the Sirdar's force was within striking distance of Mahmoud's intrenchment, and with the first streak of dawn the Dervishes could be seen standing on the earth-works watching the movement of the Sirdar's force. At 6.15 the artillery opened fire upon the Dervish works, and a storm of shot and shell was poured upon and into them by Maxims and field-guns. Shortly before 8 o'clock the order was given for the assault. The bugles sounded the general advance and, with bands playing, drums beating, pipes skirling, the Highlanders, Englishmen, Soudanese and Egyptians went straight at the intrenchments, and engaged in fierce hand-to-hand fight with the Mahdist warriors. Captains Findlay and Urquhart, of the Camerons, fell at the palisade, the latter crying, as his men picked him up: "Never mind me, my lads. Get on, Company F!" From an inner zeriba held by 2000 of Mahmoud's best men came a heavy fire. It was attacked by the 11th Soudanese, who lost 100 men in killed and wounded, but was soon carried by storm. Right through the intrenchment and out to the Atbara bank on the other side swept the Sirdar's furious attack. The battle of the Atbara was won. It had taken the Sirdar's men twenty-five minutes to sweep Mahmoud's force off the face of the earth.

The Final Advance on Khartoum.

After the battle of the Atbara on Good Friday, in which the Dervish advance on Berber was crushed, there came the usual and

expected interval in recent Soudan campaigning when the Nile is low. But at the front, though little or no news came through, there was no cessation of activity in consolidating and the perfecting of the means of transport. The rail—that greatest of all instruments in the “smashing of the Mahdi”—was pushed on through Berber to the confluence of the Nile and the Atbara, and everything was done to prepare for the concentration of the army on Khartoum, when the time should come for the final advance.

The Concentrating Point.

Meantime the Egyptian portion of the army was already concentrating at the rendezvous at Wad Habeshi at the end of the Shabluka Cataract. The Dervishes who formed the advance guard of the Mahdist army were reported to be some fifteen miles further south. At the beginning of August, while the rail was pouring into the Atbara terminus its endless supplies of men and munitions, an interesting march was being successfully carried out over ground which was once traversed under very different conditions. At Wad Hamed, on August 23, Sir Herbert Kitchener held a parade of nearly his whole army in the desert. The ground, says an eyewitness, was as level as a billiard table. The line advanced in attack formation with a front of 4,000 yards. Viewed from the rising ground well in front of the advancing line the sight was magnificent.

The Shabluka Cataract.

The following day the Egyptians under General Hunter left for the head of the Shabluka Cataract, which was the next point of general concentration, forty-one miles from Omdurman, the gunboats and cavalry having reconnoitered to that point and found that the Mahdist outposts had been withdrawn. Thus the anticipated resistance to the passage of the cataract at a point where trouble had been expected was abandoned. The gunboats were able to push through the defile without opposition, and to find themselves at the southern end of it with clear water straight up to Omdurman and Khartoum.

The Sirdar's Calculations.

The Sirdar had said that he hoped to have concentrated his army at Wad Habeshi at the south end of the Shabluka Cataract on August 22. On that date the concentration was, in fact, accomplished. He also calculated upon occupying Omdurman in the middle of September—a false calculation, as it turned out, but not one to find fault with. There then at Wad Habeshi, on the appointed day, the avenging force of 27,000 men was rapidly and safely concentrated. A week later the whole force was at Wad-el-Obeid, twenty-eight miles from Kerreri, where it was thought the Khalifa would make a stand for the defence of Omdurman, with at least a part of the army. This expectation was not realized, and the Sirdar was able to bring his whole army within striking distance of Omdurman without having been attacked.

The Battle of Omdurman.

Finally, on September 4, the news came through to London of a great victory, the full account of which was published in the morning papers of the 5th. The Sirdar's official account, sent off on Friday, the 2d, gave the mere military facts, and ran as follows: "The Dervishes left us undisturbed last (Thursday, the 1st) night, but early this (Friday) morning our scouts reported their entire army advancing against us. We received their bold and determined attack in position, and after an hour's fighting, during which they endeavored to envelop both our flanks, we drove them off about 6.30 A. M. I began to advance against Omdurman, but had not gone far before I was heavily attacked on the right. This necessitated a change of front, and the Dervishes were again driven off with heavy loss, and their army, which was under the personal command of the Khalifa, was completely dispersed by noon. The force watered at Khor Skambat (or Shamba), and at 2 P. M. again advanced on Omdurman, which was occupied with slight resistance during the afternoon. The Khalifa, who had re-entered the town after the battle, fled as we got in, and is now being pursued by cavalry and gunboats. Neufeld and some 150 prisoners have been released and are with us. Omdurman is an enormous place, and

the entire force is now encamped on the desert to the west of the town. I am unable to give at present complete casualty returns, but I regret to say that Lieutenant R. Grenfell, 12th Lancers, and Captain Caldecott, 1st Battalion Warwickshire Regiment, were killed, besides several other officers wounded. Think the British casualties will be about 100. The 21st Lancers lost heavily in the charge in which Lieutenant Grenfell fell, their casualties being 21 killed and 20 wounded.

With Sword and Spear and Banner as of Old.

The Khalifa did not await the Sirdar's attack behind his great stone wall and the outlying defenses of Omdurman. The result would probably have been the same had he done so, but it would have been attained with far greater loss of life to the attacking force. Untaught by past experience gained in many a hard-fought field since that day in 1884, when Sir Gerald Graham's little British army avenged Baker's disaster at El Teb and Tamai, the Mahdist host trusted to their old method of fighting—the reckless, headlong rush with sword and spear, with banners flying, and the war-cry of “Alluha Akhbar” (God is most great), and “Rasul Allah el Mahdi” (the Mahdi is God's prophet) on their lips. Twice in the day did they adopt these simple, and fatal, tactics, advancing to the attack, as the eye-witnesses tell us, like sea waves crested with foam, and with a roar from their masses as though from a surf-beaten shore.

The First Attack.

When, at 6.30 in the morning, the Dervishes were seen advancing to the attack, the batteries opened on them at a range of 2700 yards with shrapnel and common shell. Under a tremendous fire they continued to advance till within 1600 yards, and then they tried to rush the batteries. But now they came under the fire of the infantry, and a range of 300 yards marked their nearest approach to the front of the British brigades. Finding closer quarters impossible, the main body moved across the front, leaving their riflemen under such cover as they could find to reply to the fire. Captain Caldecott, of the Warwickshires, was among the first to fall, and

Colonel Frank Rhodes was wounded. The black banner of the Khalifa was planted within 1000 yards of the British line, and formed a rallying point for the gallant fanatics who vainly endeavored to face the awful hail of shot and shell and the steady volleys which mowed them down in whole battalions.

The Second Dervish Attack.

Roused to renewed fury by the onward movement of the Sirdar's army the Dervish masses again gathered for the attack. They fell upon General Macdonald's battalions with a headlong courage even greater than before. The Sirdar sent back the 1st British Brigade to meet this fresh attack, but not before the courage of the dark battalions had been severely tested. Along the whole of Macdonald's front they stood firm and held their ground without a sign of wavering, even when the rush was fiercest. "Seen from a distance the enemy looked like one long ridge of flashing swords, so thick was the mass of armed men. Before them rode two or three thousand horsemen, well mounted and armed with spears. The horsemen meant to try to break through the dark line in front and divert our fire, so as to give the Dervish infantry an opening. Galloping forward in loose, open order, they drew nearer and nearer the zone of our fire. Closer and yet closer they rode towards the thin, black line. A sudden hush fell upon the valley. A thrill of sombre admiration pulsed through our ranks. In a few moments the intense silence was broken. The enemy's nearest horsemen, still riding gallantly, got within 200 yards of us. Then a section of Macdonald's line opened fire. Two of the Baggara horsemen were seen to reel and fall from their saddles. A riderless horse came at a trot towards our firing line. Still the enemy's cavalry rode on undismayed. Again a flash from our rifles and a stream of bullets. Half a dozen of the Baggara bit the dust. Saddle after saddle was emptied, until not a score of the Khalifa's horsemen rode on. One horseman, mounted on a magnificent bay, more fortunate than his fellows, rode within thirty yards of our line before he, too, fell. The Dervish cavalry was annihilated. The field was strewn with corpses; by the side of many the horses were seen placidly grazing."

The Final Advance.

Unable to approach the British front, and cowed by the fearful slaughter which had been meted out to them, the Mahdists gave up the attempt. "A more extraordinary sight was never beheld," says one of the correspondents, "than the Sirdar's final march into Omdurman with the beaten enemy moving sullenly beside us for the greater part of the distance. Their pace was hardly appreciably slackened by the continuous fire of our guns. The Dervish spirit was broken; they made no reply, and as soon as possible sought a screen in the hills. The scene presented in Omdurman will live in the memory of every man who was present. Omdurman might well have been called the City of Death, for corpses of men and beasts strewed the ground in all directions. The stench was unbearable, and it was decided to camp outside the city."

The Sirdar Enters Omdurman.

While fighting was still going on with the disheartened remains of the Dervish army to the west, the Sirdar and his staff entered the town. The people had just seen the dreaded Khalifa pass by in headlong flight, and they threw themselves upon the ground before the conqueror. Accompanying him was borne the captured black flag of the tyrant.

In Memory of Gordon.

That night the whole army slept exhausted on the bare ground outside the loathsome charnel-house of Omdurman, over which rose as an emblem of ruin the shattered dome of the Mahdi's tomb. On the Sunday following the hero of 1885 was not forgotten by the heroes of 1898. Beneath the ruined palace where Gordon was killed were guards of honor from all the British regiments and from the 11th Soudanese battalion. The Sirdar and staff, of course, were present, and an immense crowd of natives looked on. Slowly on the roof of the palace—that very roof towards which Sir Charles Wilson anxiously looked from the little steamer on January 28, 1885, and "saw no flag"—now rose the Union Jack, while the bands below played the National anthem. With it rose into the

air the flag of the Khedive of Egypt. Next, nineteen guns fired in salute to the memory of the dead man, and then a brief service was held. The Dead March in Saul was played by the British band, and another funeral march, by the Egyptians. The Presbyterian chaplain then prayed and read a few lines from the Bible; the Church of England chaplain said the Lord's prayer, and the Roman Catholic chaplain offered a special prayer asking for Divine blessings on the reconquered province. The Highland pipers, with muffled drums, then played a coronach, and afterwards the Soudanese bugles and band played Gordon's favorite hymn, "Abide with me." Finally, three hearty cheers were given for the Queen-Empress, whom the hero and those who had avenged his murder had served so well.

Thus the Soudan wakes up as from a horrible nightmare of years, a nightmare that has been all too real. Omdurman is taken and Mahdism is practically extinct. It has been one of the most terrible experiences mankind has ever endured on the earth. It has been as if the pit had opened and there had ensued an eruption of all forms of demoniac, wanton and cruel destruction of man and beast, crop and tree. It has been an experience which the Soudanese will relate with bated breath to their children's children. But it has ceased. . Gordon is avenged, and the tens of thousands of massacred creatures are avenged, and with gentle tenderness the fertile, far Soudan will be won to civilization.

CHAPTER XIX.

The Great Chartered Companies—Origin of the Matabeles—First Steps toward Colonization—The South Africa Company—Trouble with Lobengula—The Shangani Patrol—"Men of Men They Were"—Fall of the Native Power—The Last Struggle—Railroad Building—Up to the Lakes.

WE must now deal with the rise of some great Chartered Companies as pioneers of trade, of mineral, agricultural and pastoral development, and of the expansion of the British Empire. There have been many such companies in African history, associations Portuguese, English, British, Dutch, French, Austrian, German, and Anglo-German, from the days of Queen Elizabeth to the latter period of Queen Victoria's reign. No company has surpassed, in importance of achievement, the famous British South Africa Company, chartered by the Crown in October, 1889, with Mr. Cecil Rhodes, its originator and guiding spirit, as managing director. The chief sphere of the company's operations was to be "the region of South Africa lying north of British Bechuanaland, and north and west of the South African Republic." In 1891 the powers of the charter were extended to the north of the Zambezi, with the exception of Nyassaland. The capital, one million sterling, mostly derived from subscribing shareholders, could be applied to the making and maintenance of roads, railways, telegraphs, and other necessary works, and the clearing, planting, irrigation and tillage of lands; and the company had power to make concessions for mining, timber-cutting and other industries, and to grant lands on various conditions. Reports were to be annually made to the Secretary of State for the Colonies, who had a general controlling power over the political and administrative operations. We must now look into the previous history of the territories in the company's

sphere, comprising Matabeleland, Mashonaland and Northern Zambezia, the whole being styled "Rhodesia," a term first officially used in a proclamation of the company, dated May 1st, 1895.

Origin of the Matabeles.

Moselekatse, the commander of a division of the Zulu army in the days of Chaka, and a man renowned among the Zulus and beloved by his soldiers as a shedder of human blood, was forced to flee, about 1817, from the wrath of his master, enraged by the reservation of certain spoil obtained in warfare. The warrior and his followers crossed into territory now belonging to the South African Republic, and there a new military state was founded. Thus arose the Matabele people, not a homogeneous tribe, but a body of soldiers. The people found in their new home were exterminated, with the exception of the best looking women; the young men were employed first as slaves and then as army recruits. There may have been ten thousand warriors as the nucleus of the new power who settled down in military "kraals" of the Zulu style, and slew and plundered Bechuanas in all directions. We have seen Moselekatse's fighting men in unsuccessful conflict with the Basutos at Thaba Bosigo, and also how they were driven out to the north, about twenty years after the first migration by the Boers of the "great trek" from Cape Colony. Their new habitation was known as Matabeleland. Mashonaland, to the east of Matabeleland proper, is inhabited by people not physically or morally strong, lowered in character by Matabele tyranny, but good at tillage and native handicrafts. At the time when the South African Company was formed most of the territory of Matabeleland and Mashonaland was subject to Lobengula, son of Moselekatse, and the strongest native chief-tain south of the Zambezi, as the possessor of a great, disciplined army of warriors.

First Steps towards Colonization.

It was a German writer in the Berlin Geographical Journal, Ernst von Weber, who first, in 1880, drew attention to Matabeleland as a suitable scene of colonization. Sir Bartle Frere there-

upon urged the extension of the British "sphere of influence" as far as the Zambezi. The Boers of the Transvaal were also known to be hankering after expansion of their territory in the same direction, north of the Limpopo River. Not only were there rumors of rich gold mines in the territory, but in 1870 an English company had been formed for working an auriferous district in the south-west of Matabeleland. Travelers and sportsmen gave most favorable accounts of the climate and of the character of Mashonaland for European settlement and tillage. Lobengula had a hereditary feeling of friendship for the British, with whom his father, Moselekatse, had concluded a treaty in 1836, and when the Portuguese, awaking from the drowsiness of a lengthy past, also began to put in claims to Matabeleland, the British Government sent an agent to Lobengula at his kraal, or capital, Bulawayo. This negotiator, the Rev. J. Smith Moffat, formerly for many years a missionary in Matabeleland, and having great influence over Lobengula, held the post of Assistant Commissioner in Bechuanaland. He persuaded the king, already uneasy between the Boers and the Portuguese, to seek British intervention, and in March, 1888, Sir Hercules Robinson, Governor of Cape Colony and High Commissioner for South Africa, made a treaty whereby Lobengula undertook to make no agreement with any foreign power, nor sell nor concede any part of his territory, without the sanction of the British Government. Treaties or conventions of 1890 and 1891 defined German limits to the west, the Transvaal boundary to the south, at the Limpopo River, and the Portuguese boundary to the east, and the region of Matabeleland and Mashonaland, or Southern Rhodesia, was thus guarded from all foreign interference.

The South Africa Company.

Prior to these last arrangements, the South Africa Company, having the way cleared by the treaty with Lobengula, proceeded to occupy the region assigned for its operations. It was a great day in the history of the "expansion of England" when on June 28th, 1890, a body of about 200 chosen pioneers and a force of 500 armed police started northwards from the Macloutsie River, a tributary of

the Limpopo, and made their way, over 400 miles of the gradually rising plateau, to Mount Hampden in Mashonaland. A route on the east side of Matabeleland was taken, at the desire of the king, in order to avoid all risk of collision with his indunas, the commanders of the impis, or regiments of young warriors, about 15,000 strong, jealous of the presence of white men, eager to "wash their spears," in the Zulu phrase, and hard to restrain. Under the guidance of the famous hunter, Mr. Frederic Courtney Selous, who knew the region better than any other white man living, the expedition arrived near Mount Hampden on September 12th, having made a rough kind of road on the march. Forts were constructed at Tuli, Victoria, Charter, and at Salisbury, near Mount Hampden, and at the last place there was soon a town with many of the appliances of civilization—hotels and hospitals, churches and clubs, lawyers and land-agents, stores, newspapers, a race-course, and a sanitary board. The pioneers were disbanded, and various parties began to peg off claims in the auriferous quartz districts of Mashonaland.

The adventurers had some initial trouble in the very rainy season of 1890-91, and many deaths and much suffering came from the lack of medicines and proper food. Prosperity then began to dawn, and in September, 1891, within a year of the occupation, there were over 10,000 mining-claims allotted in the six goldfields which had been opened. The newcomers were, however, destined to have to assert possession of Matabeleland and Mashonaland, not merely by concession from its ruler of a British "protectorate" and right of occupation, but by conquest.

Trouble with Lobengula.

It was inevitable that war should come between the new occupants of the territory and the restless warriors of Lobengula. Mashonaland was under British protection, but Matabele raids on the people were continued, and in July, 1893, the High Commissioner authorized the company's administrator, Dr. Jameson, to take all due measures for the protection of British settlers and of the Mashonas. The company's few hundreds of irregular troops and police were gathered for action. At Tuli, on the frontier, 140

miles south of Bulawayo, were 250 armed whites; at Victoria, 200 miles north-east of Tuli, and east of Bulawayo, a second column of 400 Europeans was formed; at Fort Salisbury, 190 miles north of Victoria, about 260 whites were mustered. The whole force, under 1000 men, was well supplied with ammunition and had some of the invaluable Maxim guns. On September 25th the men of the Salisbury and Victoria columns, having crossed the Matoppo Hills as they marched on Bulawayo, the enemy's capital, and formed a double laager on the slope beyond the Shangani River, were attacked before daylight by a body of 5000 Matabele. The steady fire of the breechloaders and the hail of bullets from the Maxims repulsed three assaults with severe loss and cleared the way for the advance. On November 1st, at two days' march from the royal kraal, in a laager hastily made on open ground, the British were again attacked by the choicest regiments, or impis, numbering 7000 men. As they charged from the bush with the usual undaunted valor of the Zulus, the enemy fell by hundreds without being able to approach the defenders, and at last relinquished their efforts. The victors in this combat, two days later, found Bulawayo abandoned by the natives and in flames. Two white traders, protected by Lobengula with admirable good faith and generosity, were there intact, along with their goods. Another column, composed of the Tuli force and the imperial police of the Bechuanaland protectorate, which had become involved in the war, mustering in all 440 Europeans, was marching on Bulawayo when, on November 2d, the wagons in the rear of the column were attacked by the Matabele. The attack was repulsed with loss on both sides, and the capture of Bulawayo, becoming known to the natives who were harassing the advance on both flanks, caused their dispersal. On November 12th Major Goold Adams, the leader, brought his men to the capital, and met Major Forbes, the successful commander of the other forces, and Dr. Jameson, the Administrator of Mashonaland.

The Shangani Patrol.

These events were followed by the famous affair known in military and colonial history as "The Shangani Patrol." Lobengula had



Battle of Elandslagte.



Street Scene in Johannesburg.

fled northwards with a considerable body of his men from Bula-wayo, and a small force, under Major Allan Wilson, was sent forward to track the king to his retreat. His party, composed of himself and thirty-three troopers, was the advance guard of 300 men under Major Forbes, and having crossed the Shangani in following the king's trail, they were separated from the main body by the river's sudden rise through the heavy rains. On December 4, 1893, they were surrounded by a great body of the enemy, and, all disdaining to attempt escape by the speed of their horses, were killed to the last man. A heavy fire was poured in upon them from the bush on all sides. When the horses had fallen the men formed into a close ring, and kept up a steady fire with rifles and revolvers against every rush. When a man was wounded he lay down, and, if he could, fired still from his prone position, or handed up his ammunition to his comrades. At last, all were killed or so severely wounded that they could fire no more, with the exception of one big man who, in the words of the chieftain who described the event, "would not die." He took his stand at the top of a large ant-heap in an open space, gathered round him a number of revolvers and rifles lately wielded by the slain, with plenty of ammunition, and slew a number of his countless assailants. The Matabele, taking him for a wizard who could not be slain or exhausted, though they saw the blood of his wounds, were awed by the aspect of this splendid Briton picking up weapon after weapon and shooting in all directions with wonderful aim—in front to each flank and over his shoulders—whenever a foeman came towards him out of the bush. Shot at last in the hip, he fired on, sitting down, and the fight was ended by the stabbing of assegais only when he sank exhausted from the loss of blood. The thirty-four heroes of the Shangani patrol had slain nearly four hundred of the men who assailed them.

"Men of Men They Were."

The brave old warrior Umjan, chief induna of the Imbeza Impi—Lobengula Royal Regiment—a man who saw the whole conflict, spoke with the utmost enthusiasm, after his surrender, of the magnificent courage of those who fell. "Men of men they were,"

he cried, "whose fathers were men of men before them. They fought and died together; those who could have saved themselves chose to remain and die with their brothers." Then, turning to some of his warriors, who, like himself, had "come in" to surrender, he said: "You did not think that white men were as brave as Matabele; now you must see that they are men indeed, to whom you are but as timid girls."

Early in 1894, Lobengula died. Many hundreds of his men, besides those who fell in action, had perished from the fevers of the country and from privation, and the Matabele were glad to surrender "that they might sleep"—the native phrase for being free from anxiety. A great impression had been made upon the native mind by the fire of the Maxims, regarded as magical gifts of the gods to the white man, and, still more, by the heroism of those who, face to face with a host of Matabele, and devoid of Maxims, had died, and in their death had won the profound respect of those who slew them. The remains were disinterred, and the thirty-four skulls—most of them pierced by bullets—were buried in consecrated ground near some stately ruins, due to an unknown religion and civilization. There they lie, on a bare, rocky mound, amidst dense tropical bush and flowering trees, with a granite monolith raised by Mr. Cecil Rhodes to their memory. Assuredly, they did not perish in vain, and their countrymen have a ready reply to the timid counsels of "little Englanders," and to the sneers of cynics—if such there be—who prate of the degeneracy of modern Englishmen, in a simple reference to some of the builders of empire—the men of the Shangani patrol.

Fall of the Native Power.

The military system established by Chaka, and continued by Dingaan, Panda, Cetewayo and Lobengula, was now broken up. It was conclusively proved that no hosts of native warriors could successfully deal with far inferior bodies of Europeans armed with the most modern weapons. The whole campaign had been carried on at the sole cost of the South Africa Company, without aid from imperial troops, and, by right of demonstrated power to win and to

hold, the company entered upon the full administration of Matabeleland and Mashonaland, or Southern Rhodesia, under the able direction of Mr. Rhodes's chief subordinate, Dr. Jameson. There was, however, to be another struggle before the final establishment of peace. In the last days of March, 1896, an outbreak of rebellion occurred, partly due to the effect produced on the native mind by the failure of Dr. Jameson in his notable "raid," an event soon to be dealt with in this record.

At the end of 1895 there were about 4000 white settlers in the country, and the prospect of peace and order and civilization was very unwelcome to the large remaining numbers of disbanded Matabele warriors, who had been wont to thrive on raids into Mashonaland. The natives were, moreover, in a state of distress from the ravages of rinderpest, or cattle plague, which had worked its way downwards from the distant Somaliland, and through the destruction of crops by locusts and drought. They were unable to understand the policy of the British authorities in slaughtering cattle to stay the pestilence among the animals, and seriously believed that the extermination of the Matabele race by starvation was the object in view. A well-concerted plan for the seizure of Bulawayo was formed, and it failed only from premature action on the part of the rebels. The place was put in a state of defense, but nothing could at first be done on behalf of the outlying settlers in many parts of the land, many of whom were slaughtered and plundered without mercy.

The Last Struggle.

By the middle of April the whole territory outside the capital and the various forts was in the hands of the Matabele natives. A large force of cavalry and mounted infantry hurried up from Cape Town and Natal, and volunteers, with some infantry from England, made up a total body of about 5000 men. These were placed in charge of a very experienced commander, Sir Frederick Carrington, and his able direction of affairs, in a campaign of several months' duration, was completely successful. There was much hard fighting of small flying columns in the "bush" against superior numbers of

natives. Bulawayo was invested in great force, but never seriously attacked, owing to its strong defenses, and on April 25th a three hours' battle near the town ended in the rout of 3000 Matabeles. On June 1st Mr. Rhodes arrived with a column of troops from Fort Salisbury, and the enemy were again defeated near Bulawayo. In a series of able operations General Carrington had the better of the struggle, relieving Fort Salisbury by a cavalry attack, storming a strong position early in July, near Inyati, northeast of Bulawayo, capturing another stronghold in the Matoppo Hills, held by five impis, in August, and generally making a strong impression.

Mr. Rhodes, about the middle of August, had the courage to go unarmed, with five attendants, from Bulawayo, to an interview with chiefs in the Matoppo Hills, and there he persuaded them to terms of peace. The whole contest was soon over, on terms amounting to unconditional surrender.

Railroad Building.

The restoration of peace was followed by energetic efforts to retrieve past losses, and to push forward the work of developing the country's resources. The railway from Cape Town, through Bechuanaland to Mafeking, was extended across Khama's country, by November, 1897, to Bulawayo, standing on a plateau about 4500 feet above sea level, in one of the finest climates of the world. The place has become a considerable, well-built, modern town, within three days' journey of the Cape, and three weeks of England. Railways are also connecting Salisbury and other points in Mashonaland with the coast at Beira, south of the Zambezi mouths, and the telegraph system is being extended to Nyassaland and Uganda, in the north. The capital of the South Africa Company has been increased from one to three and a half millions sterling, and a large revenue is derived from mining, trading and professional licenses, and from postal and telegraph services. The whole area of their operations covers about 500,000 square miles—Matabeleland and Mashonaland, or Southern Rhodesia, having together an area of 141,000 square miles, and a population approaching half a million.

Up to the Lakes.

We must now turn to Northern Rhodesia, or British Central Africa, a territory extending, with a protectorate, to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika and the western shore of Lake Nyassa, including the district known as the Shire highlands, the region having been, until recent years, one known only to missionaries, and sportsmen in search of big game. The spread of British influence and enterprise in this region began with Dr. Livingstone's great Zambezi travels, extending from 1858 to 1863. Many Scottish and English mission stations arose, and trade, as usual, followed the steps of the spreaders of Christianity and civilized arts. In 1878 a company of Scottish merchants formed the Livingstone Central Africa Company, and the rivers and lakes were opened up to steam navigation. A road was made by a British engineer, James Stewart, between Lakes Nyassa and Tanganyika; coffee plantations were established on the Blantyre highlands; schools, and industries in which the natives were trained, were introduced. The association was afterwards known as the African Lakes Company, and the Lake Nyassa region had been fairly developed by British agency prior to the starting of the British South Africa Company.

Jealous attempts at encroachment by Portugal were firmly met by Lord Salisbury, and an Anglo-Portuguese agreement of 1891, and arrangements made with Germany, defined the boundaries of British Central Africa, and added about 300,000 square miles of the best land in Africa to the British Empire. Early in 1891 the British Government allowed the South Africa Company to extend its sphere of operations to the north of the Zambezi, and in the following year the African Lakes Company was absorbed into the new, vigorous and powerful association. The Arab slave dealers had given much trouble in the Lake Nyassa region, and had besieged the station of the African Lakes Company at Karonga, but through the services of Captain Lugard, and of Mr. (now Sir) H. H. Johnston, formerly British Consul at Mozambique, appointed British Commissioner in Nyassaland, the slave trade was to some extent suppressed, and Portuguese attempts at interference were thwarted.

CHAPTER XX.

Discovery of Gold—"The Rand"—Johannesburg—The Outlanders—
Origin of the Transvaal Wealth—Adventurers—Features of
the Mining Region—How the Gold is Found—Cost and
Profit—Equipment of the Mines—In the Assay Office.

SINCE Portuguese sailors in search of a sea-route to India first sighted the Cape of Good Hope, the most important event that has happened in South Africa was the discovery of rich gold and diamond fields in that country. This discovery spread new life and energy throughout the colonies, increased the trade, gave employment to natives as well as colonists, multiplied the wealth, and gave an impetus to the spread of civilization through unknown regions. It also led to the great political controversies that have vexed that region, and to the war that has now convulsed it. We have already related the story of the diamond mines at Kimberley. The existence of gold in these regions has been known much longer than that of diamonds. Recent investigations show that gold had been in the territory now called Mashonaland many centuries ago, and that that was the "Land of Ophir" in the days of Solomon. Thirty years ago gold was found at Tati, north of the Limpopo. Twenty years ago it was found in various parts of the Transvaal, chiefly in the Lydenberg fields and the Kaap valley. Such was the success in the latter that, in 1885, the Kaap, or De Kaap, valley was proclaimed a "public gold field;" and the "Sheba Hill," where was the Sheba mine, was spoken of as a "mountain of gold." When these discoveries were announced in England, in September, 1886, the London *Times* devoted a leading article to the immense wealth of the Transvaal gold fields, an article which seemed to have the effect of intoxicating the speculative world, and producing a "gold mania" in the minds of the colonists.

“The Rand.”

In the same year a conglomerate rock containing gold was found on the Witwatersrand, on the estate of Langlaagte, a couple of miles west of the present town of Johannesburg. The mines on this estate alone have produced gold worth more than \$15,000,000. The Witwatersrand, or Rand, is the chief watershed of the Transvaal, and consists of a ridge of hills running east and west through the central part of the country. On the summit of this ridge, at an elevation of about 6,000 feet, stands Johannesburg, the gold city, the mining centre of the Transvaal. Its high elevation above the sea-level gives the town its unique climate, and renders it, considering its sub-tropical latitude, one of the coolest places in South Africa; and a place, as the London “Times” lately remarked, “where the physical qualities of Englishmen need never degenerate.”

The auriferous conglomerate, or “banket reef,” as it is called, stretches throughout the whole extent of the Rand, and the south slopes of the ridge are one vast gold-field, covered with tall shafts and head-gearing of many mines. A quarter of a century ago the total annual exports of Cape Colony amounted to \$10,000,000. Four years ago they amounted to \$75,000,000, of which \$25,000,000 may be reckoned as gold yielded by the marvelously wealthy gold-fields of the Transvaal. So vast and so rich are the auriferous beds that the value of the ore locked up in the bowels of the earth, and only awaiting the industry of man for its extraction, would amount to such a stupendous sum that it would be far more than sufficient to pay off our National debt.

Johannesburg.

Johannesburg, called the “London of South Africa,” occupying a site which, a dozen years ago, was barren veldt, and for some time later was only a miners’ camp, was, at the outbreak of the war, the centre of one hundred thousand inhabitants, and was increasing with great rapidity. The town is built on part of the gold-field; and as far as the eye can reach westwards are seen the tall chimneys of the various mines, running in a straight line along the south slope of the Rand. The largest or main reef runs for about thirty miles uninter-

ruptedly, gold-bearing and honeycombed with mines throughout its extent. This main reef, even were it alone, could speak for the stability and prosperity of the gold trade of the Transvaal. On one mail steamer arriving at London from the Cape was said to be between \$15,000,000 and \$20,000,000 worth of gold; and usually \$5,000,000 worth is brought by each mail boat. Thus South Africa, in the abundance of its mineral wealth, answers better than any other country to the magnificent description of the Book of Job: "The stones of it are the place of sapphires, and it hath dust of gold."

The Outlanders.

It was a few years after the London Convention of 1884 was signed that the rich goldfields were discovered in various parts of the Transvaal; and, under the guarantee of the Republic being under British suzerainty, and on the cordial invitation of the Transvaal Government, a mixed population, made up of Afrikanders, Britons, Americans, Germans, Jews, etc., poured rapidly into the country. These various elements are named by the Boers *witlanders*—that is, "outlanders" or "foreigners." The word *witlander*, in meaning and pronunciation, is like the Scotch "ootlander," now little used; although the adjective form "ootlandish" (foreign) is still in common use. The Outlanders constituted the mining, industrial and commercial population; the number of adults was in 1898 estimated at about 60,000, while the total population of Outlanders—men, women and children—probably amounted to about 190,000.

Origin of the Transvaal Wealth.

There can be no doubt that the material wealth of the country thereafter was due to the presence of these immigrants. The Second Republic of 1880 was practically a new creation, and in the twenty years of its existence the Outlander has contributed far more to its construction than the Boer. He discovered and he has worked the mineral wealth. In ten years his numbers have increased from a comparative handful to a population estimated a year ago, for the Rand alone, at 175,000. He has paid the taxes, he has built the

towns, he has constructed the railways, he has established the commerce, he has settled on the land. The State, which he found nearly bankrupt, has an accumulated surplus calculated to have reached about \$10,000,000 a year.

Adventurers.

On the other hand, it ought to be known that ever since the discovery of goldfields in the famous Witwatersrand, in 1886, the immigrants, who have poured into the Rand in a ceaseless stream, are very largely composed of adventurers intoxicated with the greed of gold. The "gold mania," as it has been aptly called, whether exhibited in California, Australia, or the Transvaal, has always had a demoralizing effect upon the habits and morality of the community. This baneful influence was shown in the Rand; for although we cannot endorse the statement lately made which stigmatizes the Rand as "the wickedest place in the world," yet there can be no doubt that Johannesburg—the mining centre—stood at a low ebb in its morality and social life. The population was made up of the surplus population of many lands, drawn together from greed of gold. Some were growing enormously wealthy; many, struggling for a livelihood, were crowded together in excessive discomfort, while vice was rampant on every side. Drinking and gambling, cursing and swearing, racing and betting, cheating and chicanery, crime and murder, were alike too common, and blackened the moral atmosphere of the Golden City.

Features of the Mining Region.

The goldfields of the Rand have never been the home of the individual miner, armed only with pick and shovel; they are the field of capital, machinery and skilled labor, and have attracted a more intelligent, skilled and settled population than the mining camp of the alluvial fields, and are orderly and organized. Gold mining there is an industry, not a field of adventure for a pair of strong arms. To fully equip a mine nowadays something like a couple of million dollars has to be sunk in the ground before an ounce of gold is taken out of it. To-day work is being carried on at a depth of

over 2,000 feet, and within the next few years we shall see shafts of double that depth. The industry is as systematically organized as coal mining in this country, which it superficially resembles with its outfit of hauling gear, shafts and tunnels. It presents more engineering and mechanical difficulties ; solid rock is harder to win than soft coal, and when the ore is brought to the surface, further processes, involving a very high order of mechanical and chemical skill, are necessary before the gold is recovered.

How the Gold is Found.

The gold-bearing reef of the Rand is peculiar, and is practically unknown in other parts of the world. It is a conglomerate rock through which gold has been evenly and finely distributed by water action in ages long gone by, few of the particles being visible to the naked eye. One of its most important features, as distinguished from quartz, is the regularity of its distribution through the rock. It was given a graphic name by one of the first Dutchmen who saw it, when he dubbed it *banket*, *i. e.*, the sweetmeat which we know as almond rock, or toffee, the almonds being represented by the water-worn pebbles studded in the rock. The name has stuck, and it is known as a *banket reef* to this day. Of this marvelously rich formation a line—or more strictly speaking, a rough arc of a circle—of some thirty miles in length has been discovered, and many experts are of opinion that there is much more to come. This long stretch is unbroken, except by an occasional dike or fault. It is of varying richness at different parts, but within each section there is a wonderful uniformity of quality, and it is this feature which has made the actual mining, as apart from the share market transactions, a settled industry and not a speculation. Find the quality of your reef at a particular spot, and given the cost of labor, machinery and other items, you know whether your mine is a payable proposition under existing conditions. It is all a question of cost, for it is obvious that it is useless to recover \$4 worth of gold if it costs you \$5 to do it.

The main reef and the few subsidiary reefs found in proximity to it run east and west, and dip from north to south. In other

words, the outcrop is to the north, from which it dips into the earth at an angle of about 45° in a southerly direction. The reef was discovered little more than a decade ago in the neighborhood of where Johannesburg now stands, at places where it actually cropped up to the surface. It was anxiously followed as it sank on the slant into the earth, first by trenches and then by primitive shafts, until confidence in the permanency of the formation was established, capital poured in, and the industry gradually assumed its present dimensions and its output of over 200,000 ounces of gold a month. It was clear, however, that if the reef dipped into the earth so rapidly it must soon get beyond human reach, and be lost to the world; but further search proved that after a certain depth it has uniformly lost much of its downward direction, and gradually flattened out. It is this which has made the deep level mines possible, and added enormously to the length of life of the fields. Even now in places the mines stand three deep on the reef from north to south, working at an increasing depth, and under better economic and happier political conditions those numbers will be increased.

Cost and Profit.

To equip some of these mines ready for getting out gold and paying dividends, as much as \$3,000,000 has sometimes to be laid out before a property is ready to pay one shilling of profits. What they can do, however, when once in going order, is proved by the fact that dividends of from *one hundred to three hundred per cent. per annum* are in ordinary times by no means unknown, and, as in the case of the Ferreira, though the \$5 shares could recently only be purchased at about twenty-five times that figure, they even then yielded a fair return on the purchase price. Every month until the recent disturbances the mines of this veritable El Dorado were turning out at least \$5,000,000 value, and yet the greatest mining authority in the world has declared—and there is reason to think he has under- rather than over-stated it—there is from \$1,500,000,000 to \$2,500,000,000 of gold still left capable of being mined at a profit, even under the unfavorable auspices of bad government, dear dynamite and the great cost of living.

Equipment of the Mines.

In the most recently equipped mines, you find air-compressors driving long drills about an inch thick, with a steady "jig-jig" into the hard rock ; but in many the old-fashioned way of one Kaffir holding a drill while the other bangs it on the head with an enormous hammer is still followed. When three holes, about two feet apart, have been made in this way, dynamite is put in them, fuses are lighted, all retire, and when the deadly, poisonous fumes have cleared off after the explosion, the dislodged ore is loaded into trucks, which are pushed to the shaft, picked up in the skips, and whirled high above the surface, where they are tipped over into huge ore-bins, which discharge their contents into other trucks waiting underneath to convey the ore into the battery-house.

These batteries, or mills, where the ore is crushed up and the gold extracted, are indeed wonderful places. Their cost often runs into five or six figures, and in the old days, before the railway, the transport alone by wagons of a mill for the Langlaagte Gold-Mining Company (for which, by the way, three hundred wagons and something like five thousand oxen were employed) was over \$50,000. Enter the building, and you are deaf and dumb in the speech-destroying, all-conquering roar of the mighty stamps, each weighing a thousand pounds, as they reduce to liquid mud the ore and water with which they are fed day and night.

This mud flows out in a stream of the consistency and appearance of thin gruel, through sieving in front of the stamp-boxes, over the long sloping plates. These plates are of copper, covered with mercury, which latter metal seizes on the free-gold particles and converts them into the same sort of amalgam which the dentist uses for stopping teeth, while it lets the residue flow away for further treatment by the cyanide process.

In the Assay Office.

Having got your gold into the amalgam, the next process is to get it out again. Once or twice a month the mill is stopped, the plates are scraped, and the amalgam placed in a heated retort at the assay office, which vaporizes off and then recondenses the

mercury for future use, while leaving the gold to be smelted up into bars.

A single bar, though only about two inches longer than an ordinary brick, weighs over a thousand ounces, which in gold represents about \$20,000. Each mine has its assay office, with its own staff of assayers, in order to test continually the value of the ore as it is taken out, to know precisely the quality of the stuff going into the mill. To do this, and from a sample pound-weight of ore to discover to a fraction the number of pennyweights of gold to the ton of rock—for it must be remembered that even the richest Johannesburg mines seldom return more than an ounce of gold to the ton—instruments of the most marvelous fineness and accuracy have to be employed. Scales, such as the ones to be seen in the glass case, are adjusted to detect differences up to the *ten-thousandth part of a grain*. The assayer will weigh for you a tiny slip of paper, and, after he has adjusted the scale to balance exactly, will ask you to pencil your name on it. On again putting the paper into the scale, the extra weight of the lead-pencil marks at once upsets the balance!

It may be asked, what becomes of the enormous bulk of crushed ore? Before being allowed to flow into the tailings heaps, which are rapidly forming young mountains round Johannesburg, the stuff is subjected to the further treatment of the cyanide process, which consists in soaking these tailings in a weak solution of cyanide of potassium, contained in huge vats. Here any remaining gold which, owing to its chemical association with iron pyrites, sulphur, etc., has not been attracted by the mercury on the battery-plates, is dissolved, to be precipitated by being brought into contact with zinc shavings, into a black powder, which is afterwards smelted into bars of the precious metal.

CHAPTER XXI.

Grievances of the Outlanders—Equal Privileges Promised in 1881—
Changing the Law—How the Promise was Kept—Conditions
of Citizenship—Allegiance, and Nothing in Return—The
Agitation for Redress—Another Turn of the Screw
—The Demands of the Outlanders—
Beginning Agitation.

IT now remains for us to compress into as small a space as the facts will allow, a sketch of the political occurrences which finally led a hundred thousand British subjects in the Transvaal to revolt and the British Government to intervene in their behalf. In August, 1881, in accordance with the terms arranged six months before, under the shadow of Majuba Hill, England formally signed a Convention under which the Boers were given "complete self-government, subject to the suzerainty of her Majesty." Prior to the signing of the Convention three British Commissioners—Sir Hercules Robinson (High Commissioner of the Cape), Sir Evelyn Wood, and Sir Henry de Villiers—discussed with President Kruger the conditions under which that qualified independence was to be granted.

Equal Privileges Promised in 1881.

It will be best understood by a quotation from the official minutes of the discussion, as they appear in the Blue Book, issued in 1882 :

"Sir Hercules Robinson : Before annexation had British subjects complete freedom of trade throughout the Transvaal ; were they on the same footing as citizens of the Transvaal ?

"Mr. Kruger : They were on the same footing as the burghers ; there was not the slightest difference, in accordance with the Sand River Convention.

"Sir Hercules Robinson : I presume you will not object to that continuing ?

“Mr. Kruger: No. There will be equal protection for everybody.

“Sir Evelyn Wood: And equal privileges?

“Mr. Kruger: We make no difference, so far as burgher rights are concerned. There may perhaps be some slight difference in the case of a young person who has just come into the country.”

Changing the Law.

At first there was a pretence of carrying out that pledge. For about twelve months a British settler in the Transvaal was legally entitled to all the rights of full citizenship after two years' residence. In the year after the Convention, however, the Boer Government began to back out of its undertaking. In 1882 a law was presented to and passed by the Volksraad imposing on candidates for the franchise a residence of five years. They were required to begin their probation by registering themselves on the Field Cornet's books, and to pay \$125 on their admission to the rights of citizenship. No complaint was made of that change in the law. It was accepted as a liberal interpretation of President Kruger's "slight difference in the case of a young person who had just come into the country."

How the Promise Was Kept.

But as the gold fields were developed by the aid of British money, skill and enterprise, there was a correspondingly large influx of British immigrants. The combined attractions of gold mining and the opportunities for remunerative trade which it afforded, of a healthy climate, and of British protection, induced thousands of British people of the middle and artisan classes to settle in the new capital of the Rand. By 1890 Johannesburg had become as large as an English third-class town. As Sir Alfred Milner has said, they were not mere birds of passage. A large and increasing proportion of them "contemplated a long residence in the country, or to make it their permanent home," like the vast numbers of Englishmen who have peopled colonies all over the world. The Boers evidently felt the truth of this, and by 1890 they had made up their minds that it would be inconvenient to allow the

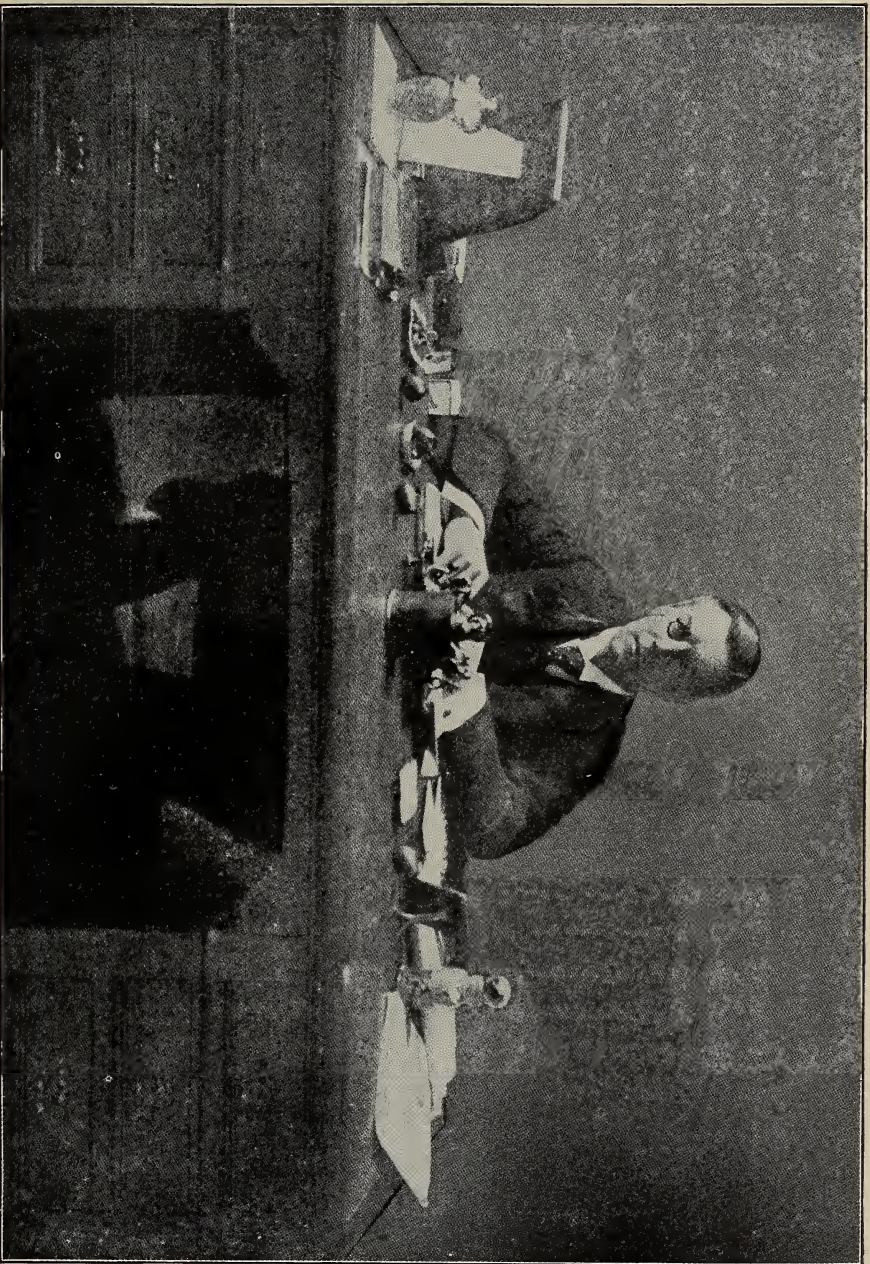
immigrants to share the rights of citizenship on the basis of a five years' qualification. Accordingly, in 1891, a new law was passed imposing a fourteen years' residence on settlers as a qualification for the franchise, and even obstructing the operation of that qualification with conditions which made it practically worthless. The following were the formalities to be observed and the sacrifices to be made :

Conditions of Citizenship.

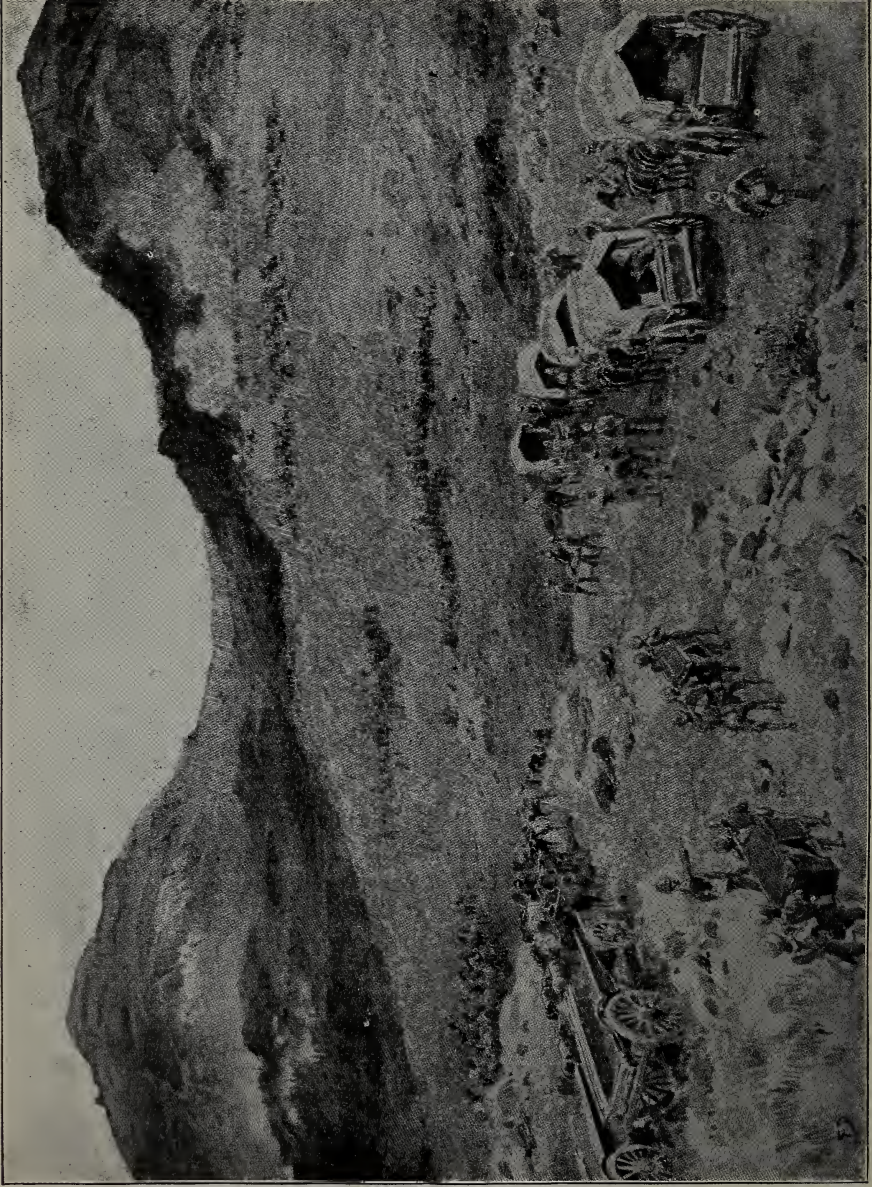
1. Fourteen days after arrival in the country the immigrant must enter his name on the Field Cornet's roll. If he omits to fulfil this requirement, through ignorance or otherwise, he loses all chance of ever becoming eligible.

2. After having been two years on the Field Cornet's roll, and having been continuously resident in the Transvaal throughout that period, the settler may take out a certificate of naturalization. Naturalization involves : (a) the payment of £5, (b) the taking of the oath of allegiance, and (c) liability to military service. The settler then becomes entitled to a vote for the Second Volksraad, and two years later, if he is thirty years of age, he is eligible for membership. This Second Volksraad was created at the same time as a sop for embryo citizens during their novitiate. It is a sort of Parliamentary debating society with no power of legislation whatever. It is subject to the veto of the First Raad ; it is optional with the President to suppress any measure it may originate and to refuse to submit it to the First Chamber ; it has no control at all over taxation or expenditure ; and it has no voice in measures initiated and passed by the First Raad. It will be seen, therefore, how great an honor it is to have a seat in the Second Raad, or even to be permitted to vote for a candidate for it.

3. Twelve years after naturalization, if the settler is then forty years of age, and if the application is supported by three-fourths of the burghers in his district, he may obtain the right to vote for, and sit in, the First Raad. But he is still denied the right to vote for the President and Commandant-General, and under no conditions can he obtain one. Against this negation of elementary



Joseph Chamberlain, Secretary of State for the Colonies.



Battle of Rietfontein.

justice, let us remind the reader that at the Cape and Natal the full rights of citizenship may be obtained by Dutch or any other foreigner after two years' residence.

Allegiance, and Nothing in Return.

Now observe the sacrifice which the settler is called upon to make in order to gain this abbreviated right of citizenship, for which he must wait fourteen years. At the end of the first two years he must take the oath of allegiance, which is as follows :

"I desire to become a burgher of the South African Republic, abandon, give up, and relinquish all obedience, fealty, and the obligations of a subject to all and any foreign sovereigns, presidents, states and sovereignties, and more especially the sovereign, president, the state, or sovereignty of whom I have hitherto been a subject and burgher, and as subject take the oath of fealty and obedience to the government and laws of the people of the South African Republic."

That is to say, that for twelve out of the fourteen years' probation the settler must be content to relinquish all claim to the protection of the state of which he is a citizen without acquiring any equivalent in the Republic in which he lives ; and he must, if called upon, take up arms against any other ruler, "especially the sovereign of whom I have hitherto been a subject."

The Agitation for Redress.

The object of this law was, of course, to keep the government of the Transvaal permanently in the hands of the men who made it, and to chain down the British population to very near the level of the Kaffir races. Soon after it was passed the Outlanders, who had already begun to feel acutely the political ostracism to which they were condemned, formed themselves into a Transvaal National Union for the purpose of protection and agitation. Its object was defined as "to obtain by all constitutional means equal rights for all citizens of the Republic and the redress of all grievances." The attention of the British Government was repeatedly drawn to the

state of things, and Lord Ripon, who was then Colonial Secretary, said in dealing with one of these representations :

“The principal ground for criticising the policy of the Republic is that, whilst for seven years past it has been gaining in wealth and strength by the industry, capital and intelligence of a body of foreigners who, counting adult males against adult males, now exceed its native population in numbers, and greatly exceed them in their contributions to the State, it has been at the same time adding to the stringency of the conditions on which the men who compose this new and indispensable element in the body politic can obtain the full right of participating in public affairs which concern them so vitally and which they have influenced so favorably.”

President Kruger paid no attention to “pious opinions” of this kind. The policy of “patience” suited him very well. In 1893 British subjects were ordered to join commandos sent to harass some of the native tribes. They refused to obey and were thrust into gaol. That touched the Outlanders on the sorest spot of all, and there was real danger of an insurrection. Lord Loch, the High Commissioner, went to the Transvaal, and after advising the Outlanders to leave their grievances in the hands of the Imperial Government, he warned President Kruger that the “very real and substantial grievances” of the British subject would have to be redressed, and for a time British troops were massed on the frontier ready to move on Johannesburg for the protection of life and property.

Another Turn of the Screw.

That special trouble blew over by the exemption of the British from military service, but in 1895 Mr. Kruger began to turn the screw once more. He induced the Volksraad to pass a Public Meetings Law prohibiting open-air meetings, and so struck a blow at the only practical means the Outlanders had of ventilating their wrongs. At the same time a petition to the Volksraad, signed by 38,000 persons, praying that they might, “under reasonable conditions, be admitted to the full rights of citizens,” was thrown out with contempt. Those things gave new bitterness to the struggle,

and prepared the ground for the outside plot which led to the Jameson raid.

The Demands of the Outlanders.

At a meeting of the National Union at Johannesburg in 1894 the grievances and the demands of the Outlanders were set forth in a formal and elaborate manner, and it was then emphatically stated that no resort to violence was contemplated, although one of the principal speakers warned the Government that if their policy was persisted in blood would be shed in the streets of Johannesburg, and that the responsibility would lie at the doors of the Volksraad. At that time much was hoped from the coming elections, as it was anticipated that a "Progressive" majority would be returned to the Volksraad, and that a more liberal policy would be pursued.

But those hopes were doomed to disappointment. The elections to the Raad did, indeed, result in the return of a majority of members who were commonly reckoned as "Progressives," and the National Union, in view of the suggestion that reforms were hindered by the making of inflammatory speeches at Johannesburg, discontinued their agitation. Nothing, however, came of this change of policy.

Beginning Agitation.

On the 20th of November, 1895, a speech was delivered by Mr. Lionel Phillips, the chairman of the Chamber of Mines, which marked a reversion to the policy of active agitation. On that occasion Mr. Phillips stated that the position had been endured, and it was likely to be endured still longer; and he added that "nothing was further from his heart than a desire to see an upheaval, which would be disastrous from every point of view, and which would probably end in the most horrible of all possible endings—in bloodshed." Finally came the manifesto issued by the National Union on the 27th of December, 1895, detailing the reforms demanded by the Outlanders. These reforms were as follows:

1. The establishment of the Republic as a true republic under a constitution approved of by the whole nation.
2. An amicable franchise and fair representation.

3. The equality of the Dutch and English languages.
4. The responsibility to the legislature of the heads of the great departments.
5. The removal of religious disabilities.
6. The establishment of independent courts of justice, with adequate pay for the judges to be properly secured.
7. Liberal education.
8. An efficient civil service, with adequate pay and pension system.
9. Free trade in African products.

The manifesto concluded with these ominous words: "We shall expect an answer in plain terms, according to your deliberate judgment, at the meeting to be held on January 6th."

Such was the position of affairs when, on the 30th of December, Dr. Jameson invaded the territory of the South African Republic at the head of a force of armed police.

CHAPTER XXII.

**The Story of Delagoa Bay—Great Britain Gets the Bay—MacMahon
Against England—Impossible Condition—Slow Work in Court.**

AMONG the sources of irritation between Great Britain and the Transvaal, we must not overlook Delagoa Bay. That splendid harbor is the natural, and indeed only available outlet for the Transvaal to the sea, and the Boers long ago coveted it. But Great Britain forestalled them, and by combining with Portugal, managed to shut the Boers up inland, with no access to the sea save by crossing British or Portuguese territory. Delagoa Bay is of especial interest to Americans, because it was an American who built the famous railroad there, which has for years been the subject of international litigation, and which, after interminable and inexplicable delays, is still before the Court of Arbitration. A brief review of the story of Delagoa Bay, and the competition for its ownership, will be appropriate in this place.

The history of Delagoa Bay dates back to the time of the hero of the Lusiad. It is now more than three hundred years since Vasco da Gama, the Portuguese explorer, discovered it and made a landing at the place now known as Lorenzo Marques, just at the north of the mouth of the river called by the Portuguese the "Espiritu Sancto," but more generally known as the English River. No serious attempt was made by the Portuguese to colonize or to control that region, although they claimed ownership of it by the right of discovery. In the eighteenth century the Dutch, who then owned Cape Colony, declined to recognize the Portuguese ownership, and established a fort and trading station of their own on the south side of the English River, just opposite Lorenzo Marques. To this the Portuguese made no objection. The Dutch post was not long maintained, however, and down to the early part of the present century that whole region was still in a state of primeval savagery.

Great Britain Gets the Bay.

After the Napoleonic wars, the Dutch possessions in South Africa passed into the hands of the British, and the latter, observing the neglected condition of Delagoa Bay, sent an expedition thither. The bay was for the first time carefully surveyed, and treaties were made with the native chiefs in that neighborhood by which they ceded their respective territories absolutely to Great Britain. After concluding these treaties, the British commander, Captain Owen, sailed for Madagascar. During his absence, a British schooner from Cape Town entered the southern part of the bay, which was the part of it over which Captain Owen had established British sovereignty. The Portuguese authorities at Lorenzo Marques promptly seized it and condemned it to be sold. Before it was sold, however, Captain Owen returned. He at once showed to the Portuguese authorities the treaties he had concluded, and warned them that British authority must be respected. The Portuguese yielded and released the schooner.

That was in 1823, and for half a century thereafter nobody ventured to dispute Great Britain's ownership of the southern half of Delagoa Bay. That territory was continuously treated as British. But in 1871 the Portuguese again seized a British ship, this time hailing from Natal. Mr. Gladstone was then Prime Minister, and Lord Kimberley was Colonial Secretary. Had they firmly maintained the title of Great Britain to property that had been indisputably British for fifty years, Portugal would have yielded promptly, as before, and there would have been no further dispute about Delagoa Bay. Instead, they hesitated and paltered, and finally agreed to submit the case to arbitration, without appeal. The President of the French Republic was named as the sole arbitrator. M. Thiers was at that time President, but was soon after succeeded by Marshal MacMahon. The latter decided in favor of Portugal and against Great Britain, and the latter acquiesced in the decision, although the equity of it has never been admitted.

It was not long after that time that the secret cause of Portugal's aggressive attitude was revealed. The Portuguese Governor at

Lorenzo Marques had heard rumors, and by thorough investigation had confirmed them, that gold in large quantities was to be found throughout a large part of the Transvaal Republic, within a hundred or a hundred and fifty miles of Delagoa Bay. Of this he made certain before a single hint of it had reached English ears. He knew that Delagoa Bay was the natural outlet for the enormous trade that would soon be developed in that region. He therefore reckoned it worth while to play a desperate game for securing to Portugal sole possession of the bay. In this, thanks to his audacity and to the weakness and blundering of the British Government of the day, he succeeded. Portugal has now, therefore, undisputed possession of the entire bay and its two islands.

MacMahon Against England.

Marshal MacMahon's decision did not end the controversies in that quarter, however. It was soon seen to be desirable that a railroad should be constructed from the bay to the heart of the Transvaal Republic. In December, 1875, the Transvaal entered into an agreement with Portugal for the construction of such a road. If Portugal would have a road built from the bay to the Transvaal frontier, a distance of about fifty-five miles, the Transvaal would continue it from that point to Pretoria, or "up to a centre of production which should insure the traffic of the line and the development of international commerce." Eight years later, in December, 1883, the Portuguese Government granted to an American citizen, Colonel Edward McMurdo, a charter for the building of a railroad from Lorenzo Marques to the Transvaal frontier. A concession was granted to him for the operation of the railroad for ninety-nine years, during which time Portugal agreed not to allow the construction of any other railroad for a distance of seventy miles on each side of his line.

That concession gave him a practical monopoly of inland trade from Delagoa Bay, and in consideration of the enormous value of that monopoly he asked for no subsidy or other aid from the Portuguese Government. He, however, received various land and other grants of enormous value.

Colonel McMurdo's operations were at first hampered by rumors of a scheme of the Portuguese and Transvaal Governments to build, parallel with and close to his line, not a railroad, but a "tramway," which, while not violating the concessions in terms, would do so in fact, and largely destroy the value of his grants. He at first formed a Portuguese company for building the road and exploiting his concession, with a capital of \$2,500,000. The rumors about the tramway prevented the success of this company, however, and the shares were presently transferred to an English concern known as "The Delagoa Bay and East Africa Railway Company, Limited." In March, 1887, this company issued bonds to the amount of \$2,000,000, and subsequently increased them to \$3,750,000. Work on the construction of the railroad was then pressed under the direction of Sir Thomas Tancred, and by November, 1887, the road was completed to the Transvaal frontier.

Impossible Condition.

Then, to the consternation of everybody concerned, the Portuguese Government declared that it must be built some distance further on, and that it must be thus extended and completely finished within eight months from that date. Against this the company vigorously protested, but at the same time undertook to do the additional work. The eight months in question comprised, however, the whole of the rainy season, and during five of those months it was impossible to do any work. The expiration of the eight months, therefore, found the supplementary portion of the road not quite finished. Thereupon, at the end of June, 1889, the Portuguese Government revoked the concession and confiscated the entire railroad property, which it has ever since managed for its own benefit.

About this time Colonel McMurdo died. But his rights were taken up by both the British and American Governments. Several British warships were sent to Delagoa Bay, and Portugal was warned that she would be held strictly responsible for any injury or loss to British subjects. The United States Government also made some vigorous representations on behalf of Colonel McMurdo's heirs and

other American investors. After some months of diplomatic fencing it was agreed by the three governments concerned that the whole matter should be submitted to arbitration.

The Swiss Government was called upon to act as arbitrator, and it appointed, in September, 1890, three of its most eminent jurists to constitute the tribunal. These were acceptable to the three governments, and on June 10, 1891, the representatives of Great Britain, the United States and Portugal formally signed the writ of submission.

Slow Work in Court.

Arbitration proceeded deliberately. Not until February 1, 1892, was the Court organized. The claims of the Delagoa Bay Company, demanding compensation to the amount of \$7,250,000, were laid before the Court in March, 1892, and soon after the claims of Mrs. McMurdo were added for nearly \$1,500,000 more. Nine months later the Portuguese Government filed its answer. Rejoinder and sur-rejoinder followed, and not until November, 1894, were the written pleadings finally closed. Since that date similar deliberation has been observed, although the British and American Governments have used all proper means to hasten decision. Many of the points involved were purely technical, and in order to deal with them intelligently the Court decided, in 1896, to appoint an expert commission of engineers to assist it. This commission dispatched one of its number, Mr. Nicolle, to Delagoa Bay, in November, 1896, to examine the entire route and report upon it. He returned from his errand in June, 1897, and made his report to the tribunal.

The decision of this tribunal, which may be given at any time, will fix beyond dispute the ownership of this railroad with its monopoly for ninety-nine years of the shortest route to the sea from what is probably the richest mineral region in the world. Competent engineers, thoroughly acquainted with that country, and with the whole subject, estimate the concession to be worth at present more than \$30,000,000, which is several times the entire claim made against Portugal. It may be added that the Transvaal end of the line is now completed as far as Pretoria.

As to the ownership of Delagoa Bay itself, Great Britain has thus far acquiesced in the decision of the French President. It is interesting to recall, however, that in June, 1875, the British Government proposed to that of Portugal a mutual agreement to the effect that whichever way that award might be given "the Power in whose favor the award is made will not entertain any proposal for the acquisition of the territory by any other Power until the defeated claimant shall have had an opportunity of making a reasonable offer for the acquisition of that territory, either by purchase or for some other consideration." To this the Portuguese Government agreed. As the case stands, therefore, Portugal is the owner of Delagoa Bay, but is bound not to transfer it to the possession of any other power without giving Great Britain the first opportunity to acquire it. If such an opportunity should be offered there can be no question as to what Great Britain would do.

CHAPTER XXIII.

The Story of the Jameson Raid—Services Among Savages—A Fine Administrator—Fighting the Matabeles—How the Raid Began—Inspired by Clive—Preparations for the Raid—Recruiting a Motley Host—On the March—The Raid Condemned—Progress of the Raiders—The Battle of Krugersdorp—The Boers “Lie Low”—A Desperate Charge—A Bad Night—The End of the Game—How the Raiders were Trapped—The White Flag—Treatment of the Raiders—A Tell-Tale Letter—Magnanimity of President Kruger—Handed Over to the British—Punishment of the Raiders—The Transvaal’s Bill.

THE leader of the famous raid was Leander Starr Jameson, a Scotchman of forty-two, who had spent seventeen years in South Africa, the last eight of which had been passed in the service of Mr. Rhodes. He was born in Edinburgh, his father being writer to the “Signet,” and his mother being a daughter of Major-General John Pringle. The family settled in London, and young Jameson studied medicine at the University College. He distinguished himself as a student, and, for a man of medium height and slight physique, was a tolerable athlete. He won several silver medals as a student, a scholarship in surgery, and when he graduated at London University, in 1875, took away the gold medal for medical jurisprudence. Then his health broke down, and he took a tour in America. On his return, in 1878, he went to South Africa, and entered into partnership with Dr. Prince, in Kimberley. The practice prospered exceedingly, for to professional knowledge and capacity for incessant work the young doctor brought a suavity of manner and no mean social gifts.

Mr. Rhodes was, in the earlier '80's, a rising millionaire, a king among Kimberley financiers, a member of the Legislative Assembly, and a politician, the vastness of whose aims was realized

only by his intimates. The two men struck up a close friendship, and Dr. Jameson is reported to have been one of his earliest confidants in the great scheme of northern extension. When, in 1888, the amalgamation of the diamond mines was completed, Mr. Rhodes was free to begin his plan of operations. He picked out Dr. Jameson as Mr. Rudd's companion in the mission to Lobengula, which was to obtain leave to march a pioneer force into Mashonaland; and Dr. Jameson threw up one of the most lucrative practices in South Africa, staking his all upon his friend's accomplishment of his dreams.

Services Among Savages.

He remained at Buluwayo for three months, treating Lobengula for the gout, and becoming high favorite with that unfortunate potentate. He was at Buluwayo again when the pioneer expedition followed Mr. Selous up country, and had much to do with securing a safe passage for it, the Matabele, in reality, being anxious for the king's leave to bar its way. Dr. Jameson joined the column as Mr. Rhodes's representative, marched with it to Mount Hampden, and then, with Major Frank Johnson, struck across country eastward to the Pungwé, and from thence by water to Cape Town.

In 1890 he returned to Fort Salisbury, and during 1890-91, with two English companions, visited Gungunhana's country, with the object of including it in the territory of the chartered company. He was successful in extracting a concession and treaty from the king; but the Anglo-Portuguese negotiations stood in the way of the compact, and it lapsed. On his return, though much weakened by fever, he accepted the post of Administrator of Mashonaland, in succession to Mr. Archibald Colquhoun. The position was critical, for the Transvaal Boers were ready to trek across the Limpopo into the new territory. Dr. Jameson met them as they were preparing to cross the river. He had with him a troop of the Bechuanaland police. The Boers were numerous and well-armed. Bloodshed seemed unavoidable. But by dint of persuasion Dr. Jameson kept them on the other side of the river. The trekkers disbanded and the victory was his. This feat alone made his reputation.

A Fine Administrator.

Of his actual administration of Mashonaland, Mr. Selous—writing before the war—shall bear witness: “I consider that it was a veritable inspiration that prompted Mr. Rhodes to ask his old friend Dr. Jameson to take over the arduous and difficult duties of administrator of Mashonaland. Dr. Jameson has endeared himself to all classes of the community by his tact and good temper, and has managed all the diverse details connected with the administration of a new country with a correctness of judgment which amounts to nothing less than genius—and genius of a most rare and versatile order. He was the man for the position.”

Fighting the Matabeles.

What he did in the organization of the attack on the Matabeles is worthy to be recounted. His plans were formed with promptitude and thoroughness, and they were carried into effect under his personal direction with a precision and success rare indeed in African native warfare. Doubts may still exist in some quarters as to the real necessity for that campaign—doubts that were never shared by those who saw the slaughtered Mashonas in and about Fort Salisbury; but none can exist as to the masterful capability, the foresight, and prudence of the man who brought it to so quick and dramatic a conclusion. His judgment was at least justified by success, and when he was given his C. B. they were few indeed who did not think that a higher distinction might well have been bestowed upon him. No wonder that it was incomprehensible to his friends, that a man with a career such as is here outlined should be guilty of a mere piece of desperate and inconsiderate rashness.

How the Raid Began.

The story of the raid begins with the following incident, which is declared to be absolutely authentic, coming from one who was present:

One day, long before the very earliest hint of a beginning of the “complot,” as shown by any evidence which is before the world, a man sat on the stoop of the Government House, Bulawayo, smoking

cigarettes and reading a "Life of Clive." A rather short man (the novelist would tell us), whose head, growing a little bald, was noticeably broad and rather too noticeably squat; what is called a bullet-headed man, in short, with a firm jaw, firm chin, short nose and mustache, keen eyes, and a general air of good-natured, forcible abruptness.

This, of course, was Dr. Jim, officially known as His Honor, Leander Starr Jameson, M. D., C. B., Administrator of Matabeleland.

Suddenly, Jameson looked up from his book and exclaimed: "I have a jolly good mind to march straight down off the plateau with the men I have here and settle the thing out of hand. The idea of South Africa going on being trodden upon by this Pretoria gang is absurd. I have a good mind to get the fellows together and start to-morrow, via Tati."

Inspired by Clive.

Now, the men to whom Jameson referred were only about a couple of hundred mounted police, and the time that it would take them to carry out this airy programme, marching down off the plateau, would be two or three weeks, during which the national and international situation would be rather peculiar, the disbanding of the forces by cable, not to say the cancelling of the company's charter, being probable incidents of the march.

Dr. Jim's interlocutor somewhat dryly pointed this out, and a little argument ensued.

"Well," said Jameson at last, banging down the book on his knee, "you may say what you like, but Clive would have done it."

Does the germ of the whole inscrutable business lie between the leaves of Jameson's "Life of Clive"?

Preparations for the Raid.

The uprising in the Transvaal was not due to a sudden ebullition of feeling, but the outcome of influences that had been leavening and moulding public thought at Johannesburg for years. President Kruger, in his proclamation to the people of the Rand, after

the raid, said: "A small number of designing men, inside and outside this country, have artfully stirred up the innocent inhabitants of Johannesburg, under the mask of fighting for political rights, and when in their madness they thought the moment had come, they chose a certain Dr. Jameson to cross the border of this Republic." It is evident, too, that the President of the Orange Free State entertained the same opinion, for, in an address to the Free State Volksraad, he said that their delegates to Pretoria reported that Jameson's papers showed that a huge scheme had been organized by the "chartered company" to subdue the Transvaal. The plot had been maturing for months, and the Rand agitation was made an excuse. There exists not the shadow of a doubt that active preparations for some such expedition were being made in the territories of the "chartered companies" for months before. A Scotsman in Bulawayo, writing to his mother in Edinburgh three months before the raid, said: "There is a volunteer corps of over 900 men, of whom 500 are mounted. They had a mounted parade this afternoon, and the turn-out and execution of drill was not at all bad, considering that over 200 had never been on a horse before. It is rumored about that the volunteers here and in Salisbury have been raised for some purpose; but it is not certain what it is. If it is fighting, I am going to be in it. The pay is 10 shillings a day, all found, and I expect loot as well. It is causing great excitement here and everybody is on the tiptoe of excitement." Bulawayo, from which the letter was dated, is about 200 miles north of the Transvaal. It is situated in the centre of Matabeleland, and is the capital of the territory of the British South Africa Chartered Company.

Recruiting a Motley Host.

The following extracts from letters dated from Mafeking, the starting point of the expedition into the Transvaal, indicate the preparations made about the massing of men there for some sort of expedition, and surmises among the recruits that they were about to march on Johannesburg. A trooper in the British Bechuanaland Police, writing from Mafeking on November 3, 1895, that is two months before Dr. Jameson's defeat, wrote: "The British South

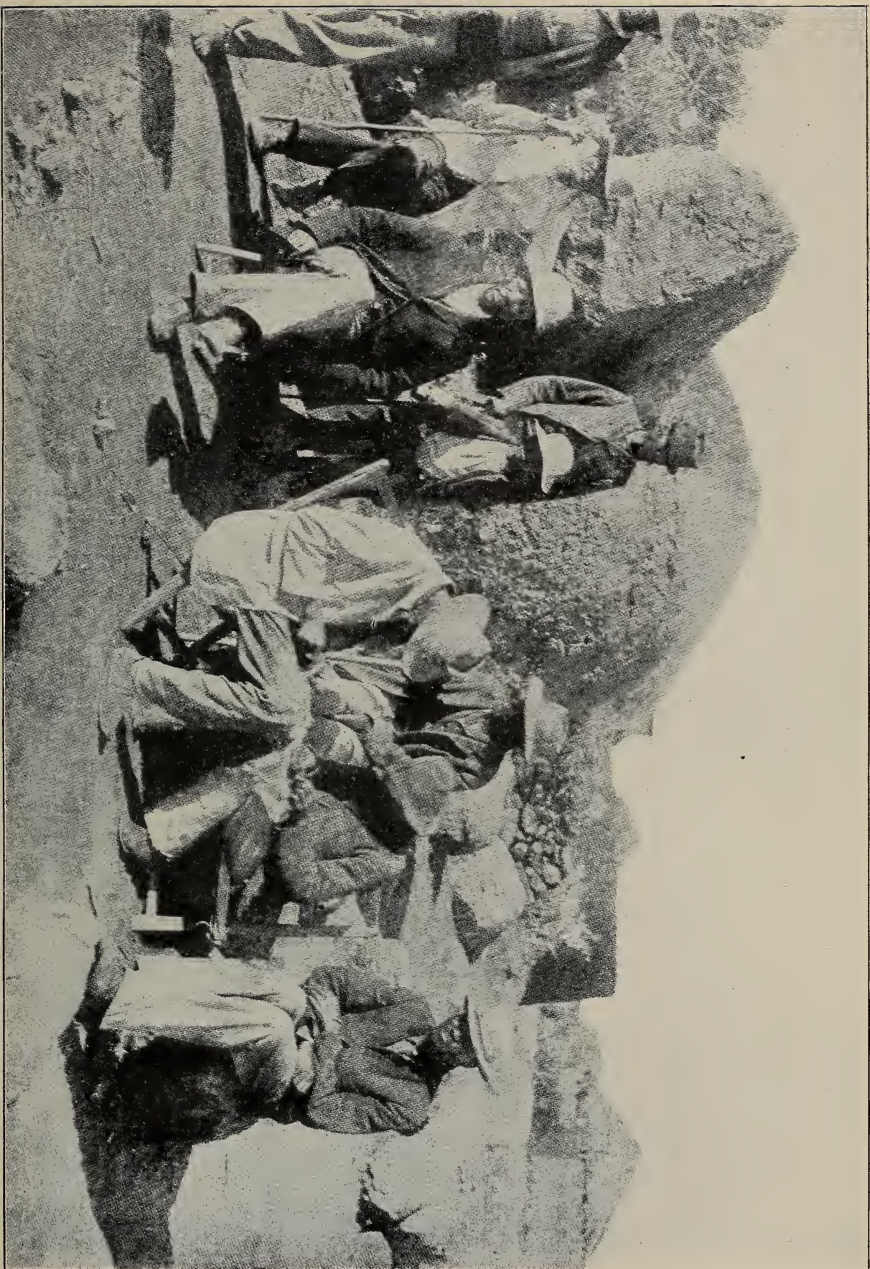
Africa Company's police are taking on recruits of all sorts—men who have never had a horse or a Martini-Henry rifle before, and Dutchmen who cannot speak a word of English. There are some of these miscellaneous creatures here who are in a terrible funk, as some of our fellows have been laying on to them that they are going to fight at Molepolole." Writing on November 10, 1895 (a week later), the writer said: "The British South African 'rookies' who have gone up are a fearfully mixed crew, including coolies and, what is worse, Bechuana Dutch. I made the acquaintance of a few of them, some straight from Manchester, and these provincial men can lie."

Finally, on December 8, 1895, he wrote: "Rumor reports that we are to march on Johannesburg in January! I hope it will not be another case of Majuba Hill. All the same I wonder what the move is. I should think there must be something in the wind."

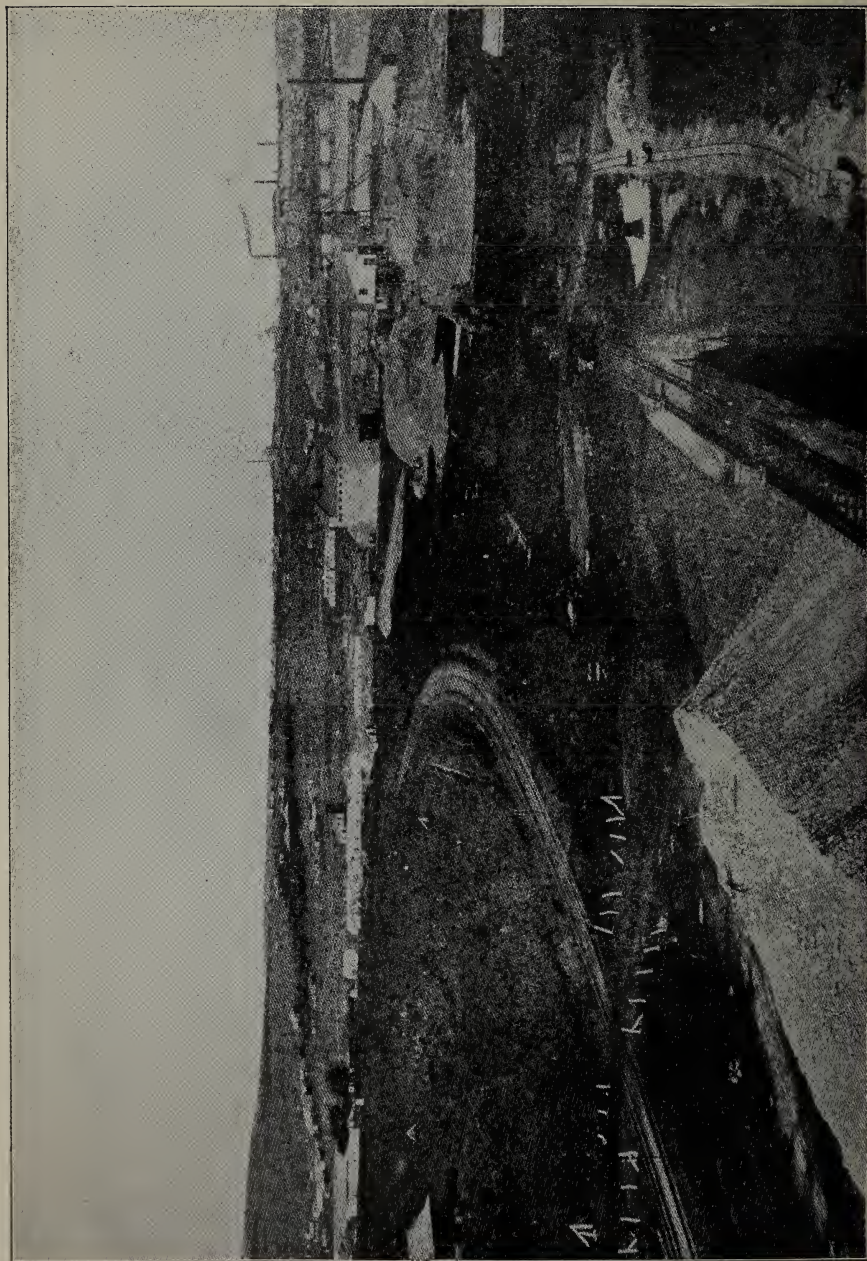
Another letter may be quoted, from an official in the leading colliery of the Orange Free State, near Kroonstadt. The letter was dated December 14, sixteen days previous to Dr. Jameson's march: "I suppose you have heard of the expected big row in Johannesburg. I believe an insurrection of the Outlanders is on the tapis, and unless the Raad acts on a more liberal policy the pot will boil over and scald the whole lot. I know for a fact that a large number of Maxim guns have been imported as mining machinery, and after the significant speech by Lionel Phillips, which no doubt you have read, matters are shaping themselves towards an end, which will probably oust the Boer from the seat of Government, and most likely add the richest province in the world to the British Empire. Good luck to it, say I; and may the great unwashed be taught a stinging lesson for such intolerance. You had better hasten back to Johannesburg if you want some sport. Comment is superfluous."

On the March.

The troops trained by Dr. Jameson at Bulawayo set off southwards on an expedition, the destination of which was unknown to the men. They marched through the Chartered Company's territory and British Bechuanaland, close by the western frontier of the



Lekuku, Khama's Fighting General.



Johannesburg Gold Mines.

Transvaal, and were joined by contingents and recruits at the towns and villages through which they passed. In the early part of November the forces were established in camps at Pitsani and Mafeking, townships of Bechuanaland near the boundaries of the Transvaal; and for six weeks their training was both continuous and severe. It was after leaving Pitsani—twenty miles west of Mafeking—that the men were addressed and informed that they were going to the relief of Johannesburg. They were also told that they would be joined by Cape Mounted Rifles and 2000 volunteers from Johannesburg, as well as by a regiment from Cape Town. Proceeding to Mafeking, they were joined by the Bechuana contingent, and on Monday afternoon, December 30, 1895, the whole forces crossed the border, entering the territory of the Boers.

Forthwith the Boer commandant at Fort Marico, situated on the frontier, dispatched a written order, asking Dr. Jameson and his forces to withdraw from Transvaal territory. In answer he sent the following reply: "Dear Sir:—I am in receipt of your letter, and have to inform you that I intend proceeding with my original plans, which have no hostile intention against the people of the Transvaal; but we are here in reply to an invitation from the principal residents of the Rand to assist them in their demand for justice and the ordinary rights of every citizen of civilized states.—I am, Sir, yours faithfully, L. S. JAMESON."

The force, consisting of about 500 men, with four Maxims and a few field-guns, proceeded on their way, galloping rapidly over the rolling, grassy downs.

The Raid Condemned.

On the news of the raid reaching the Colonial Office, in London, Mr. Chamberlain instantly wired to President Kruger, Sir Hercules Robinson and Mr. Cecil Rhodes, condemning a hostile invasion into the territory of a friendly state, and stating that such an action would be utterly repudiated by Her Majesty's Government. Sir H. Robinson, High Commissioner of Cape Colony, telegraphed at once to Jacobus De Wet, British Agent at Pretoria, as follows: "I have heard that Dr. Jameson, with a force of Char-

tered Police, has entered the Republic *en route* for Johannesburg. I have telegraphed to inquire the truth. I may say that, if true, the step has been without my authority or cognizance. At once telegraph that I repudiate such action, and direct force to return immediately." The High Commissioner at the same time telegraphed to the Commissioner at Mafeking as follows: "It is rumored that Dr. Jameson has entered the Transvaal with an armed force. Is this so? If so, send a messenger with a fast horse to direct him to return immediately. A copy of this telegram should be sent to officers with him. They should be told that violation of the territory of a friendly state will be repudiated by her Majesty's Government, and that they render themselves liable to a severe penalty." A field cornet was dispatched on a fleet horse to overtake the troops, who were proceeding very rapidly. With difficulty, therefore, he overtook them, delivered to them the High Commissioner's commands; but, unfortunately, they appear to have disregarded it. The officers in charge were Dr. Jameson, Colonel Gray, Colonel White and Major Sir John Willoughby.

Progress of the Raiders.

Very early on Tuesday morning the armed troops passed the small township of Ottoshoop in the direction of the Rand. Three ridges of hills, running generally east and west, occupied the district in front of them. These ridges are respectively Magaliesbergen, Witwatersberg and Witwatersrand; and through the two valleys run roads towards Pretoria, the seat of government. The expedition kept clear of the hills and valleys by proceeding along the southern slope of the Witwatersrand on the main road to Johannesburg, thus avoiding, as they thought, the likelihood of coming in conflict with the Boers. The march was continued, almost without interruption, throughout Tuesday, Tuesday night and Wednesday (New Year's Day), till about two o'clock in the afternoon.

Thus far they had encountered no opposition, and they were now within twenty-five miles of Johannesburg. The Boers were evidently cognizant of the movements of the expedition, and a strong force, numbering, it is thought, about 1500 men, took up a

strong position on the Johannesburg road at a spot about two miles west of the village of Krugersdorp. The Boers can be assembled for repelling a hostile band with marvelous rapidity. Every man in the country has his horse and rifle. The order goes out, and from all sides they come crowding to the scene of action like ants. They know every position of the country and follow up an enemy, shooting them down with unerring aim, as they are wont to do with flying birds and wild animals bounding over the grassy veldt.

The Battle of Krugersdorp.

On Wednesday afternoon (New Year's Day), about three o'clock, Dr. Jameson's troopers came in contact with the Boers, who were posted in a strong position on the road, ready to repel their opponents. Sir John Willoughby appears to have led the first attack on the Boer position. He met with a slight reverse, losing a captain and nine men killed, nine men wounded, two officers and twelve men made prisoners.

Dr. Jameson then attacked the Boer fort at George and May Mine, two miles north-west of Krugersdorp, a small mining township, twenty-one miles west of Johannesburg. Fighting now became general, and continued from three in the afternoon till eleven at night, Dr. Jameson making three principal attacks, and doing some damage with his artillery. The Boers, who had no artillery up as yet, save an old seven-pounder, replied with rifle fire, and desultory firing went on at long rifle-range from both sides, till presently Colonel White, in charge of the advance guard of 100 men, ordered it to advance and charge the Queen battery-house position.

The Boers "Lie Low."

Whoever ordered the charge, it is dubious what the troopers charging were intended to do upon reaching the ridge. They had no swords, and could only have fallen upon the Boers with the butt ends of their rifles. The idea seems to have been that they had only to gallop forward and rush the position and the Boers would jump up and run away, exposing themselves to the fire of the troopers and making way for the column. However, the question

of what they should do when they reached the Boers was not destined to arise. The Boers, lying prone along the ridge, protected by stones and the lay of the ground, had no intention of getting up and exposing themselves. Most of them were protected by a line of rock "outcrop;" a natural rampart which, in the geological formation of the Transvaal, creates endless positions of defensive strength. Then, at the battery-house, there were the "tailings," and southward there were the prospectors' trenches already mentioned, which, by the way, served in the sequel for burying some of the dead.

While the artillery fire was rattling on to the ridge, the Boers lay low, cautiously refraining from any attempt to put up their heads and take aim. They stayed quite still where they were, having found that the shrapnel, though sending up dust and splinters of stones, burst harmlessly over them as they lay. The Boers say, as a matter of fact, not a single Boer was wounded here except one man who had the skin taken off his thumb and went on firing. This is simply explained. Shrapnel does not burst upward and downward, but opens out in a horizontal plane, fan-like. If the Boers had been obliging enough to stand up it would have cut them to pieces, but a very few inches of ground mixed with stones sufficed to break the projectiles when fired low, and when fired higher they simply passed over the Boers' heads. So tightly, however, did the shrewd farmers hug the ground that a galloper, after surveying the prostrate and motionless Boers at one end of their positions, reported to the column, "so many killed;" and the apparent silencing of the ridge as a whole, led to the illusion that a charge would get through without difficulty.

A Desperate Charge.

Between 2 and 3 o'clock, accordingly, the Boers on the ridge saw a sudden movement of the troops nearest them. A manœuvre was executed which much impressed them for the moment. A narrow clump of men galloping toward them suddenly opened out at the word of command, to right and left, and came on in a single long straight line in open order. The Boer does not drill and has no manœuvres, and he—for a moment—admired accordingly. On

the charge came, about a hundred strong, with a ringing cheer, till from 1000 yards the range diminished to 500, 300, 200. At this point the riders splashed into vleis, and as they did so right along the ridge and from the flanking positions the Boers opened fire, emptying saddle after saddle. A score of men tumbled off. The frightened horses plunged and scattered. The men not killed or wounded stopped, jumped down, and replied to the hail of bullets, firing over the backs of their horses or from the ground.

The charge was checked. A moment more and the cross-fire in the vleis was too hot to be withstood.

The survivors turned around and galloped back, or crawled away into a clump of reeds at the side of the vleis for cover where they were shortly afterwards taken prisoners as they lay among the reeds. Some thirty prisoners were so taken, and during the night which followed the Boers carried away another thirty killed and wounded.

As the stragglers from the charge got back to the column the officers took council together. The utter failure of the manœuvre dashed the spirits of the troopers. It seemed that less than half of those who went had returned, and it takes very seasoned troops to treat a sacrifice of 60 per cent. with indifference. At 5 o'clock the Boers noticed the column in two parts turning off the road and making a move southward, evidently to turn the position. In this direction lie the farms Rendfontein and Viakfontein, which were the scene of the rest of the fighting.

A Bad Night.

That was a bad night for Dr. Jim. The High Commissioner's message had practically made him an outlaw, and Johannesburg was eighteen miles away. His column was encamped on a slope leading down to a stream, about two miles south, or to the right, of the first fighting position. Lights were out, but one was left in the ambulance wagons, where lay about thirty wounded or used-up men. Taking this light for a mark, the Boers went on firing into camp all night, killing or stampeding horses, and harassing the tired men.

At 4 o'clock in the gray dawn Jameson despatched a second message for Johannesburg, a verbal one, for one of his men to carry

through the Boer lines. But even then he was not going to make it a cry of despair. "I am all right," was the effect of the message, "but I should like a force sent out to us."

The End of the Game.

Next morning the Boers took up a position at Vlakfontein, eight miles on the Johannesburg side of Krugersdorp, on a circuitous road to the south, by which Dr. Jameson was marching. The Boers in the night had been reinforced both with men and with artillery, and with Maxims. Their position was an exceedingly strong one, on an open slope, but along a ridge of rocks cropping out of it. It was a right-angled position, and Dr. Jameson attacked them in the re-entering, having thus fire on his front and flank. To attack this position his men had to advance over a perfectly open, gently sloping, grassy down, while the Boers lay hid behind the rocks, and fired rifles, Maxims, and artillery upon their assailants. The position of the Boers was practically unassailable. Men and horses dropped on all sides. In the column the feeling grew that unless it could burst through the Boer lines at this point it was done for. The Maxims were fired till they grew too hot, and, water failing for the cool jacket, five of them jammed and went out of action. The seven-pounder was fired till only half an hour's ammunition was left to fire with. One last rush was made and failed—and then the Staats Artillery came up on the left flank, and the game was up.

How the Raiders Were Trapped.

The fact is that, by mischance, or misled by the volunteer guides who were now found to have slipped away, the column was at the mouth of a *cul de sac*. It must either stop or throw itself at a rising ground with cover, flanked by other rising ground with cover. Doornkop, which has christened the battle, is an isolated kopje, or stony hill, conspicuous for a mile to two round; but it was not actually reached. It is a thousand yards further on in the direction the column was going. It was strongly held, and warm indeed would have been the reception of the luckless little force if it had come to rounding that hill. But what did the actual mischief was a

flanking ridge, on the right (southern) flank, an abrupt low cliff, in which the Staats Artillery on the left (northern) flank came into play as the decisive factor.

Of actual combatants at this time the Boers say they had only 700 or 800. Indeed, the Boer legend swears that those closely engaged, apart from supports, were but fifty well-placed men; while those who stopped the last charge were exactly seven! The Boer legend adds that General Joubert found on inquiry at the hospital that all Jameson's wounded save one bore the spoor of a new pattern of rifle of which there were but fifty all told in the hands of burghers. Here, however, the records of the St. John Ambulance Brigade, which went up from Cape Town and evolved order from chaos at Krugersdorp, are available to explode the myth. They show that practically all the raiders' wounds were Martini-Henry. It was these seven champions, the Boers add, rather than the other fifty or the 700 or 800 engaged all along the line, who commanded the little gap attempted by the last charge, and saving their fire till the troopers were close, killed six of them, and the last hope of the rest, together. The other troopers sought shelter again on the farm, and shortly afterward, while the Staats Artillery from the other side was finding range, between 8 and 9 o'clock on Thursday, the 2d of January, 1896, a white flag was seen waving over Farmer Brink's outhouse. The so-called battle of Doornkop was at an end.

The White Flag.

And here must be recorded one more grotesque fact. Not even in its surrender was this raid fated to be romantic. The white flag used on this occasion was not, as a matter of fact, a torn shirt plucked from a weary trooper, but was the white apron of an old Hottentot "tanta" who was standing somewhere at hand on the farm, when it was borrowed from her to be waved as an emblem of peace.

Jameson's Explanation.

By permission of the officer commanding the Boer forces, an interview with Dr. Jameson was obtained. The Doctor said: "I only crossed the frontier because of the earnest appeals addressed

to me, and because I fully believed a large number of my countrymen and countrywomen were in dire peril of their lives. It was only to save and protect them that I moved. I should have beaten the Boers if the Johannesburgers had made one effort to help themselves—if they had only made the effort which I was led to expect. But the help from Johannesburg did not reach us at Krugersdorp. We could not break through, and we fought until we were dropping from exhaustion and our ammunition was spent. The Boers were in strong position and force. We could not shift them. But if the Johannesburgers had only destroyed the line to Krugersdorp, which they could easily have done by tearing up the rails, it would have prevented supplies and ordnance being taken on to the entrenched Boers, and enabling them to hold out against our attacks. As it was, a special train with ammunition ran out to them from Johannesburg while the fight was going on, fully replenishing their supplies, whilst our own were rapidly diminishing.”

Treatment of the Raiders.

The Chartered Company's men, when they surrendered, were entirely done up, some of them almost sleeping in their saddles as they were escorted to Krugersdorp. Then there was a scene that will not be forgotten. Boers freely mixed and talked with them. Provisions were brought and devoured with ravenous hunger. In many cases the Boers gave up their own scant stock of provisions to the starving men, for whom they expressed the utmost admiration for their pluckiness. The Boers treated their prisoners with generosity. To repeat the words of the men who escaped: “They treated us very well. There was no jeering at us, or anything of that sort. One of them said he was sorry to shoot such young men, and my opinion is they were really sorry for us. They recognized that we were simply carrying out orders, and they did not conceal their regard for the way in which we had done that.”

A Tell-Tale Letter.

On the battlefield was found a letter, which turned out to be an invitation sent by the Reform Committee, to Dr. Jameson inviting

him to come to their assistance. It was signed by five leaders of the Reform Committee, and ran as follows :

JOHANNESBURG, December 28.

Dr. Jameson—Dear Sir : The position of matters in this State has become so critical that at no distant period there will be a conflict between the Government and the Outlander population. It is scarcely necessary for us to recapitulate what is now a matter of history. Suffice it that the position of thousands of Englishmen and others is rapidly becoming intolerable. Not satisfied with making the Outlanders pay virtually the whole of the revenue of the country, while denying them representation, the policy has been steadily to encroach upon the liberty of the subject, and to undermine the security of property to such an extent as to leave a very deep-seated cause of discontent and danger. A foreign corporation of Hollanders is to a considerable extent controlling our destinies, and in conjunction with the Boer leaders is endeavoring to cast them in a mould which is wholly foreign to the genius of our people. Every public act betrays most positive hostility, not only to everything English, but to the neighboring states as well. In short, the internal policy of the Government is such as to have roused into antagonism not only practically the whole body of Outlanders, but a large number of the Boers ; whilst its external policy has exasperated the neighboring states, causing possibility of great danger to the peace and independence of the Republic. Public feeling is in a condition of smouldering discontent. All the petitions of the people have been refused with a greater or less degree of contempt, and in debate on the franchise petition, signed by nearly 40,000 people, one member challenged the Outlanders to fight for the rights they asked for, and not a single member spoke against him. Not to go into details, we may say that the Government has called into existence all the elements necessary for an armed conflict. The one desire of the people here is for fair play and the maintenance of the independence and preservation of their public liberties, without which life is not worth having. The Government denies these things and violates the national sense of Englishmen at every turn. What we

have to consider is, what will be the condition of things here in the event of a conflict with thousands of unarmed men, women and children of our race? They will be at the mercy of well-armed Boers, while property of enormous value would be in the greatest peril. We cannot contemplate the future without the greatest apprehension, and feel that we are justified in taking steps to prevent the shedding of blood and to insure the protection of our rights. It is under these circumstances that we feel constrained to call upon you to come to our aid *should a disturbance arise here*. The circumstances are so extreme that we cannot avoid this step, and we cannot but believe that you and the men under you will not fail to come to the rescue of our people who would be so situated. We guarantee any expense that may be incurred by you in helping us, and ask you to believe that nothing but the sternest necessity has prompted this appeal. We are yours faithfully,

(Signed)

CHARLES LEONARD, FRANCIS RHODES,
LIONEL PHILLIPS, JOHN HAYS HAMMOND,
GEORGE FARRAR.

Magnanimity of President Kruger.

One of the earliest telegrams after the defeat of the raid was forwarded from Pretoria by De Wet, the British agent there. He said: "I waited on President Kruger, and take this early opportunity of testifying in the strongest manner to the great moderation and forbearance of the Government of the South African Republic. Under the exceptionally trying circumstances, their attitude towards myself was everything I could wish. The prisoners have just arrived. Wounded of Jameson's force are over thirty, all at Krugersdorp, attended by doctors, and receiving attention."

The Boers might have shot the captives as traitors, but in answer to Mr. Chamberlain, who sued for generous and merciful treatment of the prisoners, President Kruger promptly replied: "I have given no orders to have the prisoners shot. Their case will, in due course, be decided strictly according to the traditions of this Republic, and in sharp contrast to the unheard-of proceedings of the freebooters. There will be no punishment inflicted upon them

which is not in accordance with the law. In England so many lies and false reports are disseminated, even by the most influential newspapers, that I deem it advisable to add that the freebooters who have been taken prisoners have been treated by our burghers with the greatest consideration, notwithstanding the fact that they have more than once been forced to take up arms for the defense of the dearly-bought independence of our Republic."

Mr. Chamberlain telegraphed to President Kruger in reply: "I thank your Honor for your message, and for myself I have always felt confidence in your magnanimity."

Handed Over to the British.

A few days after the Colonial Secretary received from Sir Hercules Robinson a telegram, as follows: "The President of the South African Republic has intimated his intention to hand over Jameson and the other prisoners to the High Commissioner on the borders of Natal."

This act of moderation and clemency caused great joy in England, and the British press was unanimous in lauding this magnanimous act. The "London Standard" said: "The voluntary surrender of Dr. Jameson by President Kruger to the English authorities in South Africa is an act of wise magnanimity, and will be appreciated at its full value in this country. We trust that the President has no claims in reserve that may cause public opinion to modify the favorable verdict at present pronounced upon his conduct. So far he has behaved with great prudence and courage, and has exercised wise clemency; and he may be quite certain that these are qualities Englishmen are quick to recognize and to admire."

Queen Victoria, on learning of the release of the prisoners, caused an expression of her thanks to be forwarded through Sir H. Robinson to the President. The telegram was: "Give the following message to the President of the South African Republic for me: 'I have received the Queen's commands to acquaint you that Her Majesty has heard with satisfaction that you have decided to hand over the prisoners to Her Government. This act will redound to the credit of your Honor, and will conduce to the peace of South

Africa, and to that harmonious co-operation of the British and Dutch races which is necessary for its future development and prosperity.' ”

Punishment of the Raiders.

The leaders of the raid were taken to England and put on trial for their offense. They were duly convicted, and condemned to terms of imprisonment, which were duly served.

But that was not the end of the case. The members of the Outlanders' Reform Committee at Johannesburg were arrested for complicity in the raid, and taken to Pretoria for trial under the law of the Transvaal. Their trial began on February 3, 1896.

The prisoners included Mr. Charles Leonard, Chairman of the Transvaal National Union; Mr. Lionel Phillips, Chairman of the Chamber of Mines; Colonel Rhodes, brother of Mr. Cecil Rhodes; Messrs. John Hays Hammond, Strange, Newham, Hillier, Bell, etc. The indictment charged the prisoners with inciting to rebellion and with high treason.

The end of the trial was that the prisoners were convicted. The four leaders, Messrs. Leonard, Phillips, Rhodes and Hammond, the last-named an American citizen, were condemned to death, and to the confiscation of their fortunes to the State. The severity of this sentence shocked the world. Strenuous remonstrances against it were made in the United States and elsewhere. And in the end, President Kruger deemed it best to yield to the demands of humanity. He spared the lives of the prisoners, but exacted from them fines of \$100,000 each.

The Transvaal's Bill.

A year later the Transvaal Government submitted to Great Britain a bill for damages alleged to have been sustained through the raid. It was as follows:

(a)	Material damages	£ 677,938	3	3
(b)	Moral and intellectual damages . . .	1,000,000	0	0
Total		£1,677,938	3	3

It was at the same time stated by the Boer Government that this sum did not include “the lawful claims which might be made by

private persons by reason of the action of Dr. Jameson and his troops."

The First Item.

The first item of the claim set forth above was detailed under nine heads, as follows:

1.	Expenditure for Military and Commando services in connection with the incursion . . .	£136,733	4	3
2.	Compensation to the Netherlands South African Railway Company for making use of the railway worked by it during the Commando	9,500	0	0
3.	Disbursements to surviving relatives of slain and wounded	234	19	6
4.	For annuities, pensions and disbursements to widows and children of slain Burghers, and to relatives of unmarried slain Burghers, as also to wounded Burghers	28,243	0	0
5.	Expenses of the Telegraph Department, for more overtime, more telegrams, on service in South African communication, more cablegrams, &c.	4,692	11	9
6.	Hospital expenses for the care of wounded and sick men, &c., of Dr. Jameson	225	0	0
7.	For support of members of families of commandeered Burghers during the Commando,	177	8	8
8.	Compensation to be paid the commandeered Burghers for their services, and the troubles and cares brought on them	462,120	0	0
9.	Account of expenses of the Orange Free State,	36,011	19	11
		<hr/>		
		£677,938	3	3

Such a bill, of more than \$3,385,000, for a four days' campaign against 500 men, was regarded in England as absurdly extortionate, and of course, was never paid.

CHAPTER XXIV.

Renewed Agitation—The Outlander Petition—The Mining Industry—Interference with Justice—Conduct of the Police—Summary of Grievances—The Right of Public Meeting—The Reply to the Petition—Arrests by the Boers—Failure of the Conference—Schemes and Counter-Schemes—Suggesting Another Conference—The Final British Proposal—Acceptance Urged—The Offer Rejected—Attitude of the Orange State.

FOLLOWING the Jameson raid came a period of comparative quiet. The British Government and the Outlanders realized that it was best to let the bitterness aroused by the raid die out a little before resuming negotiations with the Transvaal for political reforms. The Transvaal Government, on its part, pursued the even tenor of its way, so far as outward appearances went, but in secret made the most eager and thorough preparations for the final struggle, which it now perceived to be near at hand.

The next important move was the great Outlander petition to the Queen.

The Outlander Petition.

The following is the text of the Outlander petition, presented to the Queen in March, 1899 :

“For a number of years, prior to 1896, considerable discontent existed among the Outlander population of the South African Republic, caused by the manner in which the Government of the country was being conducted. The great majority of the Outlander population consists of British subjects. It was, and is, notorious that the Outlanders have no share in the government of the country, although they constitute an absolute majority of the inhabitants of the State, possess a very large proportion of the land, and represent the intellect, wealth, and energy of the State. The feelings of

intense irritation which have been aroused by this state of things have been aggravated by the manner in which remonstrances have been met. Hopes have been held out and promises have been made by the Government of the State from time to time, but no practical amelioration of the conditions of life has resulted. Petitions, signed by large numbers of your Majesty's subjects, have been repeatedly addressed to the Government of the State, but have failed of their effect, and have even been scornfully rejected. At the end of 1895 the discontent culminated in an armed insurrection against the Government of the State, which, however, failed of its object. On that occasion the people of Johannesburg placed themselves unreservedly in the hands of Your High Commissioner, in the fullest confidence that he would see justice done to them. On that occasion, also, President Kruger published a proclamation in which he again held out hopes of substantial reforms. Instead, however, of the admitted grievances being redressed, the spirit of the legislation adopted by the Volksraad during the past few years has been of a most unfriendly character, and has made the position of the Outlanders more irksome than before. In proof of the above statement, Your Majesty's petitioners would humbly refer to such measures as the following: The Immigration of Aliens Act (Law 30, of 1896); The Press Law (Law 26, of 1896); The Aliens' Expulsion Law of 1896.

"Of these, the first was withdrawn, at the instance of your Majesty's Government, as being an infringement of the London Convention of 1884.

The Mining Industry.

"Notwithstanding the evident desire of the Government to legislate solely in the interest of the burghers, and impose undue burdens on the Outlanders, there was still a hope that the declaration of the President on the 30th of December, 1896, had some meaning, and that the Government would duly consider grievances properly brought before its notice. Accordingly, in the early part of 1897 steps were taken to bring to the notice of the Government the alarming depression of the mining industry, and the reasons which, in the opinions of men well qualified to judge, had led up to it. The

Government at last appointed a Commission consisting of his own officials, which was empowered to inquire into the industrial conditions of the mining population, and to suggest such a scheme for the removal of existing grievances as might seem advisable and necessary. On the 5th of August the Commission issued their report, in which the reasons for the then state of depression were duly set forth, and many reforms were recommended as necessary for the well-being of the community. Among them it will be sufficient to mention the appointment of an Industrial Board, having its seat in Johannesburg, for the special supervision of the Liquor Law, and the Pass Law, and to combat the illicit dealing in gold and amalgam. The Government refused to accede to the report of the Commission, which was a standing indictment against its administration in the past, but referred the question to the Volksraad, which in turn referred it to a Select Committee of its own members. The result created consternation in Johannesburg, for, whilst abating in some trifling respects burdens which bore heavily on the mining industry, the Committee of the Raad, ignoring the main recommendations of the Commission, actually advised an increased taxation of the country, and that in a way which bore most heavily on the Outlander. The suggestions of the Committee were at once adopted, and the tariff increased accordingly.

Interference With Justice.

“At the beginning of 1897, the Government went a step further in their aggressive policy towards the Outlander, and attacked the independence of the High Court which, until then, Your Majesty’s subjects had regarded as the sole remaining safeguard of their civil rights. Early in that year Act No. 1 was rushed through the Volksraad with indecent haste. This high-handed act was not allowed to pass without criticism; but the Government, deaf to all remonstrance, threatened reprisals on those professional men who raised their voices in protest, and finally, on the 16th of February, 1898, dismissed the Chief Justice, Mr. J. G. Kotze, for maintaining his opinions. His place was filled shortly afterwards by Mr. Gregorowski, the judge who had been specially brought from the



MAJOR-GENERAL THE HON. P. SMITH
Commanding the Division North Field Force



LICHTENSTADT, FR. GEORGE A. WHITE
-Continuing Nodal Field Work-



MAPS: JOHN, SIR ARTHUR D. MONTGOMERY
Chief of Staff to Sir Robert Balfour



GEORGE W. M. F. FORBES, WEAVER
 15 - moved to Cape Colony



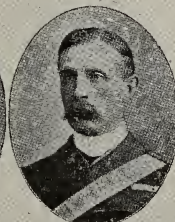
COLONEL F. G. H. GURAT
Employed as Chief of Communications



1. $\text{CH}_3\text{COOH} + \text{H}_2\text{O} \rightleftharpoons \text{CH}_3\text{COO}^- + \text{H}_3\text{O}^+$
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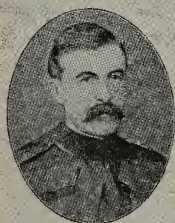
ON THE LIFE OF THE BISHOP OF
CUMBERLAND, 1650-1710



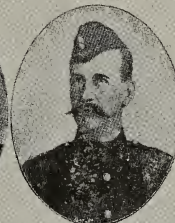
MAJOR T. FLANNERY
1717 22nd Street



MAJOR-GENERAL J. D. F. FULFORD
Commanding Cavalry Division



COLONEL J. P. WICKHAMPTON
1st Vermont Cavalry Dec. 10, 1862


$$\begin{aligned} \partial_{\mu}(\partial^{\mu}A^{\nu} - \partial^{\nu}A^{\mu})\partial_{\nu}(A^{\mu} - A^{\nu}) &= \partial_{\mu}(\partial^{\mu}A^{\nu} - \partial^{\nu}A^{\mu})\partial_{\nu}(A^{\mu} - A^{\nu}) \\ &= (\partial_{\mu}A^{\mu})\partial_{\nu}(A^{\nu} - A^{\nu}) - (\partial_{\mu}A^{\nu} - \partial^{\nu}A^{\mu})\partial_{\nu}(A^{\mu} - A^{\nu}) \end{aligned}$$
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LIEUT. COLONEL G. C. MONROE
Commanding a Non-Infantry Battalion



WYATT R. H. BROWN
A. B. G. & Co. George W. W. W.



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WILLIAM B. W. H. WARD,
Jr., of New York - President, and Treasurer.



6761(SF). L. S. BIRDEN STATION
MAY 10 1961



JOSEPH PLUMER
A Naval Officer, Comd. of Rhode

OFF TO THE FRONT: SOME OF THE PRINCIPAL BRITISH OFFICERS

Principal British Officers.



Boer Prisoners on the way to Pietermaritzburg.

Orange Free State to preside over the trial of the reform prisoners in 1896, and who, after the passing of the Act above referred to, had expressed an opinion that no man of self-respect would sit on the bench whilst that law remained on the statute book of the Republic. All the judges at the time this law was passed condemned it in a formal protest, publicly read by the Chief Justice in the High Court, as a gross interference with the independence of that tribunal. That protest has never been modified or retracted, and of the five judges who signed the declaration three still sit on the bench.

Conduct of the Police.

“The constitution and personnel of the police force is one of the standing menaces to the peace of Johannesburg. It has already been the subject of remonstrance to the Government of this Republic, but hitherto without avail. An efficient police force cannot be drawn from a people such as the burghers of this State ; nevertheless, the Government refuses to open its ranks to any other class of the community. As a consequence, the safety of the lives and property of the inhabitants is confided in a large measure to the care of men fresh from the country districts, who are unaccustomed to town life, and ignorant of the ways and requirements of the people. When it is considered that this police force is armed with revolvers in addition to the ordinary police truncheons, it is not surprising that, instead of a defense, they are absolutely a danger to the community at large. Encouraged and abetted by the example of their superior officers, the police have become lately more aggressive than ever in their attitude towards British subjects. As, however, remonstrances and appeals to the Government were useless, the indignities to which your Majesty’s subjects were daily exposed from this source had to be endured as best they might. Public indignation was at length fully roused by the death, at the hands of a police-constable, of a British subject named Tom Jackson Edgar. The circumstances of this affair were bad enough in themselves, but were accentuated by the action of the Public Prosecutor, who, although the accused was charged with murder, on his own initiative

reduced the charge to that of culpable homicide only, and released the prisoner on the recognizances of his comrades in the police force, the bail being fixed originally at £200, or less than the amount which is commonly demanded for offenses under the Liquor Law, or for charges of common assault.

Summary of Grievances.

“The condition of Your Majesty’s subjects in the State has indeed become wellnigh intolerable. The acknowledged and admitted grievances of which Your Majesty’s subjects complain prior to 1895 not only are not redressed, but exist to-day in an aggravated form. They are still deprived of all political rights, they are denied any voice in the government of the country, they are taxed far above the requirements of the country, the revenue of which is misapplied and devoted to objects which keep alive a continuous and well-founded feeling of irritation, without in any way advancing the general interest of the State. Maladministration and peculation of public moneys go hand in hand without any vigorous measures being adopted to put a stop to the scandal. The education of Outlander children is made subject to impossible conditions. The police afford no adequate protection to the lives and property of the inhabitants of Johannesburg; they are rather a source of danger to the peace and safety of the Outlander population.

The Right of Public Meeting.

“A further grievance has become prominent since the beginning of the year. The power vested in the Government by means of the Public Meetings Act has been a menace to Your Majesty’s subjects since the enactment of the act in 1894. This power has now been applied in order to deliver a blow that strikes at the inherent and inalienable birthright of every British subject, namely, his right to petition his sovereign. Straining to the utmost the language and intention of the law, the Government has arrested two British subjects who assisted in presenting a petition to Your Majesty on behalf of 4000 fellow-subjects. Not content with this, the Government, when Your Majesty’s loyal subjects again attempted to lay

their grievances before Your Majesty, permitted their meeting to be broken up and the objects of it to be defeated by a body of Boers, organized by Government officials and acting under the protection of the police. By reason, therefore, of the direct, as well as the indirect, act of the Government, Your Majesty's loyal subjects have been prevented from publicly ventilating their grievances, and from laying them before Your Majesty.

"Wherefore Your Majesty's humble petitioners humbly beseech your most Gracious Majesty to extend Your Majesty's protection to Your Majesty's loyal subjects resident in this State, and to cause an inquiry to be made into grievances and complaints enumerated and set forth in this humble petition, and to direct your Majesty's representative in South Africa to take measures which will secure the speedy reform of the abuses complained of, and to obtain substantial guarantees from the Government of this State for a recognition of their rights as British subjects."

That memorial, which was forwarded to Mr. Chamberlain on March 28, bore the signatures of 21,684 Britishers at Johannesburg.

The Reply to the Petition.

On May 5 Sir Alfred Milner cabled a long dispatch to the Colonial Secretary in which he endorsed the memorial in every single particular, and reviewed the whole situation in the clearest terms. He described in a famous passage the condition of the Outlanders as that of helots, declared that "the case for intervention was overwhelming," and asserted that "the true remedy was to strike at the root of all these injuries—the political impotence of the injured." Five days afterwards Mr. Chamberlain sent a dispatch to Sir Alfred Milner defining the attitude of the Imperial Government, recalling Mr. Kruger's sheaf of broken promises, and declaring that "while most unwilling to depart from their attitude of reserve and expectancy, but having regard to the position of Great Britain as the paramount power in South Africa, and the duty incumbent upon them to protect all British subjects residing in a foreign country, the British Government cannot permanently ignore the exceptional and arbitrary treatment to which their fellow-countrymen and others are

exposed, and the absolute indifference of the Government of the Republic to the friendly representations which have been made to them on the subject." The dispatch concluded with the suggestion of a conference. It so happened that on the same day Sir Alfred telegraphed a similar proposal to Mr. Chamberlain, and on the invitation of President Steyn, Mr. Kruger and the High Commissioner arranged to meet at Bloemfontein on May 31.

Arrests by the Boers.

On the eve of the conference the Boers made a number of arrests for high treason at Johannesburg, but subsequent events proved that the whole "conspiracy" was hatched by the Boers themselves, in order to bring odium upon the reform movement. Most of the "conspirators" were in the pay of the secret service spies, and as soon as the truth was out the Government made haste to drop the prosecutions.

Failure of the Conference.

As will be remembered, the conference proved a failure. Sir Alfred Milner pressed for a new franchise law, and stipulated: 1. That the number of years for the acquisition of the franchise should be fixed at five, with retroactive effect; 2. That the naturalization oath should be modified; 3. That a fair representation should be granted the new population; 4. That naturalization should immediately carry with it the full right to vote. His Honor met this by saying that it was "tantamount to handing over his country to foreigners," but at length he submitted counter-proposals, full of technicalities and qualifications, which the High Commissioner declared to be "quite inadequate to the needs of the case." Under the President's scheme no man not already naturalized, however long he might have been in the country, could get a vote under two and a half years from the passing of the new law, and no considerable number of people would obtain it under five years even if they got naturalized, which they would not do as the scheme retained the principle first introduced in 1890, constraining a man to abandon his old citizenship for a number of years before

getting full burgher rights. Nor was there any provision made for the representation of the new burghers in the First Volksraad, and when, on June 5, the President said his proposal "went as far as was possible in the interest of the people and the States," the conference broke up.

Schemes and Counter-Schemes.

Returning to Pretoria, Mr. Kruger submitted his draft scheme, with a few minor alterations, to the Volksraad, by which it was hurriedly passed, in spite of the request of the British Government that no definite decision should be reached. On June 26, Mr. Chamberlain made a speech at Birmingham in which he once more vigorously reiterated the facts of the situation, and declared that Sir Alfred Milner's terms were the minimum which the Government could accept, while on June 30 he instructed Sir Alfred Milner to give the Boers clearly to understand that no franchise would be accepted which did not bestow upon the Outlanders some genuine representation in the First Volksraad at once. Early in July, resolutions were passed by the Outlander Council to the effect that the President's franchise proposals were "totally inadequate and quite unacceptable," and practically nothing was done throughout the month to effect a solution of the deadlock.

On July 12, a new franchise law was introduced into the Raad, which, inter alia, provided that "each person who has come to the South African Republic to stay before the coming into force of this law shall, on fulfilment of the provisions of Article 1, be able to obtain letters of naturalization with the full franchise nine years after his coming into the country, or five years after the coming into force of this law, provided that in the last case a period of not less than seven years has elapsed since his coming into the country." This was modified before being accepted, and the words "at least seven," were substituted for "nine," and the words from "or five years" to the end of the clause were deleted. Sir Alfred Milner, in criticising the bill, wrote on July 26: "The bill, as it stands, leaves it practically in the hands of the South African Republic to enfranchise or not enfranchise the Outlanders, as it chooses. If worked in a liberal

spirit, its clumsy and unreasonable provisions may be got ovr. But if it is to be enforced rigidly, there will be practically unlimited opportunities of excluding persons whom the Government may consider undesirable, nor does the tone of the debate in the Raad leave much doubt as to the spirit in which some at least of the authors of the bill would like to see it worked."

Suggesting Another Conference.

At length, on July 31, Mr. Chamberlain authorized Sir Alfred Milner to invite President Kruger to appoint delegates to discuss the reforms passed by the Volksraad, and see whether they would give the Outlanders immediate and substantial representation. That is to say, he suggested another conference.

Nearly three weeks elapsed before President Kruger replied, and it was not until August 19 that the Boer Government declared their willingness to recommend to the Volksraad a five years' retrospective franchise and eight new seats in the First Volksraad for the Witwatersrand, but only on condition that (1) the British Government should not interfere again in the internal affairs of the Republic; (2) that they should no longer insist on the assertion of suzerainty; and (3) that arbitration (from which foreign element other than Orange Free State was to be excluded) should be conceded.

In answer to this, on August 28, Mr. Chamberlain stated that he hoped intervention would be unnecessary in the future, but that as to the demand for the dropping of the suzerainty he must hold by his previous declarations. To the suggestion of arbitration her Majesty's Government agreed, but he added that there were other questions at issue unsuitable for submission to arbitration, and pressed for an acceptance of the proposed conference. On September 2, the reply of the Transvaal Government to this dispatch was handed to Mr. Conyngham Greene, the British agent at Pretoria. While conditionally agreeing to send delegates to Cape Town, the Boers withdrew their latest franchise proposals, and the whole position was again reduced to a deadlock.

It may be pointed out that the passage in this dispatch of April 16, 1898, to which reference is made, is as follows: The Boers

claimed absolute self-government as "the inherent right of the Republic as a sovereign international State." Sir Alfred Milner's comment at the time was that it was "in the nature of a defiance of the British Government."

The Final British Proposal.

Such being the situation when the British Cabinet assembled, on September 8th, the Ministers decided on addressing a further dispatch to the Transvaal Government, reiterating the British demands plainly and temperately, while requesting an unequivocal and immediate answer. At the same time the Cabinet resolved on sending substantial reinforcements—an Indian contingent of 10,000 men—to South Africa, so as to redress the military inequality between the parties, to disabuse the Boers of the idea that they were bluffing; also to protect British colonies against possible raids. This dispatch was read in the Volksraad on September 12th, and was at first rumored to be an ultimatum leading to immediate war. When published, however, it was seen to be not only moderate in tone but likewise moderate in character, so much so that those who were most anxious to curse Mr. Chamberlain relapsed into blessing Lord Salisbury. While refusing to buy a Franchise Bill from the Transvaal Government by waiving Great Britain's claim to the suzerainty and according the Transvaal the status of "a Sovereign International State," Her Majesty's Government declared their willingness to accept the last Franchise Bill offered by the Boers, provided it were not "encumbered by conditions which will nullify the intention to give substantial immediate representation to the Outlanders," and on the assumption that, "as stated by the British agent, the new members of the Volksraad would be permitted to use their own language." The proposed bill was to this effect:

1. A five years' franchise.
2. A quarter representation in the Volksraad for the gold-fields.
3. Equality of the Dutch and English in the Volksraad.
4. Equality of the old and new burghers in regard to presidential and other elections.

Acceptance Urged.

The publication of the English note to the Government of Pretoria was followed by a widespread recognition of its reasonableness and a general chorus of exhortation to the Boers to accept it. In the first place, the "South African News," the organ of the Afrikaner Ministry in Cape Colony, urged the Transvaal seriously to consider the proposals of the Imperial Government, and pointed out that there was no injustice in a five years' franchise. While admitting that the conduct of Great Britain had been marked by misapprehension of the state of things in the Transvaal, the "South African News" urged the Republic to remember that Great Britain owed a responsibility to the people of South Africa. It concluded by earnestly counseling the Transvaal to think long and solemnly before taking a step by which it would lose the priceless benefit of arbitration. "Mr. Chamberlain," it added, "says things with some want of tact, but let the Transvaal reflect that Australia, Canada, and the Cape are not sovereign States, yet Great Britain never dreams of interfering with them." A caucus meeting of Afrikaners, held in Cape Town, appears to have arrived at a similar decision, which was reflected in an article in Mr. Hofmeyr's paper, "Ons Land," and also in an urgent representation made by the bond president to President Kruger.

The Offer Rejected.

In spite of this advice from all quarters, the Transvaal Government returned an unfavorable and uncompromising reply to the demands of Her Majesty's Government.

On receiving the refusal, Her Majesty's Government were committed by the terms of their previous dispatch to reconsider the whole Transvaal problem *de novo*. For this purpose a Cabinet Council was held on September 22. Prior to its meeting there had been an ominous development on the part of the Orange Free State. Sir Alfred Milner had sent a very courteous and friendly telegram (September 19) to President Steyn (Orange Free State), of which the following are the important passages :

"I have the honor to inform your Honor that it has been deemed advisable by the Imperial military authorities to send a detachment of troops ordinarily stationed at Cape Town to assist in securing the line of communication between the colony and the British territories to the north. As the force, or a portion of it, may be stationed near the borders of the Free State, I think it desirable to acquaint your Honor with the movement and the reasons thereof, in order to prevent misconception on the part of the burghers of the Free State as to the object which the military authorities have in view. The movement in question is in no way directed against the Free State, nor is it due to any anxiety as to the intentions of the Free State, as I rest fully satisfied with the declarations contained in your Honor's letter of August 16.

"I take this opportunity of making a general statement of the attitude of the Imperial Government at the present juncture, which, in view of the many misapprehensions current on the subject, the Imperial Government have authorized me to convey to your Honor. The Imperial Government are still hopeful of a friendly settlement of the differences which have arisen between them and the Transvaal. But if this hope should, unfortunately, be disappointed, the Imperial Government look to the Free State to preserve strict neutrality and to prevent military intervention by any of its citizens. They are prepared to give formal assurances that in that case the integrity of the Free State territory will be strictly respected under all circumstances. So far as the Imperial Government are aware there is absolutely no cause to justify any disturbance of the friendly relations between Great Britain and the Free State. The Imperial Government are animated by the most friendly sentiments towards the Free State, and it is entirely untrue that they desire to impair the independence of the Republic."

Attitude of the Orange State.

To this communication, President Steyn replied as follows :

"In reply to your Excellency's telegram of to-day, I share your Excellency's hopefulness that a friendly settlement of the differences which have arisen between the Imperial Government and the Trans-

vaal will be arrived at. I cannot even now see that those differences justify the use of force as the only solution. Both on this account, and seeing the existing state of tension here as elsewhere in South Africa, I regret the intention of the Imperial Government to send a detachment of troops ordinarily stationed at Cape Town northward with the view of having the same, or a portion thereof, stationed near the border of the Free State. While the Free State will still continue to do all in its power to allay excitement, I cannot help impressing upon your Excellency the fact that if the proposed course is pursued, following as it will upon other military preparations near the borders, it is not improbable that it will be considered by the burghers as a menace to the Free State, and in any case will naturally create a strong feeling of distrust and unrest. If any unwished-for development should arise therefrom, the responsibility would not rest with this Government.

"I will submit your Excellency's telegram to the Volksraad on Thursday. Meanwhile I beg to assure your Excellency that this Government would view with deep regret any disturbance of those friendly relations which have hitherto existed between Great Britain and this State."

President Steyn followed up this telegram with a long speech in the Free State Raad, containing an attack on Mr. Conyngham Greene, and accusing the British Government of bad faith. He was disinclined to advise the Transvaal to accept the British demands and he had convened the Raad because it could not be a matter of indifference to them to see the Transvaal in trouble. The Free State was bound by treaty to afford assistance to the Transvaal, and it was for the Raad to determine the Republic's attitude.

CHAPTER XXV.

General Joubert's Address to Queen Victoria—The Boer's Discontent
—The 1815 Rebellion—The Trek from the Colony—The Dangers of
the Wilderness—First Kaffir Engagement—Ill-Fated Trekkers
—The Dingaen Massacre—Visit of Captain Jarvis—Defeat of
Dingaen—The English Occupation—Emigrant Boers
Resist—Antagonism to British Rule—The Boomplaats
Engagement—Sand River Treaty—The Disruption
—War with England—The Retrocession—Dis-
covery of Gold—Discontent in Johannes-
burg—Mr. Chamberlain's Statements.

IN the preceding chapter we have given the text of the Outlanders' petition to the Queen. Let us now peruse an equally memorable document—the petition addressed to the Queen by General Joubert, the Vice-President of the Transvaal Republic. We may accept it as the best available statement of the whole case from the Boers' point of view:

PRETORIA, June 15, 1899.

To Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, etc., etc.

Your Majesty:—It is with feelings of deepest pain and distress that the undersigned ventures to address Your Most Gracious Majesty at this critical period, and in view of the dark future which, as a cloud, is hovering over South Africa, the land of his birth and home. This unhappy situation has been brought about by the unjust action of one of your Majesty's Ministers, who, perhaps, in good faith, though upon incorrect information, has allowed himself to be led by unscrupulous fortune-seekers, reckless speculators, and insatiable capitalists.

This matter will be reverted to again during the course of this letter by your Majesty's lowly petitioner, who desires first, in all

humility, to make known to your Majesty who he is. He is a descendant of, and great-great-grandson of, Pierre Joubert, one of the Huguenots, who, because of their religious belief, were obliged to leave their homes and friends, and to seek refuge from persecution in flight to South Africa, where they could serve their God in freedom. He settled at Fransch Hoek, near Cape Town, which was then under the administration of the "Hollandsche Compagnie," and became soon, through the blessing of God, one of the richest and most influential farmers and landowners there. He resided there until compelled by circumstances to remove to the district of Graaff-Reinet, where he now lies buried—in the land of my birth, that passed for good under the rule of Great Britain in 1806.

Alas ! What has our nation not experienced and suffered under that rule ! It has, perhaps, never been brought to your Majesty's notice why these people could not live peaceably in their land of adoption and birth. And yet, who is there now to tell you thereof ? And how would he begin ? It would, indeed, be tedious to relate everything minutely, your Majesty.

The Boer's Discontent.

The discontent so often, and to his detriment, ascribed to the Boer was exaggerated and misrepresented, as, for instance, in the matter of the freeing of the slaves, when he was described as being inhumanly against their liberation. No ! your Majesty, it was not the Christian Boer's repugnance to the emancipation, but his opposition to the means employed in effecting same under the blessed British rule. Is your Majesty perhaps aware how the Boers became possessed of those slaves ? They, the Boers, had no ships to convey the slaves from Mozambique and elsewhere, as none other than English vessels were allowed to bring slaves to the Cape market ; therefore, it was from English slave ships that the Boers first bought their slaves, and in this manner enjoyed a short season of prosperity ; for, assisted by their dearly-bought slaves, they could have their lands plowed and sown with grain, which, under the blessings of Britannia's laws, could be sold for not more than 18 pence per bag. It was thereafter shipped abroad by English merchants and

sold at immense profits. And then, Your Majesty, the Boer was suddenly told: "Your slaves are free, and you will receive compensation to such and such an amount for them, which you will have to go and get in England." Your Majesty, how could the Boer be expected, with his ox-wagon or horses, to go and fetch same? To have undertaken at that time a voyage so dangerous and lengthy (100 days or so being the time required to accomplish same), would have cost more than the small amount of the indemnity he was to receive for his dearly bought slaves. What could the Boer do? The only means left him was to engage the English dealer, from whom he had purchased the slaves at exorbitant prices, to go and fetch the money for him, or to sell his chance for what he could get.

How many unscrupulous agents and merchants took advantage of the opportunity thus offered, not to reconcile the Boer to the law and authority of the British Government, but to carry out their own designs in order to satisfy their cupidity, thus nurturing the hostility of the Boer against the Government, hoping thereby eventually to acquire possession of his lands?

The 1815 Rebellion.

The population increasing, spread out farther and farther, gradually enlarging the colony; and it is, perhaps, known to Your Majesty how the poor Boers on the frontiers fared, how they were robbed of their cattle, and how, owing to the insufficient protection afforded them, they were often left to their fate, or more frequently persecuted and oppressed, so that it is not to be wondered at (although I do not seek to justify their conduct), that, disgusted and dissatisfied with the treatment meted out to them, they at last rebelled against the Government, thus originating what took place in 1815, and ended so disastrously. For, as Your Majesty is perhaps aware, matters had reached such a pitch that a collision between the British troops and British subjects at length resulted over the quarrel of a Boer with a semi-civilized native, which unfortunate incident has imparted to the place where the British took such extreme measures against the Boers, an irreconcilable and ever-to-be-remembered name—"Slachtbank," or "Slachtersnek," which it still bears.

Alas ! Your Majesty, what had the Boer not to suffer then, under the otherwise glorious British rule? Inquire of the border settlers of 1820 to 1834, when their eventful departure from the Colony took place. It is, perhaps, known to Your Majesty how they were driven back from the boundaries by the natives, who pursued them far into the country, harassing and molesting them. Yes, even murdering some, robbing them of their cattle, and burning and laying waste their homes. What protection did they enjoy against the savages who had murdered their wives and children, who had lashed young girls to the trunks of trees, ravished them, cut off their breasts, and after performing nameless other cruelties, killed them? They (the Boers) were called out for commando service at their own expense, under command and control of the British, to fight the Kaffirs. And with what result? The Boer was impoverished thereby without the Kaffir being brought to a sense of his duty ; for, while on commando his cattle were stolen from his farm and driven away into Kaffirland, whither he was prevented from going in order to recover them. No ! they had no choice but to wait till the troops retook the cattle, which were afterwards publicly sold as loot in the presence of the owners thereof, the Boers being informed that they would receive compensation for same. But, Your Majesty, they received no recompense—not in money or goods, neither in rest nor peace, but, instead, abuse and indignities were heaped on them. They were told that they should be satisfied at not being punished as the instigators of the disturbance.

The Trek from the Colony.

Your Majesty, this was the state of affairs in 1834. The dissatisfaction evinced at such treatment became more and more pronounced. The Boers were told by his Excellency the Governor that all who were not content or would not submit to British rule were at liberty to migrate beyond the borders of the Colony, out of British territory. With feelings of deep anguish at the thought of having to leave their motherland and the country of their birth, and with a weary sigh, the question escaped them, "Whither? To the dismal hinterland of savage South Africa?" Yes ! yes !

Your Majesty, rather the dangers of the wilderness, midst wild animals and savage men, than to remain longer under the yoke of so iniquitous a Government. And then, "Come, friends, come, brothers! Pack your wagons, collect your flocks and herds, and let us away over the border. God knows whither, and He will guide us."

The Dangers of the Wilderness.

The officials of the British Empire, the ambitious merchants and others, flourished there, Your Majesty, but hither came the Boers in groups and families in search of peace and rest. There being no one to purchase their well-cultivated farms, which they could not remove, they were compelled to part with same for a ridiculous price, or abandon them entirely. Then into the unknown they wandered, there to face the dangers and suffering inseparable from such a journey. How could they arm themselves against such dangers? They were not permitted to carry arms or ammunition along with them, but were even followed by British officials beyond the Orange River to try and find out if there were not, perhaps, still one faithful slave with his master, and if the Boers were not, perhaps, carrying a quantity of arms and ammunition along with them. Thanks to the kindness of these officials, the Boers were advised of the object of their coming, and were consequently enabled to conceal their guns and ammunition. Does Your Majesty not perceive in the aforementioned some analogy to certain facts in Biblical history? For even as Pharaoh drove the Israelites through the Red Sea, were the Boers driven through the Great River. Is it, then, to be wondered at that, sad at heart and with intense bitterness, they preferred the perils of the desert?

Your Majesty, who can write the history of their lives? Who can describe the suffering they endured? They ventured forth, trusting in God, rid of all human despotism, surrounded by wild beasts, in search of a free land for their children and children's children. They wandered in small groups farther and farther, yet ever onward, until they arrived at the Vaal River. Here they pitched their tents and regarded the country as their Eldorado. Here were the means of subsistence—fish in the water, game on the veldt, and

a prospect of being able to sow crops and to live in peace. They could clothe themselves with skins and subsist on flesh until God in His bounty provided other means. At least, so reasoned the poor Boers. "Come now, let us erect our tent (our tabernacle) to celebrate the Sabbath, for in our God we believe and trust; He has given unto us this glorious land, and we shall live and praise Him here. It needs not that we go beyond the Jordan, we have no Babylon or Jericho to overthrow. No walls to be demolished for us, for our Canaan is an uninhabited land; therefore, ye Boers, be up and doing, work and live."

First Kaffir Engagement.

Thus they thought, and thus they spoke; but how short-lived was their delight, when at break of day, one morning, the dread cry of "murder! murder!" awakened them. What could it be? Whence this uproar and confusion? Moselekatse, head of a cruel, unknown Kaffir tribe, had come with a large regiment of warriors from the far North, through a wild and unpopulated country, a distance of over 100 miles, and attacked a small detachment of Boers near the river, no warning having reached them of the intended onslaught. "Up, now! Courage, men! Fight for your lives, for your wives and your children." The odds at first were three to one, then seven, and eventually increased to twenty to one; but God gave them courage and strength, and they not only repulsed the horde of savages, but succeeded in rescuing several children and severely wounded women that were captured. Your Majesty, those were anxious days for them. Women wounded—in one over 20 assegai stabs being counted—no doctor at hand, without medicine, and many widows and orphans destitute of food and clothing left to their care. And what must be done next? Leave the Eldorado? To flee? Whither? Back again? No, no! Not to the fleshpots of Egypt, but to God. He is our refuge.

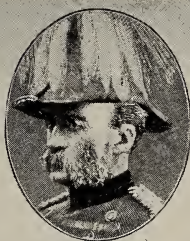
Other parties of the Boers had gone eastwards. With these they now decided to combine. But did the undaunted Moselekatse allow these few Boers to escape him? On the contrary, he immediately sent a second expedition, much stronger than the previous



GENERAL J. H. YULE
Major-General on the Staff



MAJOR-GENERAL J. HOWARD
Commanding the 1st Brigade



LIEUTENANT-GENERAL M. J. GIFFEY
Commanding the 2nd Brigade



COLONEL E. F. MAITLAND, C.M.G.
A.D.C. to the Director of Artillery



MAJOR E. C. S. EDDEN-HOWELL
of Buffon's Scouts



COLONEL F. W. KITCHEN
of the West Yorkshire Regiment



COLONEL ARTHUR N. S. M.D.
Royal Army Medical Corps



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL HALL, R.A.
Commanding a Brigade Division of Field Artillery



LIEUT. LORD G. DE V. BRAUGLEEK
1st Lancers



CAPTAIN LORD EDWARD CECIL
On Special Service



CAPTAIN S. J. TUDOR
Commanding Mounted Infantry of 1st Brigade
Cavalry Division



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL G. G. WOOD
R. and Army Medical Corps



MAJOR COUNT GLEICHEN
On the Staff of the 1st Division



CAPTAIN PRINCE FRANCIS OF TECK
in (Royal) Dragoons

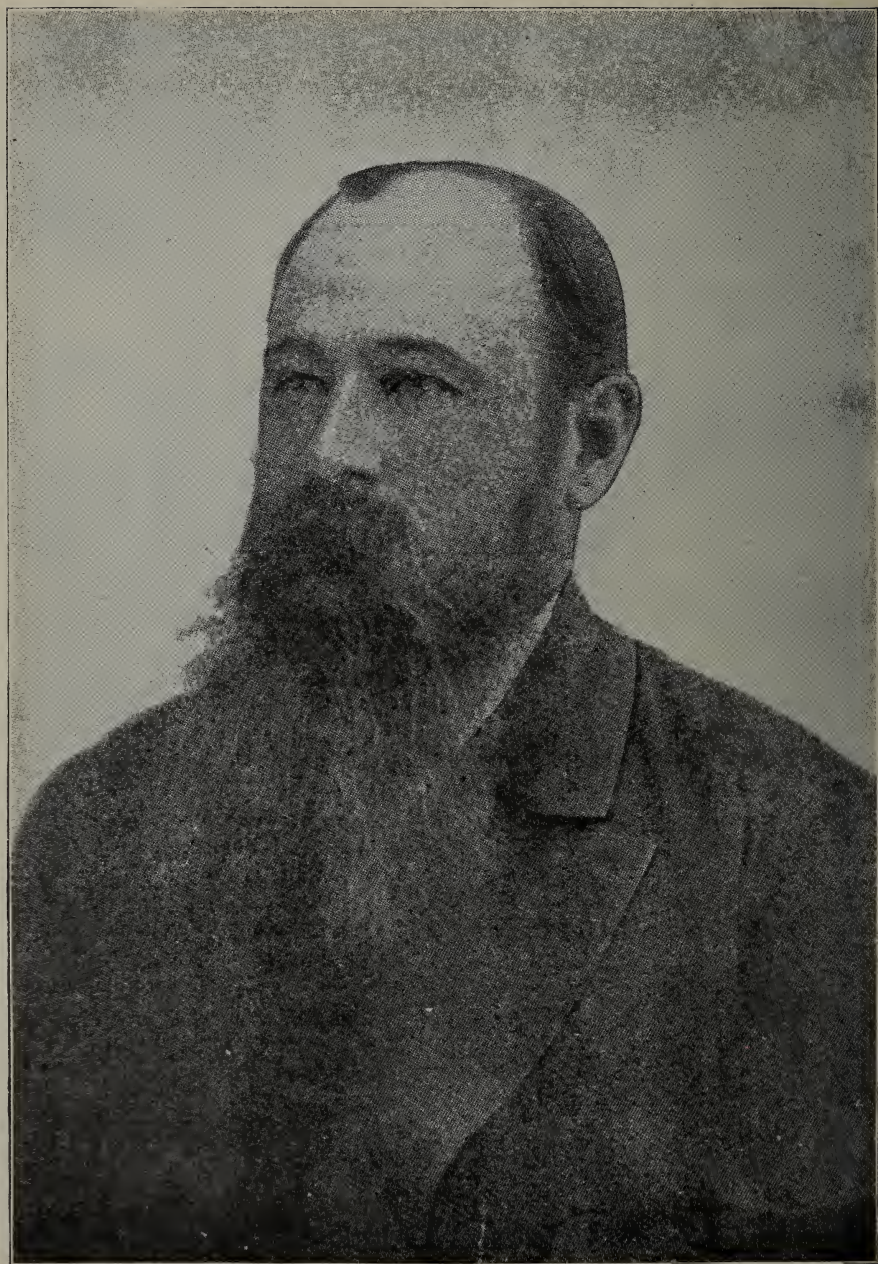


LIEUTENANT-COLONEL VISCOUNT CURZON
A.D.C. to Major-General J. F. B. B. B.



CAPTAIN G. G. G.
On the Staff of the 1st Division

British Officers for South Africa.



M. T. Steyn, President of the Orange Free State.

one, commanding it not to return so long as there remained a Boer living ; that he did not thereafter wish to hear of a living Boer. Thus it came to pass that this small party of fleeing Boers (38 only being capable of bearing arms), with their wives and children, together with cattle and 34 wagons, were followed by that great commando of savages until they reached that ever-memorable spot in the Orange Free State known as " Vechtkop," where the Boers, recognizing the futility of continuing their flight, drew up a laager or camp with their wagons, surrounding same with branches of trees and calmly awaited their pitiless foe, who did not long delay in attacking them with all the fiendish courage of savages. Prepared to die in the face of overwhelming odds, they, nevertheless, determined to fight manfully to the last, trusting in God. The impending danger was awaited in earnest supplications before the Throne of the Triune God. As the enemy pressed on, each Boer made use of his rifle, causing the smoke to ascend in such volumes to heaven that even the flying enemy imagined the Boers had been vanquished, that their laager was in flames, and that they had been utterly annihilated. We were afterwards told that when the intelligence reached Grahamstown, Cape Colony, Your Majesty's subjects were so elated thereat that they celebrated the receipt of the news by bonfires and other illuminations, thinking that the last of the Boers had fallen, and that the extravagant expectations of the discontented rebels had now all ended in smoke. But, no ! Your Majesty, our God in heaven had another destiny for the Boer. For, notwithstanding 1333 assegais were hurled into the small laager, only two men were killed and six wounded, and their little camp, unlike the cities of Sodom and Gomorrah, was not laid waste. There were still to be found five just men before God whose prayers had warded off disaster, and thwarted the wishes of your Majesty's Grahamstown subjects. Not only did our God cause the smoke and mist to disappear, but He touched the heart of a noble native, Marroco, who sent them, without delay, succor in the shape of milk, kaffir corn and pack-oxen, thereby enabling them to rejoin their friends who had passed over the Drakensberg into Natal.

Ill-Fated Trekkers.

Before further recording the history of this party, I would like to relate to Your Majesty about two other ill-fated parties of trekkers—that of Jansen van Rensburg, which proceeded northwards beyond Zoutpansberg, never to be heard of again, for all record of them is as absolutely lost to the world as that of the ten tribes of Israel. It was stated that owing to the want of ammunition, which was denied them by the Government of the British Cape Colony, on their departure into the wilds, they were massacred, every one of them. However, what actually became of them we do not know.

The other party under Louis Trichardt also ventured as far as Zoutpansberg, thence proceeding south-eastwards until Delagoa Bay was reached, where he (the leader), and others succumbed to the there prevailing fever, and from which the few survivors, together with their children, were conveyed by vessel to Natal, where they were enabled to rejoin their friends. The misery and suffering experienced and endured by these pioneers is likewise indescribable, and distresses one even to think of it.

But now, let us return to the history of those who passed over the Drakensberg and attached themselves to Piet Retief, Gert Maritz, and Uys, and let us see, Your Majesty, how they fared. Did they go to attack a peaceful people? Did they go as freebooters into a strange or friendly country? Did they go purposing to wrest territory from a lot of defenceless savages, or did they go to revenge themselves on the brother of Moselekatse for the iniquitous attack on them at the instigation of the latter? Did they seek to avenge the blood of Von Rensburg and others, who were murdered by the same race of savages as that to which Dingaan belonged? No! Your Majesty, nothing of the kind.

The Dingaan Massacre.

First, they held communion with the Almighty God, and then approached the savage ruler of the land, King Dingaan, who had already promised them a tract of country, and requested him to grant them a written agreement to that effect. It is doubtless known to Your Majesty how this cruel and barbarous chief, after

having given them the land, and after duly signing the agreement thereanent, mercilessly and treacherously murdered Piet Retief and his seventy men, immediately afterwards sending out his commandos to massacre those awaiting the return of Piet Retief and the unsuspecting women and children. Thus, without warning, were 600 helpless old men, women and children butchered in cold blood. What a panic, what dismay, this caused among the Boers scattered about the country! Those remaining were robbed of all their cattle; and what could they do? Should they await other such onslaughts and perish eventually at the hands of a savage people, or die of hunger in the wilderness? Alas! how dismal their outlook seemed! Whither must they go? Whence could they expect help? From Great Britain? Yes, and help came, too!

Visit of Captain Jarvis.

A vessel arrived at Port Natal, and Captain Jarvis stepped on shore. "Thank God, assistance was at hand; now no more starvation. No more fear of the sword of Dingaan. Succor has come at last!" Such were the thoughts of many a simple-minded Boer. But, alas! how soon was their joy to be turned into grief and indignation, for how horribly surprised were they to learn that, instead of having come to their aid, he was sent to forbid them to fight with the natives and to disarm them. What was to be done? Should they offer Captain Jarvis resistance? Yes! Rather would they fight to the death than hand over their firearms. But what then, if the Kaffirs should come to their aid? The Boers found their prospects more cheerless now than ever. They acted, therefore, with great cunning, yet with submissiveness. Rather than show antagonism they hid their guns and ammunition, and submitted to the inspection and search of Dr. Jarvis, anxiously praying to God to give them refuge. Captain Jarvis, having ascertained that there was no booty to be got from the poor Boers, and as Natal offered but few attractions then, was glad to take his departure.

Poor, deserted Boer, what was now your outlook? In a savage land in the vicinity of a powerful and barbarous tribe, ruled over

by the tyrant Dingaan, what was there to do but to avenge the murders committed, and restore peace with the sword? Therefore, it behooved Pieter Uys, Hdk. Potgieter, and everyone to punish Dingaan and his tribe, and to re-establish peace, otherwise the Boers would not have been able to live in the country. Therefore, "200 men of you up and away to the mighty Dingaan!" This, however, was not owing to a lust for fighting, Your Majesty, but because the Boer adjudged it absolutely necessary, and no one in the world could have done otherwise.

A return to the Colony was not to be thought of. The only conclusion they could arrive at was to endeavor to compel Dingaan, at the edge of the sword, to promote peace. How unfortunate, though, was the outcome of this desperate effort of only 200 men to advance against the might of Dingaan in the midst of his people and in his own dangerous land, without the support of cannon or other instruments of war, but simply mounted on their horses, armed with flintlock guns. And yet they had no choice but to do it. The issue was only as could have been expected. Dingaan's regiments were too powerful for the little handful of Boers, who were forced to take refuge in flight, not, however, until after hundreds of the foe had bitten the dust. Their small stock of ammunition had run out; their brave commander Piet Uys, his never-to-be-forgotten little son, and eight others lost their lives in this conflict. But in vain! Dingaan was conqueror, and his courage revived immediately. He now sent a larger and more powerful commando than before with instructions to completely destroy the Boers. This time, however, the Boers were on their guard. They had constructed a laager on the banks of the Bosman's River, where the flourishing village of Estcourt now lies, close to the village Weenen (to wail), so called in memory of the many wailing women and children massacred there.

Defeat of Dingaan.

It was here that Dingaan was to learn that, although but a mere handful of whites, the Boers, with righteousness as their cause, were not to be overthrown by his iniquitous hosts. No! they did not rely in the strength of their horses nor in the heroism of men, but in the

omnipotence of their God, who gave them the victory. For, although the Boers were surrounded by overwhelming odds, and repeatedly stormed by thousands and thousands of the enemy, they lost but one killed. The Zulus, however, after three days' fighting, were forced to retire, leaving so many of their dead on the field that, for years after, the veld was white with their bones, testifying to the frightful carnage that took place there. God had protected the Boers and delivered the dearly-bought land of Natal into their hands. They had, however, been robbed of all their cattle, and knew not what to do. Their God and His word still remained to them, and so they were comforted—for he who has faith in God has not built upon the sand—and in the sight of heaven their cause was just; therefore, He sent them help from above. Andries Pretorius had, in company with other Boers, recently arrived from the Cape, and he, having called together all the Boers to be found in Natal, and even as many of those to be found in the territory known as the Orange Free State, formed a commando about 400 strong, with which he hazarded to invade Dingaan's country, and, notwithstanding the fact that his men were armed only with flintlock guns, they succeeded, on December 16, 1838, in not only defeating him (Dingaan) in this battle but in overthrowing his kingdom, and destroying his chief kraal, driving him so far inland that he was never more able to return. In token of their gratitude for the victory gained, the Boers made a vow to ever afterwards keep the date thereof as a day of thanksgiving. And so December 16 is always commemorated at Paardekraal.

The English Occupation.

One would have thought, Your Majesty, that the Boer after this would have been left alone to live peaceably, praising his God in the country he had bought so dear. But no! the yoke of oppression had not yet been broken. Their cup of bitterness was not yet emptied. Scarcely had the Boers laid out the village, Pietermaritzburg, dug a water-furrow, erected a church, started a small school for their children, and built a court-house and prison, when lo! threatening clouds began to gather and the alarm to sound again.

What can it be—the Kaffirs? No! a thousand—thousand times worse. The English have come: an officer with a company of soldiers equipped with cannon and shells is here! “It is Captain Jarvis, that good—that brave old soldier. We will soon be able to adjust matters with him; he will presently be gone again.” No! my poor fellow-Boers, you are deluded. The officer is Captain Smith; he has come to annex the country as a possession of that mighty empire, Great Britain—to make an end to our boasted independence and to destroy our peace.

Your Majesty, it is with a shudder I recall this deplorable incident. It cannot be wondered at that the Boers, who had endured and suffered so much to obtain this land and to form an independent people, should have declined to voluntarily submit to such an injustice, and have resisted any attempts to achieve the same. When they discovered that argument and fair words were of no avail, and that Major Smith was steadfast in his purpose to take possession of the country and crush the Boers, and as a step in that direction had already declared the bay annexed, they were driven to the verge of despair, and so resorted to arms.

Emigrant Boers Resist.

Having hastily collected together to the number of about 200, for they were but few and much scattered, they advanced toward the Congella. Major Smith, vainly imagining that this mere handful of Boers would be disconcerted and put to flight at the first firing of his cannon, advanced along the shore under cover of darkness, until he had almost reached the sleeping laager, when he opened fire on the picket guard, comprising twenty-eight men, with the fatal result that one Boer was killed—Jan Greyling. The remainder of the Boers repelled the attack, and obliged the Major to retreat, leaving his cannon behind. I may here mention that more of the troops got drowned in the sea than succumbed to the bullets of the Boers. Now they had to face the fact that, although thankful to God for his many mercies, and in deep sorrow at the loss of one of the bravest of their young men, and for the many soldiers drowned, they had opposed the might of Britain. It

was awful to contemplate ; so young a nation as they, which had suffered so many hardships at the hands of the savages during the great trek, and that had just been visited by an epidemic of measles, which, owing to the lack of medical assistance and proper nourishment, had carried off many of them. Should they fight or surrender, was the question asked. Certainly ; fight for their just rights. But, see, there come two ships now ; it is madness for this little handful of Boers to offer further resistance. They were not trained, nor armed with cannon ; and thus could not prevent the landing of a force stronger than themselves. They dared not longer fight the English, for the Kaffirs had already commenced to harass them from the rear. A Boer had been killed on his farm, and another, named Van Rooyen, murdered, his wife and daughter being subjected to the most inhuman treatment, ravished and driven away naked. Others were assaulted, and barely escaped with their lives. In this way the Kaffirs proved of great service to Major Smith and his soldiers, who were besieged by the Boers, and had already been driven to the extremity of eating crows and horseflesh, and would undoubtedly have been obliged to capitulate had it not been for the harassing attacks of the Kaffirs in the rear of the Boers, which necessitated them hastening out to their farms in order to save their families from certain death. And thus it came to pass that the Boers lost their sacred right to the territory of Natal, which had been purchased by the blood of their slain. What was to be done next ? There was no other remedy for it but to trek again, and trek inland, whither the English should not follow them, for if they remained they would once more have had to submit to the British yoke. They would, nevertheless, first give the latter a trial. "We will submit," they said ; "perhaps England will deal with us kindlier here than she did in the Cape Colony, our motherland. Come, let us wait and see !" What happened after this, Your Majesty ? The first thing Your Majesty's servants did was to banish certain of the Boers, who had to flee for their lives. This was not all, however ; for when the Kaffirs stole their cattle, and brought them to Major Smith the Boers were told they could not get

them back, as he had run short of provisions, and would require them as food.

Antagonism to British Rule.

Thus were the prospects of the Boer growing darker and darker. Colonel Cloete had arrived. What had he to tell them? Firstly, that they were to consider themselves the conquered subjects of her Majesty, and, as such, what would they enjoy? Each one who had occupied a piece of ground could make application for same, which, after investigations, would be granted him. The country had been won and acquired by the Boers; consequently the Boer Volksraad had granted to each Boer capable of bearing arms two farms and one erf at Pietermaritzburg. These farms were inspected, registered, and declared as marketable property some time before the appearance of the English. When, however, several of the Boers, dissatisfied with the principle of British rule, began to leave the country and tried to barter their farms and erven for wagons, trek-cattle, clothing and other requisites for their fresh trek inland, they, as well as the few Boers who intended to remain under British rule in Natal and had bought or given something in exchange for the erven and arms, were profoundly astonished, not to say disappointed, when they approached Colonel Cloete for transfer of the property they had secured, to hear that as the erven and farms had not been bona fide occupied, they had therefore reverted to the Government and were now declared Crown lands. "The wagon and oxen or money and goods you have for same can only be regarded as a dead loss to yourself," was the reply they got.

This was how the British Government in Natal introduced itself to the defeated Boers. Many and bitter were the tears shed by the thus oppressed and impoverished Boers.

Is Your Majesty, perhaps, acquainted with the fact that the Boers sent a delegate to lay their grievances before Your Majesty, who, after many weeks' traveling on horseback, reached Governor Pottinger, and entreated him to listen to their complaints? But, Your Majesty, this emissary was not even given an audience. Thus it was obvious to all that the doors had been closed against their

being heard, and that they would have to patiently tolerate all that befell them, without the slightest prospect of ever obtaining justice or relief. Is it a matter for wonder, Your Majesty, that under these circumstances, every Boer took advantage of the first opportunity that offered to leave the Colony of Natal and trek beyond the Drakensberg to a haven of rest, where there was no British authority, and where they could live and die in peace?

It was upon these trek-Boers that various deceptions were practiced in Your Majesty's name. They were called together by the late General Pretorius to meet the Governor, Sir Harry Smith, who, it was stated, wished personally to see the Boers and to learn what the majority desired. It was announced that if the majority would remain under Her Majesty's rule, he, the Governor, would give them land and would treat the minority with every degree of kindness and patience, always endeavoring to persuade them to be reconciled to British authority; but, on the other hand, should it appear that the majority were for freedom and antagonistic towards the authority of the British, they could go to perdition; Her Majesty's Government would not trouble itself further about them. On this pretext as many of the Boers as could were prevailed upon to proceed to Winburg, a newly laid out village, for the purpose of meeting Sir Harry Smith.

The Boomplaats Engagement.

But how ineffably deceived were they, for, instead of finding Sir Harry Smith and obtaining a peaceful settlement of all their grievances, an ultimatum was presented to them, reading as follows:

"Your headman or leader is a rebel. I have put a price of a thousand pounds on his head; and woe unto any of you who connive at his escape. I will treat such as rebels."

Who can describe the feelings of disappointment and resentment that arose in the breasts of the Boers at these words, and to which only can be attributed what subsequently took place at Boomplaats on the 29th of August, 1849? It is true that the forces of Sir Harry, reinforced by bastards and Griquas, suffered a heavy reverse. The Boers, however, being armed only with flintlock guns,

could not for long withstand a larger and better armed force, supported by cannon, and were eventually obliged to retreat, leaving six of their number dead on the field, and several others prisoners in the hands of the English, none of whom were ever after seen or heard of.

Thus ended this act in the drama of South Africa, creating new miseries for the Boers, who could not immediately trek or escape in flight beyond the Vaal River, where the Portuguese had conceded them a tract of country, decimated of its native population by the raiding of Moselekatse, previous to his attack upon the Boers in 1836, and for which he had been severely punished already by Piet Uys and Hendrik Potgieter. The country had, so to say, been cleared by the Boers; and they now availed themselves of the permission given them by the Portuguese to settle down north of the Vaal River, where they immediately founded a village which they named Potchefstroom. Having built a church and gaol, they proceeded with the election of a Parliament and the enactment of laws, etc.

Sand River Treaty.

It had by this time begun to dawn upon Her Majesty's Government that it was more politic to leave the Boer severely alone than to be everlastingly pursuing him from place to place like a small bird, hopping from branch to branch and tree to tree. With the object of assuring the Boers that they would not be interfered with north of the Vaal River, and could minister their own affairs, Her Majesty's Special Commissioner, Mr. C. M. Owen, was sent with the result that a Convention was entered into on January 16, 1852, signed by Your Majesty's Commissioners, Major W. S. Hogg and Mr. C. M. Owen, the first three articles of which read somewhat as follows:

Art. I. Her Majesty's Commissioners, on behalf of the British Government, do absolutely guarantee to the emigrant Boers north of the Vaal River the right of administering their own affairs and of governing in accordance with their own laws, without interference whatsoever on the part of the British Government, and that no ex-

tension shall be made by the said Government north of the Vaal; with the additional assurance that it is the fervent desire of the British Government to maintain peace and free trade, and to promote a friendly understanding with the emigrant Boers occupying or still to occupy the said territory; and it is further understood that these terms are to be mutually adhered to.

Art. II. Should there arise any misunderstanding regarding the meaning of the word Vaal River, more particularly with respect to the tributaries of the Vaal, the question shall be decided by a mutually appointed commission.

Art. III. That Her Majesty's Commission disavow all compacts of whatever nature with the colored nations north of the Vaal.

Have any of these articles been carried out by Your Majesty's Government?

See also the protocol which defines the boundary along the Vaal River and the Orange Free State right unto the sea. The British evidently concluded that the Orange Free State was not worthy of being retained by so wealthy and good a Government as that of England. Therefore, Her Majesty's Government sent Sir Russell Clark, on the 4th of February, 1854, to abolish the suzerainty and give the Boers absolute independence and free government.

This just action on the part of the British Government, Your Majesty, was lauded and magnified by the Boer, whose confidence in the equity of the British had revived. No one dare say aught detrimental to the English. No! an Englishman was as good as any other man. This feeling toward the English can be testified to by the many soldiers who deserted hither, by every trader, and by the first gold-diggers in the country. Have not English persons served as members of our Executive Council and as Landdrosts? Have not Englishmen sat as members of our Volksraad? Yes! even several who did not understand Dutch. Did not perfect harmony, co-operation, confidence and friendship prevail then between the Englishman and the Boer all over South Africa? Would not, in this wise, all the people of South Africa, irrespective of nationality, soon have been blended into one common people or nation?

The Disruption.

Whence came this antagonism, this disruption, then? Your Majesty, it is to be ascribed to the diamonds, to the Basutoland question—ask but Theophilus Shepstone—to what took place on the 12th of April, 1878. Yes! Lord Carnarvon knows, as also does Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. Did the Boers not have to submit to the diamond fields south of the Vaal being taken from them? Was not the glory of having vanquished the Basutos, after a long and bloody struggle, and after having endured so much, snatched from the Orange Free State? Was not the trust assured them by the Convention abused when they were dispossessed of a stretch of country where the diamond mines were situated, and for which they were subsequently obliged to accept a sum of ninety thousand pounds sterling—a ridiculously inadequate sum considering that in one week the value of the diamonds procured exceeded this amount? Was not the Transvaal annexed after all the native tribes had been subdued by the Boers? Did not the Boers for three whole years implore Lord Carnarvon, and also later Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, as it were on their knees, for a restitution of their rights, sending two deputations to England for that purpose, yet without obtaining the least hope of ever having their legitimate rights restored to them? It was, therefore, in desperation that the Boers resolved, on the 13th of December, 1880, at Paardekraal, to recall the Government to resume their office duties, which had been interrupted owing to the annexation, and to govern the people in accordance with the laws of the land.

Your Majesty is probably aware that when the country was annexed on the 12th of April, 1877; against which act President Thos. Burgers, however, resolutely protested, a proclamation was printed at Pretoria in the name of the British, without let or hindrance from the side of the Boer. No! the Boers, notwithstanding their indignation at this great wrong, submitted to the law and preserved order, intending to petition Your Majesty against this manifestly unjust breach of the Convention committed in the name of Your Majesty. They, therefore, without murmur permitted the publication of the

document. When, however, they wanted to have a proclamation printed, declaring to the world their rights, Major Clark ordered his men to open fire on them—and this without previous warning or the proclaiming of war—wounding two and killing one of their horses.

War with England.

Thus on the 16th of December, 1880, war was declared by England against the Boers, regardless of the Convention of 1852, wherein their independence, etc., etc., was guaranteed to them.

This was how the war, which lasted almost three months, originated.

The wretched Boers had no experienced soldiers, nor did they possess cannon, ammunition, modern weapons or a full treasury; indeed, they were almost destitute of food and clothing. They were armed only with antique flintlock guns, and had at the most a hundred rounds of ammunition. Their officers had but recently been chosen; the majority of them had never been under fire before, and in fact knew not what war meant. Such were the men who were now obliged to take up arms and to do battle. Against whom? Against Your Majesty? Against Great Britain? No! Your Majesty, happily not; but against those persons who through misrepresentation had beguiled the British Empire into the committal of a shameful deed, thereby seeking to cast a lasting reproach on Your Majesty's honored name, and that of the noble British race, at the same time straining to crush a people to whom Your Majesty had, by the terms of the Sand River Convention, etc., guaranteed their independence.

In this wise the unfortunate struggle between the Boers and English came about. The Boers, perceiving that they could not move their pitiless oppressors by their protests and petitions, resolved to re-purchase liberty with their blood. Although many more brave English soldiers fell than Boers, the loss of the Boers, however, was greater and more acutely felt, considering the status of the British soldier and how considerably it differs from that of the Boer. The Boer was fighting for his property, his home, and for his country. He is invariably the father of a family, and if he gets killed, then he leaves behind him a widow and children, or, perhaps, the only son

of a widow, or of aged and decrepit parents, whose support he was, is killed. A soldier knows none of these tender anxieties. He is instructed in the science of war, and thinks of nothing else; his greatest ambition is to carry out the orders of his commander, and to gain a medal for bravery in the fight. They do not concern themselves with the question as to whether they are fighting in a good or bad, a just or unjust, cause. No! it matters little to them; those in high positions (who sit in safety) should know, for they have calculated how much glory and honor they can gain or purchase with the life blood of the soldier; but they do not consider the amount of suffering and pain they inflict, and what their responsibility will be when they come before the judgment seat of the Great Judge of heaven and earth, before whom everyone will one day have to stand, face to face with those who stood under their authority, and were used to the destruction and downfall of others.

The Retrocession.

In this war, however, such was not the outcome, for although the struggle was fierce and arduous and the Boers lost heavily, their God gave them the ultimate victory. There arose a man, Mr. Gladstone, at the head of affairs in Great Britain, an upright God-fearing man, who could discern the directing finger of the Almighty, and was not too high-minded to acknowledge same and boldly declare that righteousness exalteth a nation—his nation, Your Majesty's nation—while injustice and wrong-doing sully the fame of a nation. Actuated thereto by a generous and noble impulse, he caused the unjust war to cease and restored the honor of Great Britain by transforming an act of violence into a magnanimous deed. Peace was thereupon concluded at Lang's Nek, and the Boers might have again exulted at being in amity with Great Britain, although burdened now with a heavy debt—a liability which they respectfully protest they never incurred—an empty treasury, broken firearms, ammunition all spent and a Constitution that cannot be conformed with; which can be declared as infringed every day with no impartial tribunal to determine one way or the other.

Discovery of Gold.

Unfortunately, a rich gold mine had been discovered in your country. It is surely not meant for the poor down-trodden Boer. Poor and abandoned men began soon to flock to this new Eldorado, and were presently followed by a legion of unscrupulous speculators. Afterwards, certain ambitious capitalists arrived on the scene, who knew how to use their influence, and were indifferent as to what role they played or of what became of the country as long as they could increase their wealth tenfold. And to what end did they eventually apply their gold, derived from the Transvaal mines? Let history tell Your Majesty, and it will prove that it was not devoted to the good of the country or the welfare of their fellowmen; but, on the contrary, to the detriment of the country whose hospitality they were enjoying.

Their object was to overthrow the Government and to rob the people of their liberty, by force, if necessary. As they had money in abundance, the proceeds of the gold they had won from the mines, they bought thousands of rifles and Maxim cannons—smuggled these concealed in oil casks into the country for the purpose of using them against the people of the Transvaal to oust them out of their country, whither the capitalist had come and possessed himself of the goldfields. With this aim in view they made a compact with one Cecil Rhodes to undertake a raid into the Transvaal, Dr. Jameson acting as the tool.

Behold! Your Majesty, the conduct of these men—the same men who are to-day clamoring about grievances. Yes! grievances which have made them rich, richer than ever any of the Voortrekkers was or any of their children will be.

They then—who tried to overthrow the South African Republic, who stirred up strife in Johannesburg on account of which many anxious and timid people fled from the city to escape probable hardships—are responsible for that dreadful railway accident in Natal, through which so many mothers and their children lost their lives. They shall also have to answer before the judgment seat of God for the blood that was spilt during this contemptible Jameson raid.

Here, again, Your Majesty, six Boers fell defending their rights and the independence of their country.

Thus have the Boers from time to time been aggravated and harassed.

Discontent in Johannesburg.

But even in these troubles they were not deserted by their God, who gave them refuge and enabled them to prove to the world they are a meek and enlightened people ; for although they had it in their power to refuse to grant quarter or pardon to Jameson and his gang of freebooters, they did not shoot them down, as perhaps another military force would have done, or even follow the example set them at Slachtersnek. The thought alone that they were British subjects sufficed the Boers not to treat them according to their deserts, but to hand them over to the law officers of Your Majesty to be dealt with as Your Majesty deemed fit. And what are the thanks we get for our magnanimity in liberating Jameson, Rhodes's henchman? Instead of thanks we are cursed with the revival of the Johannesburg agitation of 1895 and 1896.

These are the men who, encouraged and assisted by Mr. Chamberlain, are trying once again to bring misery upon the Transvaal, and as a means to this end, and in order to mislead the general British public, have caused a false document to have been voluntarily issued by 21,000 oppressed aliens, to be addressed to Your Majesty. If Your Majesty would have that petition sent to Johannesburg to be publicly and impartially scrutinized, it would soon be made manifest how many thousands of the names appended thereto are of persons who had neither read nor seen it, and of numerous others who have long been dead. Armed with such a document they are now endeavoring to bring another calamity upon the Transvaal, and perhaps upon the whole of South Africa. Were such a scrutiny to take place it would be positively proved that many whose names appear as signatories, rather than being against the continuance of the independence of the Transvaal, have grievances against the framers of that notorious petition and would like to bring them up for withholding their wages or ill-treatment. Such, we are sure, will faith-



General Piet Joubert, Boer Commander-in-Chief.



Drakensberg—on the Transvaal Border.

fully stand by the Boers and fight for their adopted country ; unlike the authors of that petition, whose guilty consciences are prompting them to leave the country or send their wives and money away to Natal or Cape Colony. All this for fear of the consequences of their own wickedness.

Your Majesty, what are we expected to do? We are told to-day they demanded the franchise. Would it not be better for the people and for the independence of the country to give a vote to every raw Englishman just arrived in the country, or even to an army deserter, than to such unscrupulous capitalists and dishonest speculators, whose sole object is to rob the South African Republic of its independence, in order to be enabled to do the same here with the gold mines as they did with the diamond mines at Kimberley under British rule?

Mr. Chamberlain's Statements.

Your Majesty, it was with a deep sense of pain at the critical state of affairs in South Africa that I commenced to write this letter, but my pain and indignation have been intensified by what I have lately read in the newspapers of Mr. Chamberlain and his statements anent the Transvaal, which he fondly hopes will be accepted as gospel truth by every one. He has never been in the Transvaal. I have been to London, yet I do not imagine that I know all about it. Would it not be presumption on my part to think so? And does he alone know everything about the Transvaal? No! Your Majesty. Now I see clearly that he has been misled; that he has believed in fiction; for how otherwise could he have uttered such language? Witness his bitter speech at Birmingham, when he referred to the shooting of Edgar. Your Majesty, this man had struck another a mortal blow, and when the police tried to arrest him he struck and almost killed one of them, who thereupon shot him dead. It was indeed a regrettable incident; but has it not often occurred at Hyde Park and Trafalgar Square that the English police have found it necessary to fire on an unarmed mob, and thereby killing and wounding private citizens? And did ever any foreign minister dream of declaring war against

England or make unreasonable demands on account of such action? Mr. Chamberlain is alarmed, forsooth, because a woman is murdered in the streets of Johannesburg—a circumstance which we all deplore, yet cannot discover the murderer. We have offered a reward of £500 to any one giving information that will lead to the conviction of the person who committed this crime, but up to the present we have failed in tracking the culprit. Now, Your Majesty, how many women were murdered in London by the so-called Jack the Ripper, who, notwithstanding Mr. Chamberlain, has never been caught? And yet who would ever dream of going to war with England because of this Jack the Ripper? Mr. Chamberlain, however, would set the whole of South Africa ablaze just now because we have not captured a murderer, or because the jury has not convicted an Englishman in our police service of a certain murder.

Will Your Majesty permit a small, weak State, that has time after time relinquished its rights, and has ever tried to live in peace and harmony with Your Majesty's people and Government, to be oppressed and overthrown by the world-renowned power and might of Great Britain, simply owing to the misrepresentations of the persons I have already mentioned?

Such is the inquiry of him who considers it an honor and privilege to extol Your Majesty, the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland and Empress of India, and to acknowledge the generosity of the British nation, and of several British statesmen.

No! Your Majesty, ever in supplication to the Almighty, who ruleth over kings and princes, and inclineth to all His great will, I, Your Majesty's humble petitioner, will never believe that Your Majesty will suffer the sacred rights of a weak, peace-loving people to be violated in your name, and South Africa to be cast into grief and mourning. On the contrary, I pray Your Majesty that peace, rest, prosperity, union and co-operation will reign in Your Majesty's name throughout South Africa, and endure as long as there remains a Boer or an Englishman on earth.

Such is the wish and prayer of Your Majesty's most humble petitioner.

CHAPTER XXVI.

**“Oom Paul”—Taking Part in the “Great Trek”—A Panther Fight—
Rising to Leadership—Leader of the Transvaal—The Rush for
Gold—Personal Appearance—His House and his Lions—
His Daily Life—Mr. Kruger’s Wealth—Hardihood
and Hunting Prowess—Characteristic Inci-
dents—Kruger’s Diplomacy—A Curi-
ous Combination.**

ON October 10, 1825, in the little village of Colesberg, in the Cape Colony, there was born to Kaspar Jan Hendrik Kruger and Maria Steyn, his wife, a son whom they christened Stephanus Johannes Paulus, after various members of their respective families. Husband and wife were related in a distant degree of cousinship.

Paul was their second child, the eldest being a girl named Maria, after her mother. The Steenkamps, the Potgieters, the Venters, and the Du Toits are all connected, by marriage, with the Kruger family.

Paul’s mother died when he was yet quite young and before the “Great Trek.” His father died in 1852 and was buried, as is the way among the Boers, on his farm in the Magaliesberg Mountains, not far from Rustenberg.

The Kruger family has been traced from one Jacob Kruger (or Cruger), who emigrated from Berlin to the Cape Colony in 1713, in the service of the Dutch East India Company. Since then the family has multiplied exceedingly; many members thereof having been recorded as the fathers of ten, twelve, and, in at least one case, eighteen children.

Taking Part in the “Great Trek.”

The life of President Kruger has been, up to the present date, the history of the Transvaal. As a boy of ten, he took part, with

his family, in that movement known as the "great trek," which laid the foundation of South African civilization, as we now know it. If ever the dream of a united South Africa is realized, that movement will find its celebrators both in poetry and music, and it will be odd if South African gratitude does not find expression in the erection of a monument in its commemoration. There is a peculiar fitness in alluding here to such a possibility, for it was from the Colesberg district of the Cape Colony, bordering on the Orange River, that the young Kruger started on the pilgrimage which has ended in his being numbered among the first five most conspicuous men of the day, while the summit of the conical hill, known as the Colesberg Mountain, would afford an almost unrivaled site for such a monument—a site whence it would look northward across the Orange River into the states which the energy and resolution of the "Voortrekkers," as they are called, have "carved from the waste and kindled with a soul." These men, with their wagons, their oxen, their wives, their children, their guns, and their Bibles, went forth across the Orange River, literally not knowing whither they went. They had before them all the perils of a land infested by wild beasts, and overrun by relentless and warlike savages. By hard and resolute fighting the forces of savagery were checked, and in 1838, some three years after the "trek" commenced, civilization finally asserted itself in the great battle at the Blood River.

A Panther Fight.

When young Kruger was in his seventeenth year, his father asked him to take home his span of oxen and an empty wagon. He was accompanied by his little sister.

"Paul," said his father, "take care of your sister."

"I will," he said simply.

In those days traveling in Cape Colony was anything but a picnic. Wild animals were plentiful, and many a traveler became a prey to these beasts. Everything went well until Paul was within about five miles from home. Here a large panther made its appearance. The oxen took fright and bolted. The jostling of the wagon threw the little girl to the ground, where she was at the mercy of

the ferocious animal. Without a moment's hesitation young Kruger jumped from the wagon and ran to his sister's assistance. The panther stood with gleaming eyes over the prostrate child. Kruger was unarmed, but without a moment's hesitation he engaged the panther in a hand-to-hand battle. It was a fierce battle. Time and again the angry beast clawed Kruger cruelly, but his courage and strength never failed him. Like a bull-dog he held his grip upon the panther's throat until he strangled the beast to death. Kruger was badly lacerated. Blood flowed from many wounds, but notwithstanding his injuries he carried his fainting sister home. This exploit made him the hero of the sturdy Boers in that section.

Rising to Leadership.

It was amid such surroundings and such incidents as this that President Kruger passed his boyhood, trained already to that resolution and self-reliance which are such necessary qualities in the twilight beginnings of civilization. There was another quality by which he was distinguished—viz.: strong religious conviction. By the time the independence of the South African Republic was recognized, by virtue of the Sand River Convention of 1852, he was nearly thirty years of age. All this time, and during the twenty-five years that elapsed before the annexation of the Transvaal, he was steadily gaining ground in the estimation of his neighbors and the public authorities with whom he came in contact. He became more and more possessed of that most essential quality for those who aim at being popular leaders—confidence in himself. By 1877, in fact, his position had become so assured that there was no cause for surprise at his being nominated chief of the three delegates who proceeded to London for the purpose of pleading for the restoration of the country's independence. A year later, he went again on a second deputation.

Leader of the Transvaal.

It was from about this time that Mr. Kruger became clearly the leader of what might be called the National party in the Transvaal. He had foresight enough to calculate the chances of a Liberal Min-

istry coming into office in England, and influence enough to keep matters in South Africa in suspense till that event should happen. One necessary step towards keeping matters in suspense was to persuade the Cape Colony, the government of which had become strong advocates of Sir Bartle Frere's confederation scheme, to delay taking any decisive action. Had the Cape Parliament decided to adopt that scheme, the Transvaal, then under autocratic British rule, would have been thrown into the confederation by an order in council, and the plea of accomplished fact would have been employed to make the situation in the Transvaal still more irrevocable. By visiting Cape Town and working through the Dutch members of the Cape Parliament, Mr. Kruger succeeded in accomplishing the end he had in view.

The change of ministry in England took place, but brought no relief to the Transvaal. The idea was encouraged in England that any reversal of the annexation would lead to civil war between Dutch and British, compelling the British Government to step in again as the preserver of order. Mr. Kruger became the leading individuality in the triumvirate that undertook control of the national movement for independence, but was not much heard of till negotiations for peace were commenced. That he was recognized by those who were negotiating on the British side as the strong man of the situation there can be no doubt; only within the last few months this has been stated by one who had certainly the very best opportunity of judging. It may fairly be taken for granted that it was his practical and conciliatory spirit that largely influenced the Volksraad in deciding to ratify a convention which, in their estimation fell far short of the justice of the case. The sense of resolute patriotism that had prompted Mr. Kruger in respect of previous acts, led him to persist in claiming reconsideration of the terms of the Pretoria Convention of 1881. Hence came his third visit to Europe, which resulted in the London Convention of 1884.

The Rush for Gold.

This brings us down to the time when, through the discovery of Johannesburg goldfields, the Transvaal became attractive to the

adventurous and speculative spirits of the whole world. The change which, in a very few years, took place in the relations between the executive and the country has been compared with the state of things that might happen if the crew of a collier brig suddenly found themselves in command of a first-class mail steamer. Simple conditions have become complex ; interests have suddenly arisen to a dominating position which before had hardly a recognizable existence. It is one of the most remarkable facts of the position that, in spite of this sudden and unparalleled expansion, Mr. Kruger's influence has not only not diminished, but has positively increased.

Personal Appearance.

Mr. Kruger is a strongly built man ; he looks shorter than he really is, owing to his breadth of shoulders. His face is broad and somewhat high-cheeked ; the eyelids are swollen, and since the heavy cares of his life have drawn his eyebrows together and drawn wrinkles on his brows, his eyes are contracted, and this gives his face a peculiar expression. A rather large nose stands over a very sharply-marked mouth ; the underlip hangs somewhat, probably from years of holding his beloved pipe ; but the corners of the mouth are fast closed and increase the strong expression characteristic of the President. A straggling beard surrounds his face, for in ancestral fashion he wears no moustache. His great physique is shown by a pair of huge hands in which the visitor's seem to disappear as the President greets him.

His House and His Lions.

The President lives in his own house in Church street, Pretoria, a house built some years ago to his order. An iron railing with stone pillars is in front of the house, which is protected from the sun by a veranda. Between the railings and the veranda, right and left of the entrance, crouch two stone lions, the gift of the late Mr. B. J. Barnato. “Whether they are British lions we know not,” says the historian, “but the lion of Rustenburg sometimes strikes pleasantly these stone guardians of his house, partly in remembrance of the giver, who was a man with whom he got on well ; and partly because

the sight of them recalls the days when he himself stood in the death grip of the king of beasts." The President's house is simply furnished, for he does not care for pomp, though he rules a country as large as Germany. Much furniture he does not need, since his favorite spot is the stoep. Here he may be found early in the day from eight o'clock, and again from half-past five till sunset.

His Daily Life.

He rises at break of day in old Boer fashion, and, after dressing, begins his day with Bible reading. Then comes his early coffee and his pipe, when he betakes himself to the stoep. Here, as a rule, are folk waiting to see him, friends or sometimes petitioners. He listens to them all. To some requests he promises attention; others, if unimportant or ill-advised, he meets with a joke, sometimes with sharp rebuke. Through this custom he knows nearly every one in the Transvaal. But whether his request be granted or not each visitor goes away contented in the thought that "Oom Paul is certain to be right." The stoep is especially patronized during the Volksraad session, when Raad members have to be talked over. Thus, though an unlearned man, his arguments prevail, arguments founded on experience, the principles of statecraft and Bible texts. Nor should it be forgotten that Paul Kruger is stiff-necked—some call him obstinate—and it is utterly false to say that he is led by Dr. Leyds. Shortly before eight the President takes the simple breakfast in vogue among the Boers, then prepares for his visit to the Government buildings, which he reaches sharp at nine. Of late he has been escorted by six mounted policemen, and even inside the building has a guard of two with drawn swords. In the Government offices he is employed for three hours.

Shortly after 12 the President takes a simple dinner, at which he usually drinks a glass of milk—for he never takes strong drink, though he has been heard to say that he believes that God gave man strong drink to use, and that there is no harm in its moderate use. At two the President returns to his office for two hours or two hours and a half, after which he finally returns home. Coffee and pipes and the reception of visitors fill up his time till he retires to rest.

The President understands English fairly well, but does not speak it, though occasionally in a joke he employs an English expression.

Mr. Kruger's Wealth.

There is no doubt that the President is very well off. He owns a large number of farms in the Transvaal, and has also much money invested. Indeed, in the course of a debate on helping poor burghers, the President casually mentioned that he had lent money to the burghers without security, since he knew that his burghers were honorable. That the President saves much from his ample salary of \$35,000 a year and \$1500 for house rent, is well known. He gives no dinners, dances, or such entertainments as are usually given by the head of a state, since these are not customary with Transvaalers. Any well-behaved person may pay the President a visit, but he is not given to festivities, and lives the usual life of a well-to-do Afrikaner. His Excellency is saving in a good sense, since it is a South African virtue, and fortunately prodigality has not become a national vice. But the charge of miserliness brought against him by his enemies is false.

Hardihood and Hunting Prowess.

In both senses of the word he is full of hardihood. During the War of Independence, with but a very small escort, he rode to the kraal of a recalcitrant Kaffir chief, and though he ran great risk of being attacked, for he seized the chief by the neck and would have made him a prisoner in the midst of his tribe, he got out of the difficulty, and the chief remained quiet during the war.

When still a youth he was out hunting, and being anxious to get a rhinoceros, loaded with more powder than usual and fired. The gun unfortunately burst, and shattered the top joint of his left thumb. He had far to go with the shattered and bleeding thumb before he could get help. He bound up his thumb as well as he could, but unfortunately it began festering, and threatened to mortify, so that the worst must be feared. Whereupon the youth, with amazing courage and incredible toughness, cut off the top joint of his thumb with his pocket-knife. The evil had gone too far, and

the operation was of no avail. Quite coolly, Paul Kruger then cut off the second joint, and the thumb then fortunately healed. The man who could do this is not the man to be easily frightened. He possesses a strength of will almost bordering on the incredible, and it is no wonder that the thumb-amputator has become so hard a nut for the officials of Downing street to crack. Much might be written of his hunting skill and feats of strength and activity. He beat a Kaffir in a whole day's race, though he stopped to fight a lion on the way. He seized by the horns a buffalo which had fallen into a water pit and lay on its side, until he drowned it.

Characteristic Incidents.

When Johannesburg was a mere mining camp, President Kruger was once riding there dressed as an ordinary burgher. He fell in with a German who did not know him, and the son of the Fatherland waxed eloquent on what he would do were he President. The Teuton was a diminutive individual, and was much surprised when his new acquaintance took off his coat and held it towards him, saying:

"Put this on."

"It's too large," replied the other, amused.

"I know that," responded the other. "I'm President Kruger; if you could fit my coat you might accomplish mighty deeds."

President Kruger was one day watching the lions in a menagerie, when he suddenly turned to the proprietor with the remark:

"These lions are like Chamberlain; they want lots, take all they can get, never mind how much you have given them, and are most cool about it, too."

"That's so," responded the keeper; "and they'll get all that it is possible to get, great or small, and are never more quiet than when they think they're going to get most."

"Dear me! is that so?" commented Oom Paul, as he walked away.

Kruger's Diplomacy.

But President Kruger is above all things a wily diplomatist, as was well shown when a deputation of Outlanders waited upon him

to hint that he was responsible for the decrease in value of mining shares. Oom Paul answered them in a parable about a pet monkey he once had.

"Years ago," said the President, "on a cold day, I and the monkey made a fire, in which the animal burnt his tail, and in revenge bit me. I said to him, 'I made a fire to warm us both, but you burnt your tail in it. That was your own fault, and I don't see why you should be angry with me.'"

When the anecdote was finished, the deputation concluded it was no place for them, and withdrew without a word.

On another occasion he had referred to him a question about the division of certain property between two brothers, who agreed to abide by Kruger's decision. He listened patiently to both sides, and then delivered his judgment. To the elder brother he said: "I decide that you, being the senior, shall divide the property." Then he paused to take a pull at his pipe, and continued with a smile on his face, "but I also decide that the younger brother shall have his choice of the two portions."

A Curious Combination.

He is sincerely religious and a remarkable Biblical scholar. Unhappily he has a knack of turning texts upside down to suit any purpose of his own. His religion is of the fanatical, bigoted, "barebones" type, and knows no liberality or broad-mindedness.

He preaches often in the Dopper Church just opposite his house. His homilies are long-winded, dull and uninspiring; but it is due to him to say that within the excessively narrow limits of his tenets he is absolutely sincere.

He is at once something like an Oliver Cromwell, a Savonarola, a John Knox, a Bismarck and a Machiaveli. A queer aggregation of personalities, but they all make some factor in the character of the President of the South African Republic.

CHAPTER XXVII.

Boer Leaders—Joubert and Kruger—A Much Camera'd Man—How H
Helped Kruger's Election—A Great Letter-writer—The Boer
Ambassador—A Man of Craft—His Rise to Power—A So-
cial Leader—Sent Abroad—A Boer Judge—Secre-
tary Reitz—Landdrost Smith—A Boer Jingo
—A German Officer.

THE Vice-President of the Transvaal, and Commander-in-chief of its army, General Piet Joubert (Sliem Piet), was perhaps the second most prominent figure among the Boers. Long-headed, shrewd, cold, and calculating, he is also by no means a typical Boer. He has paid two or three visits to England, and perhaps was one of the three or four in the inner Government circles in Pretoria who realized what war with England would mean. Still, he in no way lacked physical courage; he had shown that time and again.

His religious tenets are not obtrusive, and he has never been found out in any bad financial transactions. As a general in the field he is cool and clever, and a thoroughly expert exponent of Boer fighting tactics.

Joubert and Kruger.

Piet Joubert and Paul Kruger have never been very good friends.

They are both strong men, and although in public and in the councils of State they have always appeared to be on the best of terms, it has been an open secret in Pretoria for many years past that their personal relations were not of the most cordial.

This may be accounted for in many ways. The two men have little in common, save strength of character and love of their country.

Kruger admires Joubert's ability, shrewdness and education. Joubert envies Kruger his place, his power and his money.

The Kaffirs have a saying, "Indonga ziwelene," meaning "the walls have knocked together." This saying they apply when two important personages come into collision. It has often been used in connection with the two protagonists of the South African Republic.

Piet Joubert is nicknamed "Slim Piet," which he takes as a great compliment. Slim, in the common Dutch parlance, means something between smart and cunning; the American expression "cute" is the nearest equivalent. Joubert is an honest man according to his lights, but they are dim. He never has deliberately swindled any one, but, being a man of business first and a farmer or a generalissimo afterward, he takes the keenest delight in getting the best of a deal whether it be in mining shares, gold claims, water rights, or oxen. It is this pride in the conscious sentiment of "smartness" that is such a prominent feature throughout the Boer character.

A Much Camera'd Man.

One of Joubert's foibles is being photographed. Probably he is the most camera'd man in the Transvaal. Owing to this harmless little peculiarity his features are thoroughly well known and may be critically examined as typical of the highest class of Boer intellect.

A broad, straight, furrowed brow, from which the whitening hair is carefully brushed back, overhangs a pair of powerful, clear and honest gray eyes, which look the stranger straight in the face, and are not shifty and furtive as are those in the head of the average Boer. The mouth is cold and hard, with no trace of a smile; the corners droop slightly, and the general expression is not amiable. The nose is the striking feature; it inspires respect, for it is built on strong, commanding lines, and broadens out at the base into powerful but sensitive nostrils. The face as a whole has dignity, repose, almost a certain nobility of its own.

As his name implies, Joubert is of French extraction. In 1688 a large party of French settlers, fleeing from the disastrous results of the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, were sent out from Holland for purposes of colonization. Some of them were granted lands and free farms in the neighborhood of Stellenbosch and at

Fransche Hock (Frenchman's Corner). In course of time they intermarried with Dutch colonists, and this admixture of good Huguenot blood with the sturdy Low Country burgher has produced the present race of Boers, of whom Joubert is a specimen very far above the average.

There is a picture at The Hague of the States General, by Rembrandt, which shows a crowd of old burghers discussing war plans over a table. Among the heads there are half a dozen Jouberts. The type has in no way changed, and in a case such as his, where the usual Boer degeneracy, by a succession of fortuitous circumstances, has been kept in abeyance, there remains a splendid sample of humanity which is all man.

Naturally and almost by right there come to such a one honors and distinctions galore. Joubert is Vice-President of the South African Republic, he is also commander of the forces, he is on the Executive Council, which answers to our Cabinet, and he holds a dozen other offices of high honor. He has made two attempts at wresting the Presidency from Paul Kruger but was defeated in both cases. The first time there was no doubt that he ran for the Presidency in a perfectly honorable manner, and, moreover, it was very generally thought at the time that he had a very good chance. There were even those who alleged that he actually polled more votes than Kruger, and was only not returned owing to a particularly flagrant piece of *verneukerij*, or swindling, combined with wholesale bribery and corruption of the returning officers.

How He Helped Kruger's Election.

Be this as it may, the next election, five years later, was fought on other lines. The former, by the way, was conducted in the time-honored open fashion of every burgher giving his vote openly and in public. Before the latter election, however, a Secret Ballot act had been passed, and voting took place nominally in secret, though it is probable that the burghers were coerced into voting just as the wirepullers pleased. Anyhow, there were three candidates—Paul Kruger, Chief Justice Kotze and General Joubert. Kruger happened to be in evil odor in the Transvaal at the time for various

causes, not the least of which was his open advocacy of the Dopper Church against the Gevormeerde, or less puritanical Lutheran party. He therefore feared that his period of Presidentship might be brought to an untimely close. Kotze was a dangerous rival. He was honest, upright, a judge, a gentleman, and a man of education. All these qualifications turned to drawbacks in Kruger's eyes. So Joubert was induced, for reasons which were openly discussed at the time, to make a triangular duel of the election, and by splitting the votes of the Progressive burghers insure Kruger's election. This duly occurred and Kruger returned to the emoluments of office.

On at least two occasions Joubert has been to England, and it was in 1884 that he accompanied Kruger and General Smit on that memorable visit to London, when, according to Mr. Fitzpatrick's new book, they could not pay their bill at the Albemarle Hotel.

They applied to the late Baron Grant, who held valuable mining rights in the Lydenburg district of the Transvaal, asking for pecuniary assistance. This was duly given, but in return a promise was made that good will, encouragement and protection should be extended to British settlers in the Transvaal. Mr. Kruger responded, on behalf of the Republic, by publishing in the public press a cordial invitation and welcome and the promise of rights and protection to all who would come.

A Great Letter Writer.

The worthy General is unquestionably a great letter writer, and the American press seems to offer him an unlimited field for his epistolary effusions. Quite recently a screed, presumably from his pen, drew a reply, or rejoinder, from a well-known novelist, which put him to rights on various essential points of accuracy.

Dr. Clark, M. P., formerly Transvaal Consul in London, has also been the recipient of Joubert's letters, and, as a rule, extracts therefrom appear in the London press.

Although Joubert is nominally Commander-in-Chief of the Transvaal forces, he cannot be said to possess the entire confidence of his soldiers, patriotic or mercenary. He appears to be, or to have been at the commencement of hostilities, too Fabian in his

operations to please the younger generation of Boers. They even petitioned Pretoria to replace him by Cronjé, who as a fire-eater, a swashbuckler and a noisy fellow has no equal in the Transvaal. But Joubert is too old and tried a patriot to be ousted by the noisy clamor of the young Boers.

He is one of the few among the leaders of the burghers who must realize to the full what war with England really means. He has been to England, has seen her soldiers, her sailors, her resources, her wealth and her discipline. He has appreciated all this, and his active participation in what he knows to be a hopeless struggle is magnificent testimony to his pertinacity of purpose and to the strength of his love for his country.

A brave old gentleman. Would there were more like him!

The Boer Ambassador.

One of the most important and influential Transvaal leaders is Dr. Leyds, who for some years has served as the general diplomatic agent of the Republic in Europe.

"What a charming fellow!" That is the involuntary opinion formed by any previously unprejudiced person on first meeting Dr. Leyds. He is such a thorough man of the world, suave, gentle and courteous in manner, with a fund of information on all subjects, a pretty taste in art, and all the refinement of high culture.

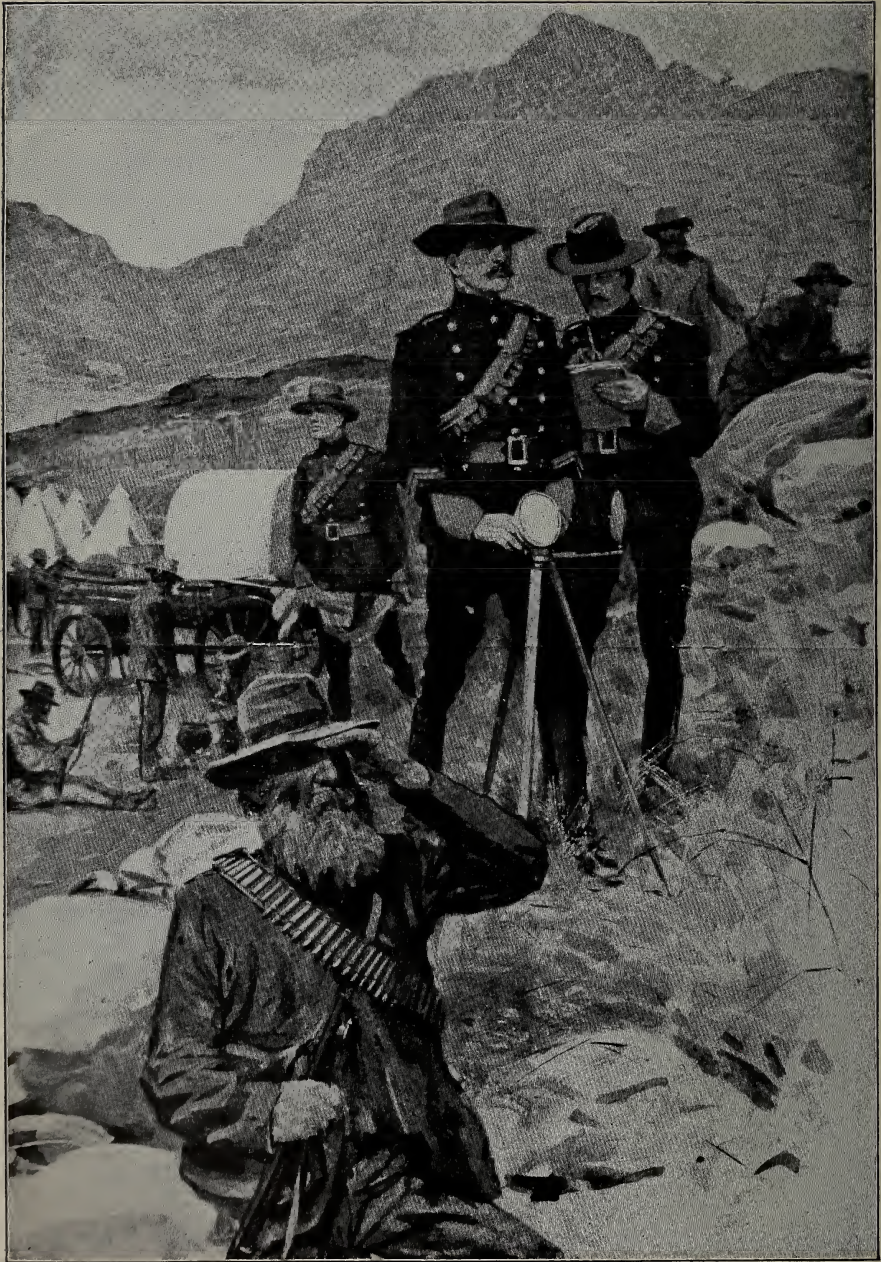
A good-looking man, too, of medium height, he has a dark complexion, dark, rather straight hair, and dark eyes, keen, piercing, but kindly. Added to this, he is well dressed, neat and polished, with the invariable black frock-coat, clean white shirt and narrow black tie, like a bootlace, of the orthodox Continental diplomatist.

A Man of Craft.

Withal, he is a crafty man of extraordinary powers of fascination; no one leaves his presence unscathed by his subtle power of charm. Even Paul Kruger succumbed after the briefest struggle, and though it were gross flattery to allege that Leyds was popular in Pretoria, it would be equally incorrect to say that he was feared. A little of the basilisk, a good deal of the sphinx, a touch of Mach-



British Artillery Going into Action.



Boers Heliographing.

iavelian-Mephistopheles, and the affability of a drawing-room tenor—all these qualifications combined in making the man interesting as a study and almost unique as a type.

The broad facts of his peculiar case are simple enough. He is a Batavian, born of Dutch parents in the Netherlands East Indies. As a boy he was brought home to Holland and put to school. He displayed quite remarkable aptitude and ploughed his way quickly and valiantly through all the junior classes. Before he was sixteen years old he had passed with honors his final examination in the Government College of Preceptors. He then took his degree as Doctor of Philosophy—hence his title—and also qualified as a teacher of drawing and gymnastics.

His Rise to Power.

In the year 1884, the Transvaal being in want of educated officials who could conduct the business of the republic in a manner more or less in accordance with its claim to be a civilized nation, he was appointed State Attorney (Attorney-General) of the South African Republic.

With his blushing honors thick upon him, he set sail for what was to him a veritable Eldorado. He was a poor man, a very poor man, but he did not remain so long. The fates were propitious. Soon after his arrival in Pretoria and his being sworn into office, he accurately gauged the material which he was employed to mould into shape; very unpromising at first, but with illimitable possibilities of which he was not slow to take advantage.

He soon began to assert himself. Dr. Leyds, of Pretoria, in a very few months became the butterfly that had emerged from the chrysalis Schoolmaster Leyds of Holland. The plastic Boers were more or less easily moulded into the shape which their Attorney-General thought best for them—and for himself. He was not afraid of hard work, and the reforms and apparent economies which he introduced, amazed and delighted the members of the Government.

Nothing was too small, nothing too large, for Dr. Leyds to tackle. He even found that the much maligned concessionaire monopolist had his uses as well as the meanest thing that creepeth.

He cultivated the concessionaire, made much of him ; perhaps he showed him the evil of his ways ; anyhow, they were always on the best of terms. Both appeared to wax fat and flourish—metaphorically, that is, for Dr. Leyds never lost his slimness of figure and his air of the hero of a young maiden's dream.

A Social Leader.

Socially, Dr. Leyds has always been vastly assisted by his charming wife, who is Dutch by birth, and of quite extraordinary linguistic powers. It was currently reported that Dr. and Mrs. (Mevrouw) Leyds between them spoke over a dozen languages more or less fluently. Pretoria is not a literary town, and the centres of culture are few. The salon Leyds was therefore all the more welcome as a haven of sweetness and light. Books were discussed, likewise pictures and prints, especially of the old Dutch masters. Dr. Leyds is a violoncellist of peculiar excellence, and chamber music, trios and quartets were performed with taste and skill.

Toward the middle of 1889, when the inrush of Outlanders to the goldfields had raised the population and the income of the Republic to an incredible extent, a brilliant prospect was set before the aspiring statesman. He was appointed State Secretary, an office of great importance, if of somewhat poor emolument. He was duly installed, and proceeded at once to attract the immigration into the Transvaal of hordes of impecunious and incompetent Hollanders, who speedily filled a very large proportion of the minor offices in the Civil Service.

Sent Abroad.

This brigade of jackals, for it was nothing less, was absolutely at the beck and call of the astute doctor. They were his creatures, his satellites, his myrmidons. Through them he obtained such a hold over the internal economy of the Government that even his worthy President, Paul Kruger himself, began to get nervous. Previously there had been—outwardly, at least—the greatest seeming cordiality between the two, but with the rise of Leyds there came a distinct alienation of the intimacy, a tension of the bond

between them. Leyds was at this time hand and glove with the Netherlands Railway Company, and while ostensibly working for the Republic, he was doing no injury whatsoever to his private interests.

So things went on until it became evident that the Lendesvaarders, the "patres conscripti," had become jealous and envious of this young, cultured sprig of old Holland. He was altogether too important, useful, well-to-do, and, above all, too polite. This last quality they hated, because they could not understand it. There must be, they thought, some sinister design behind this suave, charming manner. So they perpended; and it was thought safer to deport Dr. Leyds.

A Boer Judge.

A man who in a quiet, unostentatious, but deadly effective way has done as much as anybody to engender bitter feelings between Boer and Outlander is the present Chief Justice of the Transvaal, Judge Gregorowski.

An Orange Free State man, of Russo-Polish extraction, he was specially brought to Pretoria, inducted into the rites of full burghership, and elevated to the bench for the purpose of sentencing the sixty-odd reform prisoners after the Jameson raid. No Transvaal judge—Kotze, Ameshoff, Morice, or Jorissen—could be trusted to be sufficiently severe, Draconian, Jeffreys-like. So they imported Gregorowski. Right well he did his work. Not only were the sentences terribly drastic, but the method of the man in delivering the death sentences, (afterward commuted), and his trickery in permitting a pleading of guilty to certain counts of the indictment, made the final scene at the trial one of the most terribly affecting ever witnessed in a court of justice.

Secretary Reitz.

The Transvaal State Secretary, Mr. Reitz, formerly President of the Orange Free State, where he succeeded but in no way profited by the example of the late lamented President Brand, is a pathetic figure. Old beyond his years—senile, almost, suffering from an incurable disease—at the beck and call and entirely under the

thumb of Kruger, he signs documents put before him without reading their contents, or if reading them, not understanding what they are about. A shiftless politician, not rich, as are others in high office, because he came to the Transvaal too late, and most of the pickings were picked. Besides, he is passing honest, and almost an old gentleman to boot.

Landdrost Smith.

The Landdrost, or Chief Civil Magistrate, of Pretoria, is one J. S. Smith, and he is a man entitled to high honor in his own land. He recently charged the public funds with a sum of over \$400,000, alleged to have been spent in constructing and repairing certain streets in Pretoria. A question arising as to the legitimacy of this expenditure, a committee of the Volksraad was appointed to inquire. Smith could only produce vouchers for about half the sum. The inquiry closed without reporting. Next session it was mentioned in the Volksraad, and on the proposal of John Meyer (a bosom friend and great supporter of the President) it was resolved that the matter should be considered as closed. Nothing has ever been heard of the missing \$400,000, and Smith continues in office.

A Boer Jingo.

Quite the most patriotic Boer and rabid anti-Briton is a member of the Volksraad, named Stoffel Tosen. This man is a renegade Englishman, and his name was Stephen Townsend. His father was a private in a line regiment quartered at Pietermaritzburg. Many years ago he deserted to the Transvaal and fought for the Boers in the war of 1881. His son, the present bearer of the Boer variant of a good British name, is an extraordinarily ignorant bigot. A few years ago, when the monster petition from the Rand, praying humbly for better representation, was presented to the Rand, Tosen, from his seat, called out, of course in the Taal: "If they want the franchise, they've got to fight for it!" Again, he was known to have been heavily insulted to promote the passing of the Dynamite Monopoly bill. The bribe took the form of a bet of £500 to a shilling that the bill would not pass. Of course it passed, and the loser

gladly paid up the sporting odds. In supporting the bill, Tosen gravely said that "the word of God had come to him overnight telling him that it would be for the good of the country for the bill to be passed." This is textual.

A really typical Boer is Barend Vorster, Jr. He has been mixed up with most of the Pretoria financial scandals, and he always comes out branded, but unscathed in position. Over the Selati Railway deal he received a gold watch and some "spiders," or four-wheeled carriages. A newspaper openly accused him, by name, of accepting bribes, and the President himself defended Vorster's action, saying that he saw no harm in members receiving such presents.

A German Officer.

Colonel Schiel's name is probably more familiar to Englishmen than that of any other officer of the Boer army, with the possible exceptions of Joubert and Cronjé. There is a certain element of mystery about his career; but it appears that after serving in the German army he left it with the rank of sergeant and emigrated to South Africa. For some reason or other, he, like so many other Continentals, has an intense hatred of England and Englishmen, and has never missed an opportunity of doing them a bad turn. He served as an instructor in tactics with the Zulu army under Cetewayo in the war of 1879, which ended with Ulundi, and at the conclusion of hostilities the British Government offered a reward for his capture.

We next hear of him in the Transvaal as an artillery officer, and it is said the forts at Pretoria and Johannesburg were constructed under his direction. Indeed, he is credited in some quarters with the authorship of the Boer plan of campaign in Natal. However that may be, he was wounded at Elandslaagte, and, with other Boer officers, fell into British hands. For safe custody he has since been placed on board Her Majesty's ship "Penelope" in Simon's Bay, and his precise status as a prisoner of war yet remains to be determined. Whatever his faults—from a British point of view—may be, he is undoubtedly a clever and accomplished soldier, and, as his portrait shows, a fine-looking man.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

Negotiations Ended—Reaction at Pretoria—Moving for Action—
Preparing for the Plunge—The Boer Ultimatum—Complaints
Against England—Military Menaces—The Final Demand
—“All South Africa”—An Afrikaner Nation.

THAT the dispute between the Imperial Government and the Transvaal could only be settled ultimately by force of arms, should have been made clear by the conference at Bloemfontein. In retrospect, it is only too evident that the difference there disclosed between the two parties was one that could hardly have been bridged over, even if both had made what from their point of view had been great concessions. Probably in Sir Alfred Milner's eyes the conference was a last attempt to secure by peaceful means some settlement of a situation that had been getting more and more impossible for many years past. The object of the conference was to make clear to President Kruger, in as friendly a manner as could be, that either he must set his own house in order at once, or have it set right for him by force. The franchise proposal was a suggestion as to the means that might be adopted to the former end. In itself, the alienation of a large body of British subjects was not a thing her Majesty's Government particularly desired; it would have been equally ready to discuss any other method of solving the Outlander difficulty. But, such as it was, the suggestion was for acceptance or refusal.

To President Kruger and his burghers the franchise proposal presented itself not as a suggestion, but as a demand. After innumerable irritating interferences with their untrammelled right of misgovernment, the British Government was now proceeding to claim the jealously-guarded privilege of the franchise. Throughout the months that followed the conference, the Boer attitude towards the question was that an entirely unwarranted demand was being

made upon them, which Great Britain wished to extort, while refusing to give anything in exchange. Each step nearer to the "irreducible minimum" was regarded by them as an entirely fresh concession wrung from them by force, till at last, by dint of never satisfying Sir Alfred Milner's original demands, they began to persuade themselves that those demands could never be satisfied, and were actually being increased.

Reaction at Pretoria.

After awhile a strong reaction began to set in at Pretoria against conceding anything. Mr. Smuts' proposal of August 19th, which practically conceded the Bloemfontein minimum, was nullified by his note of August 21st, penned under the influence of the more reactionary members of the little circle who have hitherto controlled the affairs of the Transvaal. From that moment the reaction proceeded steadily, helped later by the officially disseminated story that Mr. Conyngham Greene had only decoyed Mr. Smuts into his proposal in order to reject it as an insult to the suzerain power—a story which Mr. Smuts himself did not pretend to uphold, but which Mr. Steyn set forth in the most unmeasured language in his address at the opening of the Free State Raad, and which Mr. Reitz since repeated in his manifesto, published after the declaration of war. Though politicians in England, and even at the Cape, believed President Kruger to be still playing his old game of "bluff," it was evident enough at Pretoria, from the end of August onwards, that the Boers would sooner fight than concede a hair's breadth further. The Transvaal reply of September 15th was still moderate in tone, but the spirit that lay behind it was absolutely uncompromising.

Moving for Action.

With the dispatch of September 25th, a further change came over the situation. It was evident that the Cabinet would not hurry to formulate the new proposals for a general settlement of the position of the Transvaal till it was in a position effectively to enforce them. A strong agitation for immediate aggressive action sprang up. The President and those of his advisers who were eager to

throw the responsibility of forcing the rupture upon England were forced to yield as soon as they had satisfied themselves that the Free State would not hesitate to take part in the attack. From the Boer point of view there was, it must be admitted, a great deal to be said for the policy of taking the bull by the horns. If they were determined to fight sooner than make the least concession it was evidently better to fight with 15,000 men than with 50,000. They were confident they could crush the small force in Natal long before reinforcements could arrive, and could raise a vast region of Cape Colony in revolt by the mere presence of their invading comandos. Mr. Reitz's ultimatum, which was not handed in to the British agent till October 9th, was decided on and actually framed before the end of September. The intention of the Transvaal Government was to present that ultimatum on October 1st or 2d and to immediately commence hostilities at the expiration of the forty-eight hours.

At this moment a hitch occurred which temporarily upset the whole arrangement. In the evening of September 30th and the morning of October 1st, the Executive made two unwelcome discoveries. The first was that their forces were not ready. They had mobilized almost the whole male population of the country, supplied them with arms and ammunition, and sent them to the front in the remarkably short space of four days; but they had done so only by dint of neglecting all arrangements for transport and commissariat. The men, and with them the rolling-stock, had all gone off to the borders of the Republic, while the food was left in Pretoria without means of conveyance. The other unwelcome discovery was that the Free State army was equally unready. Accordingly, on October 1st, the uncompromising attitude of Pretoria was slightly modified. Rumors of some last attempt to make peace, of an impending visit to Pretoria of Messrs. Schreiner and Hofmeyr, of divisions in the British Cabinet, were given free play. After the lapse of another week the mobilization had been really as well as nominally carried out, and the Transvaal was ready to come out and challenge the British Empire to battle. But in that short

interval over 5,000 troops from India had landed in Natal, and the policy of attack had already lost some of its justification.

Preparing for the Plunge.

The desire not to estrange sympathy in Cape Colony and in England was one of the chief reasons which made the Transvaal Government hesitate before deciding on opening the war itself. But it seems as if, once having surmounted its initial scruples, that Government threw all further consideration of the effect of its action to the winds. The sympathy felt by some persons for the Transvaal might not have been much affected by a manifesto explaining that the Republics being forced into war preferred to fight while they still had some hope of success. But nothing could have been more ill-advised or have served better to unite all parties in England, and make even the friends of the Boers realize the nature of Transvaal ambitions, than the startling ultimatum for which Mr. Reitz was responsible. It is a well-known psychological rule that in moments of high excitement men unconsciously reveal thoughts and aspirations they would otherwise keep back. The rule has been well illustrated by Mr. Reitz's ultimatum and by other published utterances of himself and of President Steyn. That ultimatum reveals in almost every line the aspiration of the Transvaal to be the paramount power in South Africa. The Transvaal "feels obliged in the interest not only of this Republic, but also of the whole of South Africa, to make an end as soon as possible" of the existing crisis, and practically orders the Imperial Government to disarm throughout the whole of its South African dominions. The nature of Afrikaner ambitions comes 'out in' still more violent and emphatic language in President Steyn's and Mr. Reitz's manifestoes issued after the declaration of war. Such manifestoes may, perhaps, have had an effect in stirring up warlike feeling in the Republics; they certainly have also had their effect on public opinion in England.

All negotiations were suddenly ended on October 9, 1899, by the presentation of an ultimatum to Great Britain by the Boer Government, announcing that war would be declared the second day

thereafter unless certain conditions were complied with. These conditions were deemed intolerable by the British Government, and so the war began.

The Boer note, which was received at the Colonial Office early on the morning of October 9 contained four demands: (1) that all questions in dispute should be settled by arbitration, or such other amicable way as might be agreed on; (2) that the British troops on the Transvaal border should be instantly withdrawn; (3) that all reinforcements which had arrived in South Africa since June 1 should be removed from the country; (4) that all British troops which were then on the high seas should not be landed in South Africa.

In the event of no satisfactory answer to these demands being received by the Transvaal Government before five o'clock the next afternoon (about three o'clock Greenwich time), the action of her Majesty's Government would be regarded as a formal declaration of war. The note added that if any movement of British troops "in the nearer directions of our borders" took place before the expiration of the time limit, that also would be regarded as a formal declaration of war.

These demands concerning the troops were specially repugnant to the British Government, for the reason that all its troops in South Africa did not number one-half as many as those which the Boers already had in the field. In fact, as after events showed, the Boers had made far more extensive and complete preparations for war than had the British.

The Boer Ultimatum.

The full text of the Boer ultimatum was as follows:

"SIR—The Government of the South African Republic feels itself compelled to refer the Government of her Majesty the Queen of Great Britain and Ireland once more to the Convention of London, 1884, concluded between this Republic and the United Kingdom and which [? in] its XIVth article secures certain specified rights to the white population of this Republic, namely, that 'all persons, other than natives, conforming themselves to the laws of the South African Republic (a) will have full liberty, with their families, to

enter, travel, or reside in any part of the South African Republic ; (b) they will be entitled to hire or possess houses, manufactories, warehouses, shops and premises ; (c) they may carry on their commerce either in person or by any agents whom they may think fit to employ ; (d) they will not be subject, in respect of their persons or property, or in respect of their commerce or industry, to any taxes, whether general or local, other than those which are or may be imposed upon citizens of the said Republic.'

"This Government wishes further to observe that the above are only rights which her Majesty's Government have reserved in the above Convention with regard to the Outlander population of this Republic, and that the violation only of those rights could give that Government a right to diplomatic representation or intervention, while, moreover, the regulation of all other questions affecting the position or the rights of the Outlander population under the above-mentioned Convention is handed over to the Government and the representatives of the people of the South African Republic.

"Amongst the questions the regulation of which falls exclusively within the competence of the Government and of the Volksraad are included those of the franchise and representation of the people in this Republic, and although thus the exclusive right of this Government and of the Volksraad for the regulation of that franchise and representation is indisputable, yet this Government has found occasion to discuss in a friendly fashion the franchise and the representation of the people with Her Majesty's Government, without, however, recognizing any right thereto on the part of Her Majesty's Government. This Government has also, by the formulation of the now existing Franchise Law and the resolution with regard to representation, constantly held these friendly discussions before its eyes.

Complaints Against England.

"On the part of Her Majesty's Government, however, the friendly nature of these discussions has assumed a more and more threatening tone, and the minds of the people in this Republic and in the whole of South Africa have been excited and a condition of extreme tension has been created, while Her Majesty's Government

could no longer agree to the legislation respecting franchise and the resolution respecting representation in this Republic, and finally, by your note of September 25, 1899, broke off all friendly correspondence on the subject, and intimated that they must now proceed to formulate their own proposals for a final settlement, and this Government can only see in the above intimation from Her Majesty's Government a new violation of the Convention of London, 1884, which does not reserve to Her Majesty's Government the right to a unilateral settlement of a question which is exclusively a domestic one for this Government, and has already been regulated by it.

“On account of the strained situation and the consequent serious loss in and interruption of trade in general which the correspondence respecting the franchise and representation in this Republic carried in its train, Her Majesty's Government have recently pressed for an early settlement and finally pressed, by your intervention, for an answer within forty-eight hours (subsequently somewhat modified) to your note of September 12th, replied to by the note of this Government of September 15th, and your note of September 25, 1899, and thereafter further friendly negotiations broke off, and this Government received the intimation that the proposal for a final settlement would shortly be made; but although this promise was once more repeated no proposal has up to now reached this Government.

Military Menaces.

“Even while friendly correspondence was still going on an increase of troops on a large scale was introduced by Her Majesty's Government and stationed in the neighborhood of the borders of this Republic. Having regard to occurrences in the history of this Republic which it is unnecessary here to call to mind, this Government felt obliged to regard this military force in the neighborhood of its borders as a threat against the independence of the South African Republic, since it was aware of no circumstances which could justify the presence of such military force in South Africa and in the neighborhood of its borders.

“In answer to an inquiry with respect thereto addressed to his Excellency, the High Commissioner, this Government received, to

its great astonishment, in answer, a veiled insinuation that from the side of the Republic (van Republikeinsche zeyde) an attack was being made on her Majesty's Colonies, and at the same time a mysterious reference to possibilities whereby it was strengthened in its suspicion that the independence of this Republic was being threatened. As a defensive measure it was therefore obliged to send a portion of the burghers of this Republic in order to offer the requisite resistance to similar possibilities.

The Final Demand.

“Her Majesty's unlawful intervention in the internal affairs of this Republic in conflict with the Convention of London, 1884, caused by the extraordinary strengthening of troops in the neighborhood of the borders of this Republic, has thus caused an intolerable condition of things to arise whereto this Government feels itself obliged, in the interest not only of this Republic, but also of all South Africa, to make an end as soon as possible, and feels itself called upon and obliged to press earnestly and with emphasis for an immediate termination of this state of things and to request her Majesty's Government to give it the assurance :

“(a) That all points of mutual difference shall be regulated by the friendly course of arbitration or by whatever amicable way may be agreed upon by this Government with her Majesty's Government.

“(b) That the troops on the borders of this Republic shall be instantly withdrawn.

“(c) That all reinforcements of troops which have arrived in South Africa since 1st June, 1899, shall be removed from South Africa within a reasonable time, to be agreed upon with this Government, and with a mutual assurance and guarantee on the part of this Government that no attack upon or hostilities against any portion of the possessions of the British Government shall be made by the Republic during further negotiations within a period of time to be subsequently agreed upon between the Governments, and this Government will, on compliance therewith, be prepared to withdraw the armed burghers of this Republic from the borders.

“(d) That her Majesty’s troops which are now on the high seas shall not be landed in any port of South Africa.

“This Government must press for an immediate and affirmative answer to these four questions, and earnestly requests her Majesty’s Government to return such an answer before or upon Wednesday, the 11th October, 1899, not later than 5 o’clock P. M., and it desires further to add that in the event of unexpectedly no satisfactory answer being received by it within that interval [it] will, with great regret, be compelled to regard the action of her Majesty’s Government as a formal declaration of war, and will not hold itself responsible for the consequences thereof, and that in the event of any further movements of troops taking place within the above-mentioned time in the nearer directions of our borders this Government will be compelled to regard that also as a formal declaration of war.

I have, &c.,

“F. W. REITZ, State Secretary.”

“All South Africa.”

The reference to “all South Africa” in this ultimatum was most significant. It was construed by the British Government to mean that an attempt was being made to unite the entire Dutch population, in Cape Colony and elsewhere, in a revolt to throw off British rule, and to establish a Dutch Republic, or United States of South Africa. There seems little doubt that many of the Boer leaders had such a plan. It had been more or less openly admitted by Mr. Reitz, the Transvaal Secretary of State, and other founders and leaders of the Afrikaner Bond. Their purpose was to found an Afrikaner nation, a South African community imbued with the sentiment of nationality as well as the solidarity of common interest, and based on the Dutch race and language instead of the English. During the hundred years the British had held the country they had never thoroughly mastered the Cape “Dutch” (as the descendants of Holland, France and Germany in South Africa are there called), simply because they had not taken the trouble to do it, or had deemed conciliation the wiser, as well as the pleasanter and nobler, policy. Some of the Dutch acquiesced, others openly resisted.

Until Mr. Rhodes introduced a strong British element into the far interior by founding Rhodesia, you might almost have regarded Afrikanerism—if we may coin the word for this Afrikaner nationalist movement—as rising like Africa itself from the coast inwards. Around the coast, at Cape Town, Port Elizabeth, East London, Durban, you find a British feeling, compounded of affection for the Queen, love of the “Old Country” (in South Africa always called “Home”), and pride in membership of the British Empire. There is in these towns as fine a British patriotism as in any Canadian or Australian town, whilst Afrikanerism of the anti-British type is either very flat and low or absent altogether. Five hundred miles inland there is a marked difference, and a thousand miles from Cape Town you have the uncompromising Republican anti-British Afrikanerism of Pretoria, heightened by the calculating intrigue of lately imported Hollanders and other Europeans.

An Afrikaner Nation.

In April, 1898, the Bloemfontein “Express” said: “In South Africa there exists a strong feeling of nationality; in the course of time a nation will be formed.” A correspondent immediately wrote to the paper that *the* great mistake of the times was people’s imagining an Afrikaner nation had still to be formed! “There does already exist,” he asserted, “an Afrikaner nation which possesses nine-tenths of South Africa’s surface, *and with whom the Englishman can incorporate himself as the Hollander or German can, provided he adapts himself to the language, customs and morals of the Afrikaners.*”

That is to say, if the English people from Great Britain, and those already resident in South Africa, would consent to give up English and see the Dutch “taal” made the compulsory official language as it was in the Transvaal; if they would agree to treat the natives as inferiors, as serfs, without political rights, without the right of education beyond at the most reading and writing, and to be degraded by physical punishment at the absolute will of their white masters; if they would agree to the Dutch Reformed Church being made the State Church of South Africa; if they would eliminate

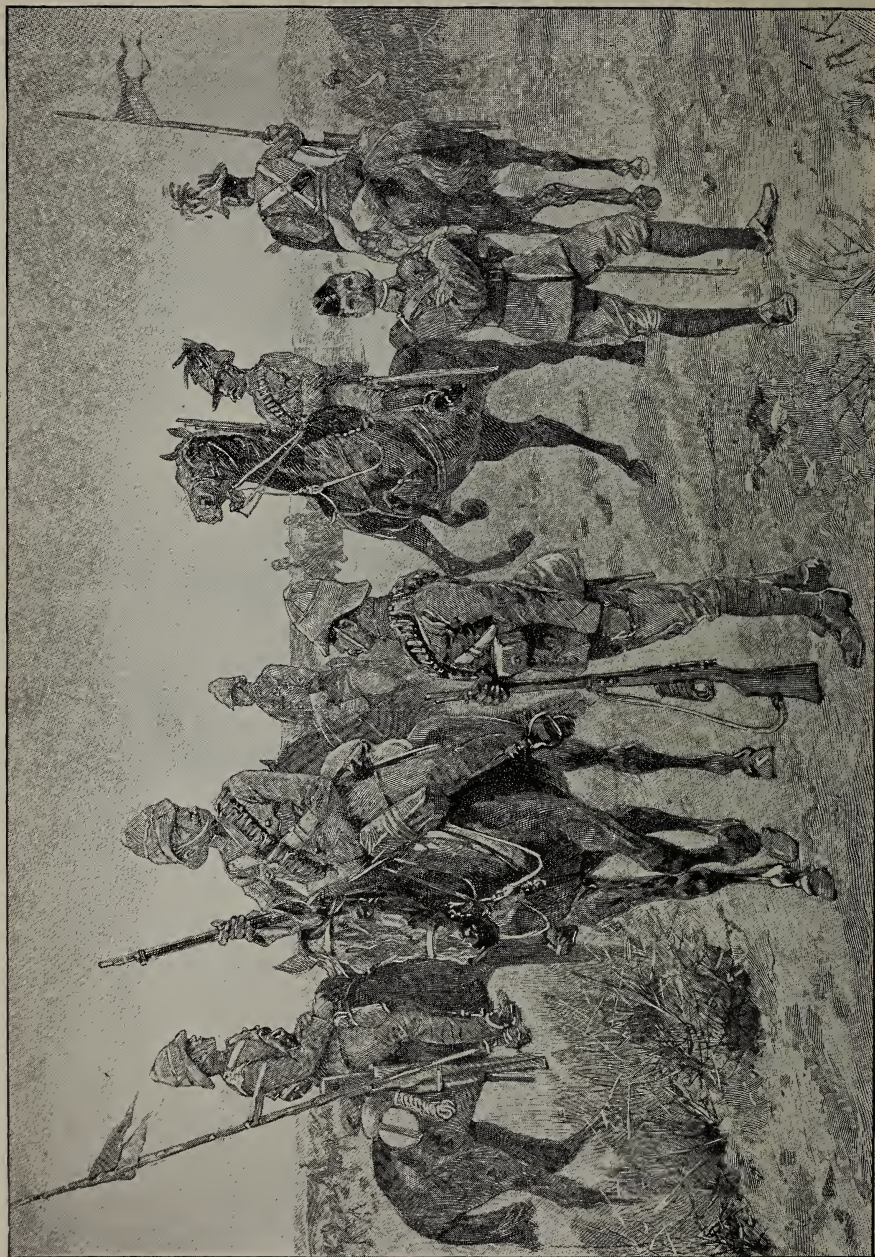
the imperial factor from South Africa, they might be permitted to become citizens of the Afrikander nation.

There is no doubt whatever that these were the politics of a mass of the South African "Dutch," so far as these easy-going people allowed themselves to be led into politics at all. The two active forces working to the one end have been the Boer Republics, especially in the first instance the Transvaal, and the Afrikander Bond. The main principle of the Afrikander Bond was "under the guidance of Providence, the foundation of a pure nationality, and the preparation of our people for the establishment of a United South Africa;" in short, as sub-section (b) of Article III of the Bond's program, adopted on March 4, 1889, says: "The promotion of South Africa's independence" (*zelfstandigheid*)—self-standinghood.

Such was the formidable spirit of revolt which Great Britain was called upon to confront—and to quell—or let her Empire be partitioned.



Mrs. Kruger, Wife of the President.



Types of British Soldiers in South Africa.

CHAPTER XXIX.

Sir Alfred Milner, British Governor of the Cape—Beginning a Great Career—In Politics—A Born Diplomatist—Personal Traits—The British Commander—In the Thick of It—From Sheer Fatigue—Buller and the Drunkard—Buller on Colley's Blunder.

A HISTORY of the Transvaal war would be sorely incomplete without some account of one of the foremost figures in the negotiations that preceded it. A few months before the war began Sir Alfred Milner was scarcely known outside of the British Empire ; and within it was slightly known as a young man who had done some good work under Lord Cromer in Egypt, and who had been appointed Governor of Cape Colony and British High Commissioner for South Africa. And then, suddenly, he became one of the most talked-of men in the world. Of such are the beginnings of fame.

It is perhaps somewhat curious that, bearing in mind the high position he has won for himself at an early age, his popular recognition has been so long delayed. The explanation probably is that Milner's reputation is built upon a foundation of solid hard work and sound achievement, which had little in it likely to appeal to the public imagination. His meeting with "Uncle Paul," at Bloemfontein, was the first event of any dramatic or human interest in his official career. And before his work forced him into public notice Milner was not the man to court it. He either lacks the great and subtle art of self-advertisement or he is indifferent to it. On every rung of the ladder his foremost endeavor has been to win the confidence and approval of those to whom he is responsible without ever turning his head to inquire what the lookers-on might be thinking of his performance. This unfailing devotion to duty, this intense

absorption in the work that lies to his hand, is perhaps one of the reasons why Milner has climbed so rapidly to so high a station. He always made up his mind as to the goal before him, and he always pursued it without faltering. He may have had his moments of despondency and of failure—if so, he has kept them to himself.

Beginning a Great Career.

He began his climbing early, as a man who has to make his way in the world ought to do. Educated for a few years in Germany, he finished up his early studies by taking all the prizes there were to be had at King's College. He then matriculated at Oxford, and came under the discerning eye of the late master of Balliol. "Jowett's Kindergarten" has never trained a more brilliant group of young men for public life than were the undergraduates of Milner's year. The Duke of Bedford, Sir Charles Dilke, Sir Edward Grey, and Mr. H. H. Asquith, were among his contemporaries. Milner easily held his own among them. A fluent speaker and a pretty wit, he became a noted debater at the Union, and was universally regarded as a young man with a future. He is still a typical Oxford man to-day, with his affection for his old 'varsity undiminished, though he still holds the distorted views of the Balliol men of Dr. Jowett's time, who vainly imagine that the 'varsity was made for Balliol, and not Balliol for the 'varsity.

It was in the busy little world of Oxford that he first learned that he holds his own with ease against his fellows, without regard to the advantages of wealth and parentage; and, being ambitious, he took the lesson of self-confidence and self-help to heart. When he took a brilliant "first" in 1881, New College elected him to a fellowship. But the university microcosm had by this time become too cramped for him; there were other worlds to conquer.

Throwing up his fellowship he turned his boats behind him by adopting journalism as his profession. He joined the staff of the "Pall Mall Gazette" in its unregenerated and radical days, and worked under the editorship of Mr. Stead and Mr. John Morley. But he never lost sight of his ambitions for political life, and many were ready to help him.

In Politics.

In 1855 we find him fighting the Harrow election of that year as Gladstonian candidate. Though a Liberal by conviction and profession, he had far too clear and strong a head to make all the fads and foibles of his party his own. He was even then one of the pioneer preachers of the doctrine of "Sane Imperialism," and was more inclined to glory in than to shuffle off the burden of Empire, according to the gospel of the Manchester school. While, therefore, his talents gained him the consideration of the Liberal leaders, his stout patriotism won him the regard of the Opposition. He was always acceptable to either party. There was too much sweet reasonableness about his politics for him to make political enemies. This was proved convincingly enough at the complimentary banquet given in his honor on his appointment to the Governorship of the Cape some ten years later, when Mr. Balfour and Mr. Asquith, Mr. Chamberlain and Mr. Morley rose in turn to chant his praises and to wish him luck.

In 1887 he became one of Mr. Goschen's private secretaries. He had already come under the notice of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. When replying at some political dinner or other to the speech of the guest of the evening, the undergraduate, yet academically and politically *in statu pupillari*, attacked the great man's views with remarkable ability and tactful courtesy. Mr. Goschen kept a benevolent eye on his young critic, and to him in the first place belongs the merit of having "discovered" Milner. In 1889, as Assistant-Secretary of Finance, he was apprenticed to the greatest of administrators. His apprenticeship under Lord Cromer must have been of inestimable advantage to him in grasping the details of his present office. It was Egypt, too, that made his name, for it was at Cairo that he collected the mass of material which he afterwards elaborated in his "England in Egypt." Few books of this generation have made a quicker or more lasting reputation for their author. It came at a timely moment, when the policy of scuttle was still in the air. It was written with a full sense of responsibility, with statesmanlike reserve and with consummate tact; but every page of

it glowed with enthusiasm for the achievement of a noble work and the pride of a strong patriotism. The Government showed its appreciation of the work by appointing its author Chairman of the Board of Inland Revenue, while society made him the "lion" of the season as far as a man of his modesty and his imperviousness to the wiles of femininity could be brought to allow himself to be lionized.

In his private life at this time he acquired his remarkable gift for dodging invitations ; in his official capacity he learned the gentle art of Budget-making under two past-masters in the craft, Sir William Harcourt and Sir Michael Hicks-Beach. He has been known to refer to this phase of his experience with something like a shudder. It was, no doubt, invaluable training ; but it must have been depressing work. Imagine existence in an atmosphere of Death Duties and Board of Trade Returns ! From these tasks the retirement of Lord Rosmead recalled him to the more active and stirring life after which his heart lusted, and for which he was so conspicuously fitted. The office was one of supreme importance, and of great responsibility. It demanded qualities of patience, strength, and statesmanship of no common order. The Jameson raid had just heated the vexed cauldron of South African politics to boiling point. A single false move might at any moment bring about a disastrous explosion. Sir Alfred Milner was the man chosen to sit on the safety-valve.

A Born Diplomatist.

As a soothing lotion for hot heads, and as an oiled feather for jarring political machinery, the Governor of the Cape is unrivaled. If any living Englishman could have conciliated "Uncle Paul," Milner was the man to do it. Imperturbable, unemotional and of the most winning manner, which always impresses him whom it is desirable to impress that all the Milnerian sympathy and interest is centred in him, he is a diplomat of most insinuating nature. He has a knack of throwing himself back in a chair and cooing questions, with half-closed eyes and neatly dovetailed fingers, in an attitude of restfulness and repose that would win the confidence of a Boer policeman. "He drew out all I knew—turned me inside out, in fact"—a well-known journalist, who had vainly essayed to interview Sir

Alfred, told me—"and then he talked for a quarter of an hour in the most charming and confidential manner about—absolutely nothing at all."

He is always busy and never in a hurry. His study sky-high under the roof of a tall house in Duke street looks absolutely chaotic, yet he can always lay hands on everything he wants. That, of course, is when he is home for a holiday and is only working twelve hours a day. When he is in full harness at Government House, the first moment of leisure he can find to glance through the London papers is usually some time after midnight. Yet he is always making new work for himself. It is characteristic of the man that he set himself to learn Dutch in order to be able to talk to his Dutch friends in their own language. For he is not a linguist. He himself recounts that people who have to hear him talk French take some time to recover from it. Possibly it is owing to his gluttony for work that "Who's Who" says rather brutally of him: "*Recreations*: Nothing special." "Who's Who" has obviously never seen Sir Alfred Milner, K. C. B., G. C. M. G., playing tennis.

Personal Traits.

Perhaps his most charming trait is the absence, despite his rapid advancement, of all self-consciousness. Unlike many other newly great men, he is never oppressed by the sense of his own greatness; consequently he can do a kindly act—where there is no particular reason, beyond the innate kindliness of his nature, why he should do it—without the least savor of patronage. And of these he does many. One day an obscure acquaintance, with no claims on his consideration, wrote to remind him of a forgotten request. In the pressure of affairs before the Bloemfontein Conference, Sir Alfred Milner, K. C. B., &c, Governor of Cape Colony and her Majesty's High Commissioner, and so on, and the hardest-worked man in South Africa, found time to write him an autograph letter of consolation. It is a small thing of course, but it shows the kindly nature of the man. He is still young, though there is now a sprinkling of silver in his close-cropped black hair. "Uncle Paul" and his Outlanders may have had something to do with this.

The British Commander.

General Sir Redvers Henry Buller, V. C., G. C. B., K. C. M. G., etc., who was sent to Africa to take supreme command of the British forces, was born in 1839 ; but he carries his three-score years well.

He commenced his military career forty years ago as an ensign in the 60th Rifles and received his first baptism of fire in the Chinese War of 1860. In the same year he also received his first step in promotion. In 1873 he underwent the hardships of the Ashantee war, and was present at the capture of Coomassie. For distinguished conduct in that engagement he was honored with a C. B., and was promoted brevet-major.

It was in the Zulu War that he earned his V. C. In command of his Light Horse, he fought in a billy-cock hat and shooting-jacket, and proved himself a born leader of men. Archibald Forbes has drawn Buller at this period of his life : " Buller was a silent, saturnine, bloodthirsty man ; as resolute a fighter as ever drew breath."

March 28, 1879, was a memorable day for Buller. At dawn he led a small body of troopers up the Inhlobane Mountain, where they were surprised by an overwhelming number of Zulus. For some hours the fight waged fiercely and deadly.

In the Thick of It.

He saw one of his troopers hemmed in by Zulus, and making a brave stand against fearful odds. Buller promptly cut a way for himself through the swarming blacks and rescued the hard-pressed soldier, who, however, was destined to be killed later in the day.

This gallant act on the part of Buller would in itself have gained him the V. C., but it was only the forerunner of a series of brave deeds which he performed during that same tussle with the Zulus. So crushing were they in number that Buller saw it was necessary to retire, and the Zulus rushed down the hill in hot pursuit. Seven men, with Lieutenant Everitt in charge, were deputed to cover the retreat of the main body. Suddenly Sir Redvers saw that Lieutenant Everitt's horse had been killed and that the officer was in imminent danger. Thereupon Sir Redvers pluckily galloped back and

dragged Lieutenant Everitt out of the reach of his pursuers. Then, snatching a carbine from the lieutenant's hands, Sir Redvers began to blaze at the on-rushing blacks, being gallantly supported by three troopers, and thus the quartette kept the Zulus at bay until the safety of the lieutenant was assured.

While galloping back to the main body, Sir Redvers espied a dismounted trooper, whose fate seemed to be sealed. Buller dashed to the rescue, took the soldier on his own horse, and rode forward.

Yet another officer, Captain D'Arcy, was saved by Sir Redvers that day, and at night, before snatching a brief rest, he went out to look for men who had fallen out of the ranks. These he successfully brought into the camp. Sir Redvers earned the V. C. many times that day.

It goes without saying that he has a very high standard of duty. When the Prince Imperial's tragic death was reported to Sir Redvers Buller by the officer who was acting as the Prince's companion, Buller turned full on him and, in a tone there was no mistaking, asked, "But how is it that you are alive?" The effect on the unfortunate officer was crushing.

Martinet though Sir Redvers is, he can unbend at times. A certain principal medical officer attached to Sir Redvers' command in Africa asked as part of the equipment for the field hospitals two fire engines! This extraordinary request, on being forwarded to the headquarters staff, caused no end of amusement, which was added to by this minute in the handwriting of Sir Redvers Buller: "Will P.M.O. kindly state his reasons for wanting fire-engines. Is it to extinguish the burning sands of the desert?"

Buller and the Drunkard.

In one of his letters sent home from South Africa in 1879 Mr. Forbes tells a story that will be read with interest just now. A young Englishman of good family had been appointed to a commission in the Frontier Light Horse under Colonel Buller's command, but had turned out a troublesome character. It was said that he had become subject to fits, and occasionally gave way to drink.

"Last night before lights were out," said Mr. Forbes, "I heard him swearing to himself in a very excited way about some grievance in the way of extra duty which he fancied he had. Later, when the camp was quiet, he discharged his revolver in his tent, and there was naturally a general commotion. No alarm was sounded, but in an instant every man turned out and fell into his place, with the regularity of machinery and total absence of confusion that struck me as testifying strongly to the fine discipline and morale of the force. The cause ascertained, the troops were ordered to turn in, and the young officer was ordered to consider himself under arrest. The camp was scarcely quiet again when he repeated the foolish performance of firing his revolver, and there was a repetition of the universal turn-out. The General and his staff"—General Wood, that is—"came round into Buller's camp, and summary and strong measures were determined on. But the young fellow was in his tent, rabidly breathing out threats to slaughter, and protesting that he would shoot any one who attempted to enter. Major Cleg was equal to the occasion. He had the tent ropes loosened, and down came the tent on its obstreperous inmate, effectually bonneting him. He was at once seized, bound and, under a guard, conveyed into the artillery camp, where he was made fast to a gun wheel, a blanket given him, and he was so secured from further mischief. The poor devil raved wildly all night. It is an evidence of what influence Buller exerts over those under his command that the burden of his constant cry was: "For God's sake send me away before Buller comes back! Don't let me see Buller. I never can face Buller again after this.' Buller at present is absent on a reconnoissance. He overlooked the young fellow's previous backsliding, and had saved his life at Zlobane. He had his prayer; this morning his accounts were made up. The money due to him was paid; General Ward, in a word, dismissed him from his force, with the stern warning that if he came back he would be flogged as an unauthorized camp follower. He was set on his pony, and escorted by an officer and a file of men to the other side of the Blood River, and there turned adrift on the world."

"Buller," writes Mr. Forbes in another communication, "is a born commander of a scouting force. His audacity in pushing onward might seem to the superficial observer to border on recklessness, but he is wise and cautious in his very recklessness. As his long, lithe column moves forward he quickly dispatches parties to the right and left, to ascend the hills and scan the view therefrom, to descend into and beat out flanking valleys and destroy deserted roads, and to make good the exploration of the whole section of country which he has set himself to scout. His men quarter the ground like pointers."

Buller on Colley's Blunder.

A story of General Buller, as told by Sir James Sivewright to a friend of the editor of "The Pelican," relates to the time when the General was military secretary to Sir Leicester Smythe, with the rank of major. One Sunday Major Buller appeared at Newlands, the home of Sir James Sivewright, in low spirits about Natal. He asked: "Does Sir George Colley know this African ground as we know it? He may be tempted to go up one of those infernal hills. Very well, he'll climb one of them, but not really get to the top; or, if he does get there, he won't understand that the top's no use unless you know which ridge to guard. And, again, I ask you, does he know our African hills?"

Mr. Sivewright drove him into Cape Town and got the wires connected with the base. The news was reassuring. Sir George Colley had moved out in force the day before, and was now, it was understood, in command of the Boer position. The Boers were probably retreating. Mr. Sivewright told this radiantly to Major Buller. The Major was merely more melancholic than before. "You'll see," he said, "it's the very thing I told you. Colley has gone up some mountain. He'll think he commands the Boer position, but he won't. It takes an African to do that. Please God, the Boers have been bluffed and have bolted."

News came later that Sir George Colley had been killed by the Boers on Majuba Hill. Buller and his guest went straight for the General's quarters—Major Buller's general, Sir Leicester Smythe—

and demanded to see him. The military secretary briefly told his chief what had happened.

"And now, sir," said the masterful man, taking the reins into his hand, "I'll tell you what we must do. You must leave with me for Natal to-night to take over the command. You're senior officer in this country, and it's your right. We must catch the Boers on the hop. Here is Mr. Sivewright. He'll go to the Union Company and get you a small steamer, and we'll start to-night at 7. Just take your kit and yourself and So-and-So."

The old gentleman remonstrated. He must at least see the Governor, he said.

"As soon as you see Sir Hercules," retorted his subordinate, "he'll stop you. This isn't the time for 'waiting for instructions from England.' We must go now. It's our—I beg your pardon, sir—it's my chance in life."

The General agreed, the appointed hour came, the steamer lay in the harbor ready, the conspirators met and waited for their leader. No General Sir Leicester Smythe arrived; there came a note from him instead. He had seen the Governor, after all, and His Excellency had insisted on their "awaiting instructions from England." The editor of "The Pelican" remarks: "Had the Major Buller of that vanished Sunday had his way he would not now be going to pluck those laurels which eighteen years ago he vainly sought to force upon another."

CHAPTER XXX.

Outbreak of the War—The Great Exodus—Commandeering—Driving
Out the Bishop—A Multitude of Exiles—British Preparations—
Under-Rating the Boers—Beginning the War.

THE war began on October 11. For days and even weeks before that date there was an exodus of Outlanders, chiefly British and Americans, from the Transvaal. It was the third such exodus in twenty years, and incomparably the greatest of all. After the brief war of 1881, Pretoria was almost depopulated. It was sad in those days to see the bullock-wagons and the mule-wagons taking away their living freight, and to hear the sighs of the little remnant left behind with "no heart for anything," and to listen to the words of some whose worst forebodings, disregarded then, have now proved true in many a detail and to the very letter.

During the Jameson raid and the ignominious proceedings then, there was an exodus far greater from Johannesburg. Never will be forgotten the scene at the Elandsfontein station. Young women with children huddled into open coal and sheep trucks with their little baggage for a night journey across the cold high veldt, with fierce storms threatening, and in many cases black and white crowded up together. What scenes, what tales of crowded trains, all in them standing "packed like herrings in a barrel," with neither meat nor drink, glad of the drops of water and small supplies of food the good people of Bloemfontein brought to the passing sufferers!

The Great Exodus.

But those two clearances were as nothing to the third exodus; for hundreds then there were thousands now. Not merely strong men houseless, or women and children fleeing through

groundless or exaggerated fears, but a deliberately enforced removal from homes built up by years of steady work, insisted upon by an arbitrary government, tolerated and indulged so long by England.

For weeks before the last prominent Englishman joined the throng of exiles, the stations at Johannesburg and Pretoria had been crowded with thousands pressing to escape, some by Cape Town, some by Natal, others by Delagoa Bay, from the threatened war and the tender mercies of the Boers. Men tried to realize that the Boers were not savages and would not hurt the helpless, though their cruel threats showed cruel hearts, ready for cruel deeds, as opportunity afforded. "Not a woman or child should be left alive." "Johannesburg should be destroyed." "Pretoria again reduced to what the English left behind them." Those who knew them and remembered what they had done before, knew well of what such speakers were capable. Yet it was almost amusing to hear their talk and boastings. They were going "to take Natal;" "to drive the English into the sea;" "not to suffer the expected English troops to land;" "to be in Durban in thirty days;" "and then the only question was what they should do with the ships." And these were not the boasts and foolish speeches of ignorant Boers alone—such as one whose only anxiety as to "driving his ox-wagon across the sea" was the supply of forage—but the boasts of educated sons of South African professional men, and such-like, whose education was the outcome of English institutions.

"Commandeering."

Then the war commenced, and trains of refugees were superseded by commandos for Natal, and Mafeking, and Kimberley. Everything available was "commandeered," horses, money, stores. Throughout three days the President was reported in the papers as deprecating the departures. "Why did they go?" "they need not;" "they would be quite safe;" "he did not wish them to leave," etc., while no resolution was taken, or assurance given which could have lessened fear, or stayed departures. At length—when tens of thousands had left their all—this was given, but how kept the sequel will show; houses by force deserted by their owners,

locked and taken possession of by those burghers whom the President had, for his own purposes, settled on the borders of Pretoria and Johannesburg, the very scum of Boerdom.

At last martial law was proclaimed, and "permits" to stay were to be applied for; all without them to leave within eight days. For the granting of these "permits" a small commission was appointed, the most anti-English officials they could select. Many applied, wishing to stay by their homes whatever might befall, and after a few days came out a list of those allowed to do so. To some an oath was offered, so craftily worded that many were ready to take it, until they learned or saw the snare that lay beneath the words which could have made them liable to be sent to the front after all, fulfilling the severest of burgher duties without even then receiving one burgher right.

Driving Out the Bishop.

One case, perhaps, may be worth special notice, having more than a private interest attaching to it, as an illustration of the tactics adopted. The Bishop of Pretoria had lived there these twenty years, an old man, his life spent in his work, taking no part in politics, never publicly disparaging them if strong in speech in private, impartial in expression and regret of English as well as Boer misrule. He desired to remain and minister to the remnant of his flock, almost all burghers and subjects of the State, and dispersed throughout it. No one dreamed of his removal. The President had assured him through friends high in office and position that he would be undisturbed. On Tuesday, October 17, the final list appeared; the Bishop was not in it, though the same paper announced his liberty to stay. The President would write nothing, the commission would give no permission, and on that afternoon it was clear that he must go before the next evening.

He left Pretoria for Delagoa Bay, all other routes being closed, and it was really affecting to see the number of young as well as old who had gathered at the station to bid him and his wife farewell. The threat had been that the Bishop should be put over the border

in a coal truck. This insult was avoided by the course taken, and by the kindness of a fellow-passenger, and not without some "palm oil," comfortable accommodation was secured for the party.

The train left Pretoria at 10.30 P. M. on Wednesday, October 18. In the early morning a train was overtaken full of blacks, Indian and native, all in open trucks—men, women and children—unsheltered, to cross some of the coldest of the uplands of the higher veldt districts. Daylight also showed the composition of the train the Bishop traveled by—cattle trucks, coal trucks, these latter sometimes loaded, the "passengers" sitting on top of the coal, luggage vans and vans mostly used for natives, crowded with young and old, families of black and white. What tales of sorrow, with now and again some detail of peculiar sadness, were heard!—wives with children separated from husbands who had been sent away before, a husband beguiled into taking the oath as a member of the town guard, and then on the strength of it ordered to the front, and on refusal sent away at an hour's notice, leaving wife and little ones unprovided for and unguarded behind.

A Multitude of Exiles.

In good time Lorenzo Marques was reached. The small community, rising to the occasion, had formed a relief committee, opened shelters and provided food to the utmost of their power. Ladies and gentlemen met each train and did their best for everyone, and so the next day, through heavy rain, and the next, and Sunday also, trains were met, crowds cared for, and thousands shipped away to Cape Town, Durban and India. In spite of this many were obliged to sleep in the open, under heavy rains and storms, from sheer lack of accommodation in the place.

All classes—Portuguese and Germans, no less than the English residents—did all they could, giving up houses and beds for the homeless and supplying food for the hungry. The British Consul, Mr. Ross, and his wife were foremost in deeds of kindness.

It is not possible to give numbers accurately, but certainly more than 100 persons were thus sent into exile, of whom the vast majority were in abject destitution. Driven away from their homes,

property and all means of support, they became charges upon the bounty of the British nation.

British Preparations.

Meantime, Great Britain began to prepare for the campaign. She had been slow in doing so. For many weeks before the war began, the Transvaal and the Orange State were busy night and day, enlisting and drilling troops, hiring mercenaries, importing munitions of war, and placing themselves in readiness for the impending conflict. But it was only on September 7th that the British Government sanctioned the reinforcement of the garrison by 10,000 men for the defense of Natal. It was only on September 29th—that is to say, within a fortnight of the actual declaration of war by the Boers—that the Cabinet decided on the dispatch of a large field force and to call up 25,000 men of the Reserve, the total field force amounting to 47,000 men. It was necessary, as Mr. Wyndham said, that the Empire should display an unmistakable exhibition of its strength in order to rescue one of its greatest dependencies from the horrors of doubtful and dilatory operations.

Underrating the Boers.

The British made at the outset the serious mistake of underrating the strength of the foe they had to meet. Based on the usual proportions of sex and age, it was reckoned that the population of the Transvaal could not furnish more than 20,000 men, and the Orange State 15,000; or 35,000 in all. With the pride of race it was reckoned that one Briton was a match for two Boers. There would be, men said, merely a “military promenade” from Cape Town to Pretoria, and the war would be over. British officers going to the war marked their baggage “Pretoria, via Cape Town,” and calculated to eat their Christmas dinners in the Transvaal capital. A dreadful disillusionment came when it was found that, with foreign mercenaries whom they had hired and Dutchmen from the Cape who had joined them, the Boers had more than 65,000 well-drilled men, equipped with arms and ammunition actually superior to those of the British Army.

Then the British Government made haste to send out more men. Steamships by the dozen were chartered to convey an army of 80,000 men to the Cape. The troops came from Great Britain and Ireland, from India, from Canada, and from Australia, the colonies vying with each other in zeal to aid the mother country. But the Boers did not wait for them. Having taken the initiative in declaring war, they hastened to strike the first blow and gain the advantage offered to them by the unprepared state of the British. The Orange Free State joined the Transvaal in the war, and within an hour of the time set in the ultimatum, the armies of both the States were swarming across the border into the British colonies.

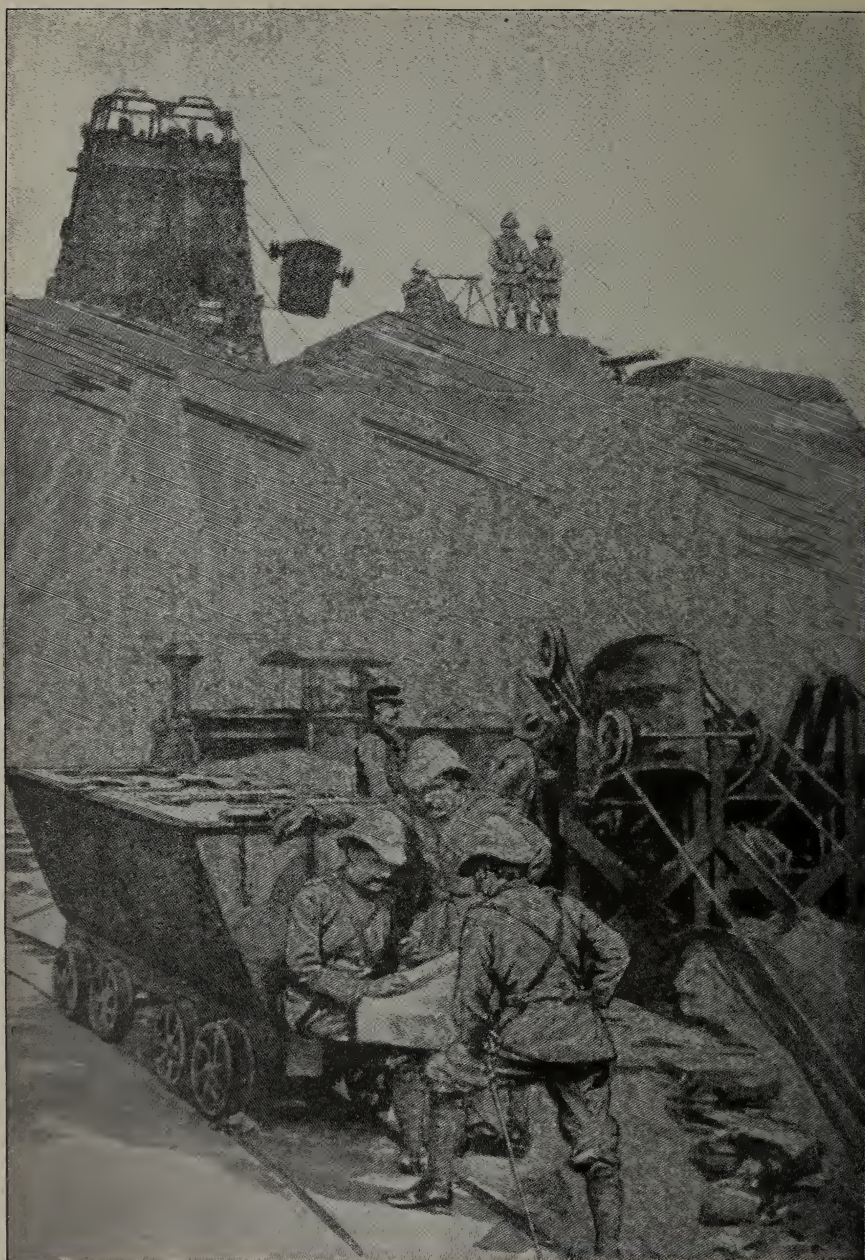
Beginning the War.

Five distinct but concerted movements were made by the Boers. One was an advance of a large Transvaal army, under General Joubert himself, past Majuba Hill and through Laing's Nek, into the apex of the wedge of Natal, menacing Newcastle, Ingogo, and other towns. These places were not fortified nor garrisoned, and so no opposition was made to the Boers until they reached the neighborhood of Glencoe and Dundee. The second was an Orange State army, which moved from Harrismith, over the Drakensberg by Von Reenen's and Tintwa Passes, and advanced toward Ladysmith. The third was an Orange army, under President Steyn, which began operating along the Orange River, from Colesberg to Aliwal North. The fourth was a large Transvaal army, under General Cronjé, which laid siege to Kimberley, where Mr. Cecil Rhodes and Colonel Kekewich had a small garrison. The fifth was a Transvaal army, which laid siege to Mafeking, where Colonel Baden-Powell and a handful of British soldiers stood at bay.

According to the Boer ultimatum, which virtually gave the British Government forty-eight hours to clear out of the country, a state of war was declared at 5 p.m. on Wednesday, October 11th, and fighting commenced. The first incident of the war was the capture of an armored train by the Boers at Kraaipan, a place forty miles south of Mafeking. The train was derailed by means of a mine, and then mercilessly shelled by artillery even after a flag of



Hussar Scout at bay.



Defences of the Kimberley Diamond Mines

surrender had been displayed. Lieutenant Nesbitt was in charge. He and his seven men were all wounded and taken prisoners. The engine-driver, notwithstanding a wound, managed to crawl away on his stomach, and reported the disaster. The first object of attack by the Boers was, of course, the railway which runs along their western frontier on its way to Buluwayo. The rails were torn up, bridges destroyed, and telegraphic wires cut. They very soon isolated Mafeking, in which was Colonel Baden-Powell's small force. Kimberley was loosely invested. Vryburg, midway between Mafeking and Kimberley, evacuated at the request of the townspeople (chiefly Dutch) on the approach of a strong Boer force with artillery. A pathetic incident was reported here, viz.: that Major Scott, the officer in charge of the Cape police, at Vryburg, shot himself through chagrin at being compelled to surrender.

The ultimatum expired on October 11. That very day the Boers seized a railroad train between Ladysmith and Harrismith, and cut telegraph wires in Natal. The next day, October 12, saw the Boers enter Natal by way of Borta's Pass, Laing's Nek and Ingogo, Wakkerstroom, Tolls Nek and Wool Nek, all converging upon Newcastle. The Orange State army occupied Albertina, on the way to Ladysmith. The attack upon the armored train at Kraaipan also took place. On October 13 the British abandoned Newcastle, and there was fighting at Mafeking. October 14 saw the Boers occupy Newcastle, and more fighting at Mafeking. On October 15 the Boers cut the railroad and telegraph at Spytfontein, cutting off Kimberley from Cape Colony; there was another armored train fight south of Kimberley, and Vryburg was betrayed into the hands of the Boers. On October 17 the British Parliament met. On October 18 there was a skirmish at Octon Homes, in Natal, near Ladysmith, and the Boers reached the neighborhood of Glencoe. On October 19 the Boers cut the railroad at Elandslaagte, between Glencoe and Ladysmith and captured a train. And the next day came the first real battle of the war.

CHAPTER XXXI.

The Boer Advance—The First Shot—Hot Fighting—On the Hill—
General Symons's Courage—A Comical Sight—Abandoning
Dundee—Flight of the People—A Veritable Panic—
Entry of the Boers—Scenes of Loot—Boers in
full Control.

NO attempt was made by the British to oppose the advance of the Boers across the mountains and down the "wedge of Natal." The large town of Newcastle, in upper Natal, was abandoned and the Boers occupied it without resistance. The first stand was made by the British at Dundee and its railroad junction, Glencoe. There was a considerable British army, of about seven thousand men, there, and though it was confronted by a much larger Boer army, it not only stood its ground but actually took the aggressive. The British army was commanded by General Sir William Penn Symons, and the Boer army by General Joubert, the commander-in-chief.

The fight that is to make Dundee and Glencoe names famous in Natal's military history started early on Friday, October 20, 1899. At 2 A. M. one of the British pickets was shot on the De Jager Drift road, down which the Doornberg commando were advancing, and up to 4.30 A. M. the pickets and patrols in this direction were slowly being driven in. At 5 A. M. the Boer commando, between eight and nine thousand strong, had taken up positions on Inthalana Hill, about a mile to the north of Dundee village, and a small kopje separated from the hill by Smith's Nek over which the road from Dundee to De Jager's Drift runs. These two positions commanded the village and the camp of the Glencoe column. Everything proceeded as usual in the British camp at Dundee, and at 5.30 the horses were being led down to water.

The First Shot.

They had not gone far when the first Boer shell dropped into camp, striking near the tents of the King's Royal Rifles. This was evidently a range-finder. The next shell dropped into the gun-park of the 69th Battery. The order was quickly given for the horses to be brought back. Meanwhile three batteries were trained on the Boer guns on Talana Hill. The first shell found the range, and wounded one of the Boer gunners.

The horses having returned, the 13th and 69th Batteries limbered up and awaited orders. At this moment a Boer shell struck one of the gunners, taking his head completely off. The two batteries now galloped out of camp to a position south-east of Dundee; the gunners soon found the range, and at 6.30 the two batteries were hard at work.

Meanwhile the Dublin Fusiliers led the advance on Talana Hill towards the Boer right flank, the King's Royal Rifles in the centre of the hill, and the Royal Irish Fusiliers on their right. The artillery were escorted by half a company of the Royal Irish Fusiliers, the Hussars and Mounted Infantry watching the flanks. The Leicesters and 67th Battery of Artillery were watching the Newcastle road on the west.

Hot Fighting.

The Boer guns replied slowly, their shells doing little damage, only one of the British gunners being wounded in the right hand when the batteries had taken up their first position, and in about half an hour the Boer guns were silenced. The British artillery covered the advance of the "Dubs," King's Rifles, and Royal Irish Fusiliers to a deep nullah running parallel with the Boer position. Here the order was given for the men to double in extended order to Smith's Farm, a homestead surrounded by a plantation at the foot of Talana Hill, about four hundred yards distant. This order was carried out under a hail of bullets from the Boer position. Only four men dropped. The rifle fire grew faster and more furious. The two batteries now took up a fresh position south of Talana Hill, about 2,000 yards from the Boer firing line. The British were now

within range of their Mauser fire, and for more than three hours, although the bullets whistled everywhere, not a man was hit. The British were slowly but surely forcing their way up the rocky slope of the hill.

On the Hill.

As the hours went by the fire from the Boer position on the kopje slackened, and finally died away. At about twelve o'clock the British had forced their way up to a stone wall running parallel with the summit of the hill, about forty yards from the top. The two batteries now took up another position, a couple of hundred yards further on to the left and nearer to the Boer firing line. Occasional shells were fired from this position whenever a party of Boers were visible. Signals were now being sent from the stone wall up the hillside for the British artillery to cease fire as the men were going to rush the Boer lines, and at one o'clock the hill was taken, and the Boers were in full flight. From the summit the Boer commando could be seen, wagons, carts, oxen, men, and horses, extending for three miles over the plain, making for Jager's Drift on the Buffalo river.

The Boers deserve every praise for the plucky way in which they stuck to their position on the hill through seven hours of awful shell fire. It is difficult to estimate their loss, as wagon-loads of dead and wounded were taken away.

General Symons's Courage.

The British losses were very heavy. General Sir W. Penn Symons was mortally wounded early in the fight. He freely exposed himself to the Boer bullets, and did not seek to prevent his identity being known, being followed by his orderly carrying the lance and red pennon. The loss in officers and men of the Dublin Fusiliers, King's Rifles, and Fusiliers was very serious. But considering the nature of the ground up which the men advanced the wonder was that six times as many men were not lost. All along the ridge of Talana Hill the Boers had thrown up stone-work as protection, but this was useless against shells, which bursting overhead, must have killed them by scores. In one heap six Boers lay frightfully torn,

and gruesome sights were their dead and wounded from the effect of the British shrapnel.

The sad task of collecting the dead and wounded took some time, it being no easy task moving down that rocky slope to the homestead, which was turned into a temporary hospital. It began to rain heavily, and as the afternoon lengthened it grew cold.

It was a sight never to be forgotten to see what the soldiers could stand. One of the "Dubs" shot through the left leg and both arms, shivering with cold and soaked by rain, being helped slowly down the hill, jocularly asked his two comrades not to let him go, as having no arms to protect himself he was sure to fall on his face and spoil his beauty. Many incidents of a similar nature could be given.

But the most impressive sight that day was unselfish "Tommy," who, although fighting hard for over seven hours, gladly gave the contents of their water-bottles over to the wounded Boers.

A Comical Sight.

Immediately after the hill was taken many Boer ponies were captured, many of them with all equipments, and even Mausers strapped on to the saddles, and it was a comical sight to see "Tommy" careering round on Boer mounts over ground which even the Boer would have picked his way carefully.

One of the King's Rifles was in the act of picking off a Boer; he had just pressed the trigger when a Boer popped his head up directly in front, with the result he got the bullet through his head. "It was quite an accident, sir; you see I was aiming at the other man," said the King's Rifleman.

Abandoning Dundee.

Despite this dearly-won victory, the British decided upon an immediate retirement from Dundee, and a concentration at Ladysmith, where General Sir George White was encamped with a considerable force. The Boer army threatening Dundee was far too powerful to be withstood by the remainder of General Symons's army. The place was accordingly abandoned, the wounded British

soldiers, including General Symons himself, who died a few days later, being of necessity left behind in the hospital.

Early on the evening of Sunday, Oct. 22, it was evident that the British camp was being struck, with a view to the removal of the forces elsewhere. At the same time it was observable that the Boers had taken up a position on the hills to the west of Dundee. Then the shelling of the camp and town from their heavy guns began again, and it was at once apparent that the range of their guns was such that it would be absolutely necessary to evacuate the camp. This was accordingly proceeded with in all haste, the shelling of the camp continuing from the two hills upon which the Boers had established their batteries.

From both positions the shells were entering the camp, but the cannonade did not last long, the British forces retiring quickly beyond the range. The camp and the hospital were left behind with a great quantity of stores.

The retirement of the imperial forces created, as might be expected, much excitement amongst the townfolk of Dundee, and when the report was circulated that General Yule had advised the chairman of the local board to see to the immediate evacuation of the town the prevailing excitement was considerably increased.

Flight of the People.

On Sunday evening the news was received at Dundee that reinforcements under Sir George White had arrived at Glencoe, and would probably join the force at Dundee in the morning for a combined attack upon the Boer position on the neighboring hill. This report, however, did not stay the exodus of the people, and nearly all the remaining inhabitants of Dundee got ready to leave the town. The flight of the refugees on that memorable night was a most terrible experience. It was pitch dark, and heavy rain fell incessantly. People fled from the town on horseback and on foot, hardly knowing whither they were going. Some found their way to Rowan's Farm, others made for De Keker's Farm. Both of these are under the Inhambane Mountains.

The poor refugees reached these places in the most miserable

plight. Both homesteads were crowded, many of the Dundee Town Guard having sought safety there. During the flight some of the riff-raff of the town rifled bandoliers on the way, distributing the loot amongst themselves.

A Veritable Panic.

At De Keker's Farm some detachments of the imperial forces were found bivouacked. Their position was then several miles south of their old camp. About midnight Mr. Riley, the chairman of the Dundee Local Board, arrived at De Keker's Farm with the information that he had seen General Yule, who strongly advised the refugees to retreat instantly upon Ladysmith, as the Boers were all around Dundee. The excitement then gave way to a veritable panic. Hurried consultations were held, and as a result small bands of the flying people commenced the long and weary tramp towards Ladysmith, walking right throughout the night, drenched to the skin by the torrents of rain.

Altogether there were about 300 Dundee refugees in this retreat, amongst them several women and children. The picture was a most heartrending one, and the difficulties of the journey terrible in the extreme. They formed a long travelling line, plodding hour after hour over the sodden veldt. A few stopped in their journey at the foot of the Inhambane Mountains, passing the night in a Kaffir kraal. Others made their way round the Inhambane Mountains to Umsinga, thence, travelling to Greytown and Pietermaritzburg.

On Monday morning the few inhabitants who still believed that British forces would still be found in the neighborhood were startled to find that the column had evidently retired during the night from the neighborhood of Dundee, whilst it was made perfectly clear that they were falling back quickly upon Ladysmith. The equanimity of the few who had held on to the last was now entirely gone and they made rapid preparations for flight. By this time Boers were seen swarming upon the surrounding hills. They were in great force upon Smith's Hill, from whence they had been driven on Friday.

The enemy opened fire again from the Impati Mountain, one shell striking amongst the hospital tents, which were still left stand-

ing upon the site of the old camp. Thereupon a small party was sent from the hospital, with a flag of truce, to the Boer position, informing the commandant that they were shelling the hospital, which contained their own and our wounded. The commandant, who happened to be Erasmus, expressed his regret, and immediately gave orders that fire should cease. He said, in extenuation, that he had mistaken the Indian hospital attendants for soldiers.

Entry of the Boers.

About ten o'clock a small party of Boers suddenly entered Dundee. These were almost immediately afterwards followed by a large number of others, all mounted and armed. A riotous scene followed, the burghers shouting, yelling and rushing through the streets, commandeering every horse they could find.

Soon afterwards a more disciplined contingent arrived carrying the Transvaal ensign, with which they proceeded to the court-house, taking possession of the building and planting the Transvaal flag outside the door.

Scenes of Loot.

Dundee was now taken and in the hands of the Boers, who informed the few inquiring residents that they would do no harm to anyone. They had taken possession of the town and needed provisions badly. It was not long then before the burghers got entirely out of hand, and wholesale looting commenced. Most of the stores in the town were broken open, and the contents were either appropriated, scattered about, or handed to onlookers with impartiality irrespective of nationality.

The scene was a most extraordinary and humiliating one to the British onlookers, but the Boers evidently enjoyed themselves hugely. Man after man of them was sent right off with all manner and style of objects attached to his saddle or held in his arms. Among other things taken in this way were bags of biscuits, ladies' clothing, drapery, and parasols, whilst every man seemed to think it incumbent upon himself to have a bottle of liquor slung on either side of his saddle. The most interesting article in the way of loot was that of a Boer who, after loading his pony with every conceiva-

ble kind of plunder, endeavored to pack a bicycle in front of him. He succeeded in doing it. All Monday afternoon Boers came and went, coming in empty and going off full.

The Boers mostly retired from the town in the evening, but a decent set of fellows remained, nearly all the looting having been done by the Boers, who had got out of hand, and came in with the sole object of plunder.

No exception could be taken to the behavior of the Boers who formed the town guard of Dundee. No one was molested ; indeed, for that matter, only stores were pillaged.

Boers in Full Control.

Meanwhile the Boers had made some semblance of governing the town. They appointed a town guard, and patrols moved round continuously. A proclamation was issued promising safety to the well-conducted, and ordering all the inhabitants to be within doors by eight o'clock at night. They also appointed their own magistrate, and his first duty was to deal with some Kaffir coolies who had been arrested on the previous day for looting. Whatever was permissible to the white man was certainly not allowable for the Kaffir, and, accordingly, Boer justice was meted out to them.

The Boer commander has been by no means idle. He blew up the railway bridge close to the old British camp by dynamite. Scouts were sent off to Lucas Meyer informing him of the turn events had taken, and, in response thereto, he brought the men who had been so thrashed on Friday back to Dundee to reinforce the commands under Erasmus.

The Boers, on the Tuesday afternoon, again came into the town in large numbers. They secured more liquor, and, under its influence, became excited and quarrelsome. They started parading the streets in batches, singing, derisively, "Soldiers of the Queen."

CHAPTER XXXII.

The Battle of Elandslaagte—Elandslaagte—A Challenge—Shot after Shot—An Ingenious Device—The Infantry Charge—Incidents of the Charge—"Most Awfully Proud of My Regiment"—"War is a Funny Game, Mother"—Explosive Ammunition Effects—A Boer Soldier's Story—The British Attack—Gordon's Final Rush—Colonel Chisholme.

THE battle of Glencoe and Dundee was quickly followed by one at Elandslaagte. This place, on the railroad between Glencoe and Ladysmith, has already been mentioned as the scene of a Boer raid and capture of a train. General White, at Ladysmith, knew that the British force at Glencoe and Dundee would probably have to retreat to Ladysmith. Therefore, it was essential to keep the line of communication open. With that end in view he sent up a considerable force which met the Boers under General Kock at Elandslaagte, and fought a battle with them on October 21st, simultaneously with the second day's fight at Glencoe and Dundee.

Elandslaagte.

In order to give the narrative proper sequence it will be necessary to begin with the incident that happened on the morning of October 19th, when the last passenger train from Ladysmith to Dundee was fired upon as it entered the narrow pass between Elandslaagte and the broad plain that gives its name to the locality, which, being interpreted, means the plain of Elands. After that train had got through, the line was broken up by the Boers, who apparently knew, from information given them by spies, that another train would follow with military stores and commissariat cattle for the troops at Dundee. This train, steaming on without warning of danger, was derailed near Elandslaagte station and captured by the Boers, who took the engine-driver and two correspondents of local

papers prisoners. The news was immediately telegraphed from Mudder's Spruit, and early next morning a reconnoitering column started from Ladysmith under Major-General French, who had arrived just in the nick of time to take this command. He had with him the Natal Carabineers, the Fifth Lancers, Twenty-first Battery Royal Field Artillery, and two infantry battalions—the Second Gordon Highlanders (Ninety-second foot) and the First Battalion Devonshire Regiment, Colonel Ian Hamilton being in command of the infantry. This reconnoissance met with slight resistance from Boer marksmen posted about the slopes near Barend Brink Farm, where rugged spurs of the lesser Draakensberg range jut out to undulating veldt.

As the British cavalry pushed forward the enemy's scouts went across a ridge towards Elandslaagte, the Carabineers and Fifth Lancers followed nearly to the station, which was found to be occupied in considerable numbers by Boers. After exchanging a few shots, the patrols fell back, having accomplished their object. It was then too late to attempt any offensive operations, and Sir George White, having reasons for expecting some hostile movement of Orange Free State Boers, who, coming through Van-Reenan's and Tintwa Passes, had been skirmishing for several days with the Natal frontier troops, decided to recall General French's reconnoitering column. This, however, was only with the object of luring the enemy into false security in order that a more effective blow might be struck with greater force the next day. The rank-and-file did not like it when they were told to get to their trains again for a retirement, and their comments on tactics which seemed to resemble those of the brave old Duke of York, who marched his men up the hill one day to march them down again, were "frequent and free." Tommy, however, in such circumstances is not the best judge of military movements, his one anxiety being to get a slap at the enemy anywhere, and as soon as possible. As he had been disappointed twice, one can sympathize with his chagrin in having to come back crestfallen, having seen no more of the Boers he went out to fight than a few horsemen scampering away before the

cavalry patrols. So the work had to be done over again next day with more elaborate preparations.

Again Major-General French was in command, and he started with a very small reconnoitering force an hour before daybreak. To all appearances there was no expectation of encountering a formidable body of Boers, nor any belief that artillery, effective at long range, would be used by them, as General French had with him only one battery of Natal Field Artillery, armed with 7-pounder mountain guns, that do little damage at distances over 4500 yards, and four squadrons of the Imperial Light Horse. A half-battalion Manchester Regiment in the armored train moved along the railway slowly, keeping pace with mounted troops and batteries to a point just beyond Modder's Spruit Station, at the foot of sloping Veldt Kopje—crested where the Light Horse scouts first came in contact with the enemy's outposts. Many of the corps, formed entirely of Outlanders from the Rand, had never been under fire until that moment, but there were many among them who had seen fighting in Matabeleland, and all were animated by remembrance of the humiliations they had borne in the Transvaal. Their two majors were Sampson and Karri Davis, who had endured imprisonment for a year or more rather than pay the fine to which Pretoria judges had sentenced them for their participation as Reform leaders in the Jameson raid.

A Challenge.

Every man of the regiment was keen for fighting under a leader like Colonel Chisholm, whose personal qualities had endeared him to them all in the short time since he assumed command. All this would have been enough to make them eager for a chance of proving their mettle, but another incentive was given before they left camp that morning in the form of a letter addressed to the senior major. It came from Johannesburg Hollanders and Boers, with the commando at Elandslaagte, expressing an anxious desire to meet the Imperial Light Horse in battle, and asking by what distinctive badge they might be recognized. Outflanking the few Boers, who, from secure cover behind boulders, took deliberate

pot-shot and then scuttled for all they were worth, the impetuous Light Horse pushed forward at a pace with which the tortoise-like armored train could not attempt to keep up. It had to steam with caution, even after its front had been cleared, lest some hidden danger might lurk beneath the culverts or in rails that might have been loosened by the wily foe. The ridge that stretches from the black peaks of the lesser Drakensberg, above Barenk Brink Farm, eastward to a range of brown kopje, having been seized, French ordered the Natal battery forward to that position, while Chisholm's Light Horse in open order were continuing their advance more cautiously than at first towards Elandslaagte, from where, on the lower slopes of the conical mountain, white tents could be seen. By that time it was eight o'clock, and the morning light, though somewhat dimmed by heavy clouds, showed up every distinct object clearly. Men were moving hurriedly about the station, mounting horses and making off towards the hills behind, as if surprised by the sudden appearance of foes. With a celerity that won commendation from professional gunners, the Natal battery came into action, laying its seven-pounders on that point at a range of something over 4000 yards. As ill-luck would have it, the shell, aimed with excellent judgment of distance, fell near some buildings, behind which the Boer ambulance was placed, but their wagon with the Red Cross flag could not be seen from the battery, and never should have been where it was, as the Boer surgeon afterward admitted. The Natal gunners had fired no more than three rounds when they, in turn, were astonished by having a shell in their very midst from a gun that was apparently posted a thousand yards behind Elandslaagte Station. In vain they tried to get the exact range of that gun by elevating their seven-pounders to the highest possible point, and yet their shells fell short, while

Shot After Shot.

from the Boer battery ploughed the ground between the British guns, fortunately without meeting or hitting anything more important than an ammunition-wagon, which had to be left behind as the mountain battery limbered up and retired from under a heavy fire

to which no effective reply could be given. Light Horse scouts and armored train fell back, also, to a good position, in front of which there was comparatively unbroken ground for three miles or more.

An Ingenious Device.

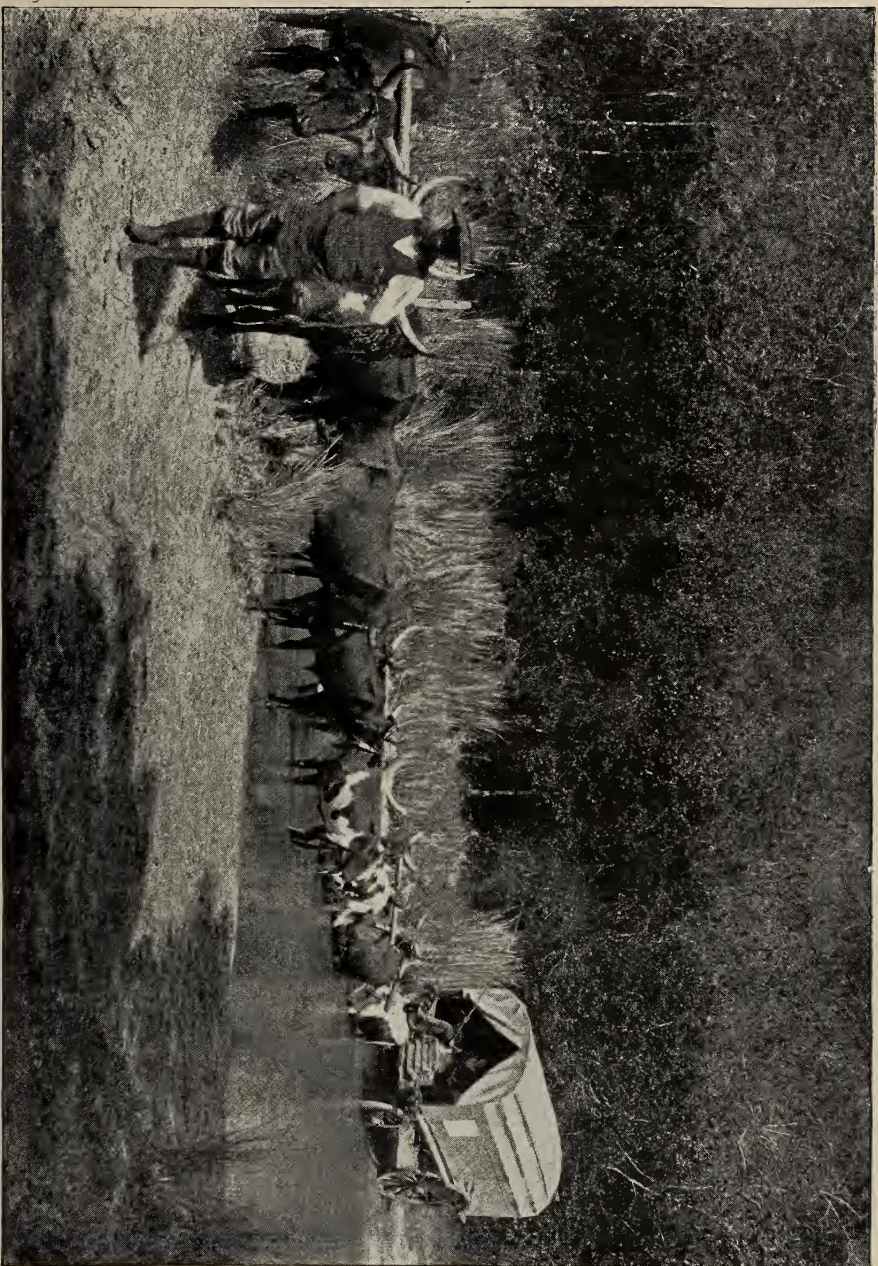
All this while General French had been in telephonic communication with headquarters by means of a cunningly contrived apparatus worked by telegraphers of the Natal Government Post Office, all arrangements for that purpose having been made by Mr. Weightman, assistant engineer of that department. With the armored train and the Major-General's staff were operators carrying phonophones and other appliances, which could be attached to the railway telegraph wire rapidly at any point, and in a few minutes the officer in charge would be talking to the chief of the staff in Ladysmith. By this means reinforcements were summoned so quickly that, by the time the British had fallen back on their second position, a train of trucks laden with the First Devons steamed up and the men were ready to take their place in fighting line. Another train, bringing 400 of the Gordons, arrived a few minutes later, and the enemy's sharpshooters, who had been harassing the rear guard of the Imperial Light Horse with fire from kopjes on each flank, hesitated to come nearer. Then two squadrons of the 5th Lancers and the 42d Battery Field Artillery came quietly up, their commander bringing the welcome news that a third squadron of the Lancers, and one of the 5th Dragoon Guards, with yet another battery of fifteen-pounders, were on their way. Thus, confident in renewed strength, General French resolved to assume the offensive, and immediately advanced towards his former position, the enemy's riflemen being steadily driven back by the cavalry and Light Horsemen; while the infantry, under Brigadier-General Hamilton, began its deployment across the open veldt on the right flank, moving nearly north-east. In a short time the British had reached another position near Modder's Spruit Station, where the 42d Battery unlimbered and threw their shells into the Drakensburg spurs on the left flank, where some Boers, retiring hastily from the deadly fire of a Maxim,

handled by the 5th Dragoon Guards, had taken shelter. Meanwhile, the Light Horse were having a little skirmish among some kopjes away on the right, driving Boer sharpshooters from point to point, and beating them easily at their own game. The enemy's guns posted behind a grassy ridge, towards which the infantry were advancing, fired a few blind shells among the Gordons, fortunately doing no harm, quickly as the batteries were wheeled round to meet them. Hamilton's brigade had then only to face an infantry fire which became wilder and wilder as Light Horsemen and 5th Lancers gained a rugged hill, turning the enemy's flank, and without any serious losses they had gained a footing on that grassy ridge. The first man to fall on the British side was one of the 5th Lancers, whose head was taken off by a shell as his squadron formed on the crest. Opposite that point the Boers attempted to make a stand, dismounting behind a small kopje, but the British guns by that time were on the ridge, and taking ground for action first. At them several shells were aimed from the enemy's main position, but these either fell wide of the mark, or over it—though some fell perilously near ammunition wagons. Few, however, exploded and none had a time fuse properly set for scattering its shower of shrapnel bullets overhead. They were, therefore, ignored by the batteries, one of which turned its attention first of all to the little kopje, throwing a few well-directed shells there with such demoralizing effect that the Boers were quickly in flight towards their main position on Elandslaagte Hill, pursued for some distance by cavalry and Light Horsemen. Then the two field batteries turned to their proper work of silencing the enemy's big guns, while the Natal artillerymen joined in chorus from the former position away on the left, near Baren Brink Farm. Heavy thunderclouds were gathering ominously about the hills, making a dark background for the thin wreaths of white vapor that followed the explosion of time shrapnels, and for the livid green tongues of flame that darted in rapid succession from the muzzles of the guns. In a quarter of an hour the enemy's artillery was silenced or deserted by the gunners, and the British went on shelling the

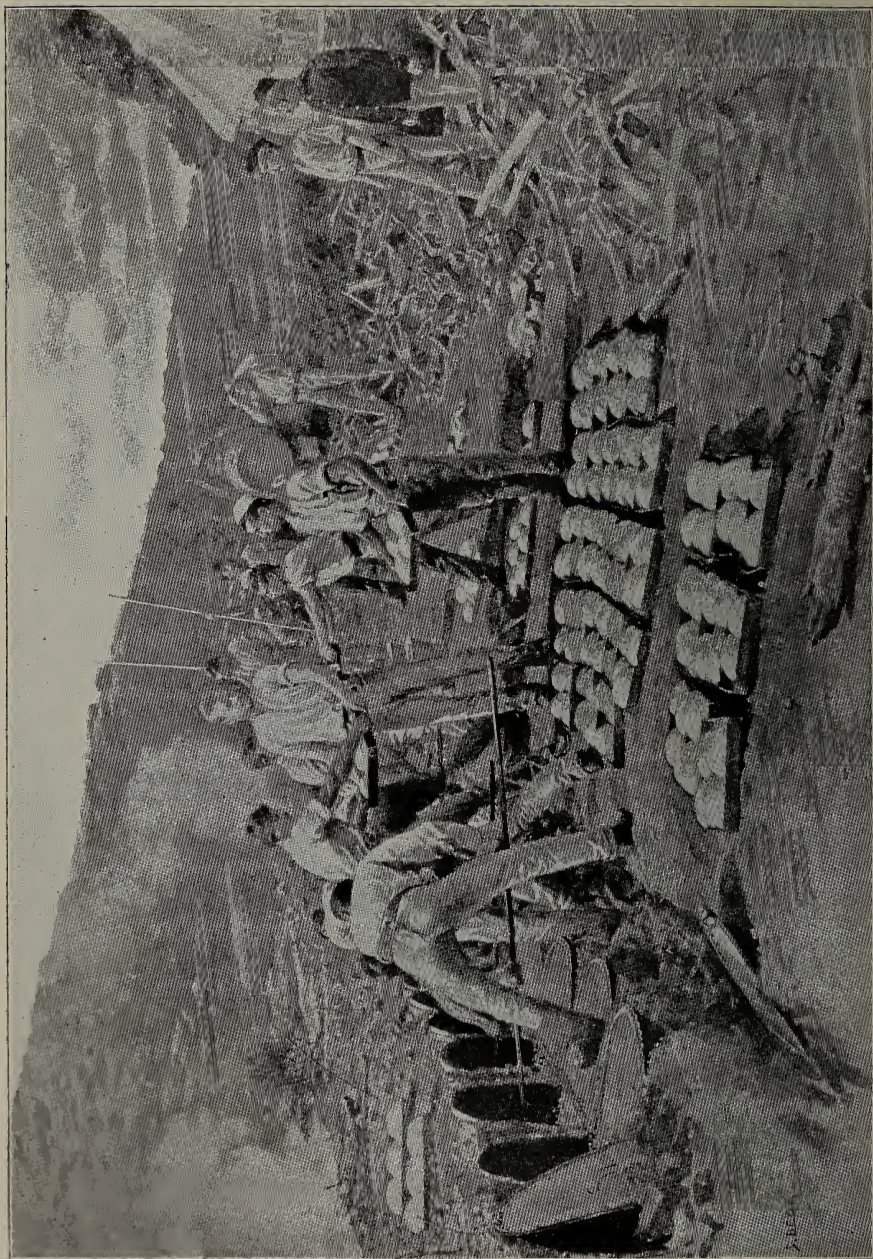
heights for our infantry attack which General Hamilton was beginning to develop. Sir George White had been on the ground for some time with his staff, but he did not interfere with General French's command.

The Infantry Charge.

Heavy rain began to fall, drenching the khaki-clad infantry as they crossed the ridge with a broad front, and moved steadily forward for their assault on the hill that rose with forbidding steepness from a deep hollow in the green veldt, its precipitous sides and crest roughened by boulders behind which the Boer marksmen could lie well under cover while they took deliberate aim. But their steadiness must have been considerably shaken when one of the British batteries, taking fresh ground where it could better cover the Devons, who were marching down that hollow straight for the steepest escarpments, began to rake the long hill with shrapnel, every one of which burst in the air, scattering its deadly shower among the rocks. From the western bluff that rises steeply out of Elandslaagte Pass, the enemy's battery opened again suddenly, its gunners having either repaired the havoc wrought by the opening fire or gained fresh courage. They planted one shell near the left of the British battery over a low spur, where, unseen by them, an ammunition wagon was accidentally passing the spot. It was a ring or segment shell, and exploded on impact with a force sufficient to upset the wagon, killing one of the team and injuring several of the drivers, but wounding none severely. Then British batteries began a cannonade that sounded terrific, as shells in rapid succession screeched and gurgled through the air. In the gathering gloom one could see the flash of smokeless powder from Boer guns, which were then firing shrapnel over the advancing Devons. One shell, that by good luck did not explode properly, fell among the mounted rifle escort, where they rode close behind Sir George White and his staff, who were moving alongside the Devon men, and killed two horses, but did no greater harm. The position of their guns being clearly shown, the British left battery brought all its fire to bear upon them until they were silenced one by one, and from that time forward



Transport Wagon in the Transvaal.



Field Bakery.

there was nothing but infantry fire to face. What a fire that was, though! It rained a hail of nickel and lead. The Boers, driven to their last stand, and dreading to be cut down by cavalry if they retired across open ground, fought with splendid determination in spite of the terrible shrapnels. The Devons by this time had reached cover at the foot of the hill they were bent on storming. The Gordons and Manchesters, with Imperial Light Horsemen, dismounted, going ahead of them, made a flank movement across boulder-strewn slopes towards the long, flattened top of Elands-laagte Hill, at its eastern end, where it merges into high veldt. This infantry attack had to be hurried before the shrapnels had sufficiently beaten down the enemy's rifle fire, for darkness was closing and time pressed.

Incidents of the Charge.

The Gordons and Manchesters at one point were checked for several minutes by a barbed-wire fence, and then they fell thickly. Light Horsemen on their right suffered, too, but there was no sign of wavering, and in a swarm the mingled regiments pressed eagerly forward up the steeper slope, some dropping down now and then to take deliberate aim from behind cover, but others disdaining such precautions. It was there that Colonel Chisholm, of the Light Horse, fell with one bullet through his head and another through his heart, as he was waving a scarf with the colors—his colors of his old regiment, the 5th Lancers—on it as a signal for his men to follow him. Close by one of the Gordons was hit, and saying to a comrade, who caught him in his arms, "And me, a time-expired man!" died. Some of the Imperial Light Horse came across a group of Boers, among whom was Colonel Schiel, badly wounded. When he learned that they were Sampson's men, he said, "Ah, we had him in our prison. Now, I expect, he will have me in his!" He did not know that Major Sampson was lying a few yards off, badly hit, too. The Devons had gained the crest on its steepest side, and the Gordons, with Manchesters and Light Horse, were sweeping over its nearer ridge, when, to their astonishment, they heard the "Cease fire" and "Retire" sounded by

buglers. It was difficult to account for them, but not so, later, when they knew that the Boers had learned their bugle calls. In obedience to that sound the Gordons were beginning to fall back, when their boy-bugler, saying "Retire be damned!" rushed forward, and blew a hearty charge. Whereupon ranks closed up, and the victory of Elandslaagte was won. Darkness closed suddenly on the scene of carnage, but not before the Lancers, sweeping round the hill, had fallen upon a body of the retreating enemy, and charged through and through it. The Boers left at least a hundred dead at Elandslaagte Hill, and half as many more must have fallen from the terrible lance thrusts. In driving rain and darkness it was impossible to find all the wounded that night, and many of them were left lying on the storm-swept hill. Captain Paton, of the Manchesters, a son of Sir Noel, had to lie there until dawn next morning, but Private Rogers, of the same regiment, sat beside his stricken officer through the night with arms about him to give some warmth. Numberless incidents might be told of the British soldiers' kindness to wounded Boers, who found that they had fallen into the hands of enemies whose fierce courage turned to merciful tenderness in the moment of victory.

A graphic account of the battle was given in a letter written by one of the British soldiers, who was wounded, to his mother. This is his story of the crisis of the fight:

"Most Awfully Proud of My Regiment."

"To sum up the infantry assault, which was the all-important part of the fight, we see the following facts, which speak for themselves: 800 British Infantry (ourselves and the Gordons) carried by a direct frontal attack an entrenched position of tremendous natural strength, which was held in a most plucky and determined manner by about double the number of Boers, and which had been in no way shaken by artillery fire! It was a splendid feat of arms, and I am most awfully proud of my regiment, for we bore the brunt of the day. We had a tremendous hard time of it, and were under fire for $2\frac{1}{2}$ hours (considerably longer than any other corps). But the cost was awful! We had only ten officers in action, and five of them were

wounded; and of 329 men we had 11 killed and 33 wounded; two have since died of their wounds. The Gordons lost even more severely. The reasons for this were, in my opinion, as follows: First, their dark kilts were much more visible than our khakis, and consequently formed a better target; second, there were more of them. The Gordons all say that Dargai was the merest child's play compared to this.

“War is a Funny Game, Mother.”

“To return to my own doings. I lay where I fell for about three-quarters of an hour, when a doctor came and put a field dressing on my wound, gave me some brandy, put my helmet under my head as a pillow, covered me with a Boer blanket which he had taken from a dead man, and then went to look after some other poor sufferer. I shall never forget the horrors of that night as long as I live. In addition to the agony which my wound gave me, I had two sharp stones running into my back, I was soaked to the skin and bitterly cold, but had an awful thirst; the torrents of rain never stopped. On one side of me was a Gordon Highlander in raving delirium, and on the other a Boer who had had his leg shattered by a shell, and who gave vent to the most heart-rending cries and groans. War is a funny game, mother, and no one can realize what its grim horrors are like till they see it in all its barbarous reality. I lay out in the rain the whole of the night, and at daybreak was put on a cot by a doctor, and some natives carried me down to the station. The ground was awfully rough, and they dropped me twice; I fainted both times. I was sent down to Ladysmith in the hospital train; from the station I was conveyed to the chapel (officers' hospital) in a bullock cart, the jolting of which made me faint again. I was the last officer taken in. I was then put to bed, and my wound was dressed just 17 hours after I was hit. They then gave me some beef tea, which was the first food I had had for 27 hours.

Explosive Ammunition Effects.

“The doctors all said at first that I had been hit by a shell, but that is impossible, for the enemy only had two guns, and we had

taken them both when I was hit. So the doctors now say that it must have been a very heavy explosive bullet, and as an elephant gun was found close to where I was hit, I expect they are right. It has made a very big jagged hole in my shoulder, which you could put your hand into. It has blown some of the muscle away, so I am afraid I shall always be a bit stiff. But I am very lucky, really, for they say if it had hit me a couple of inches further to the right or left it would have killed me. Extracting the fragments of bullets caused me a good deal of pain, and the daily dressing of the wound is very far from pleasant, but the medical people are already beginning to say that I must be a wonderfully healthy subject, as it is healing so well."

A Boer Soldier's Story.

Equally interesting is the story of the fight related by a Boer soldier in a private letter.

"Since this letter," begins the writer, "will be read by the British authorities, I will confine myself to relating what has happened to me since October 20. On that day six hundred of us arrived at Elandslaagte, two hours' journey from Ladysmith. The previous evening we had captured a provision train with a military escort. I was ordered with nine men, among whom was the bar-rister Coster, to destroy the railway line in three places. One of these was quite close to Modder's Spruit Station, the first stopping-place after Ladysmith, where the enemy had an outpost. Nevertheless, this dangerous task was performed without incident.

"Next day, Saturday, the 21st, we had received no reinforcements (we were nine), but that did not prevent us from cutting the communications between two considerable forces, those of Dundee and Ladysmith.

"At seven o'clock in the morning the order was given to mount, the enemy being on the march. We had hardly reached the works when shells began to fall among us. Our two cannons replied. When we began to march the enemy disappeared. On our return to the camp we changed its position—wagons with our baggage and tents having just arrived. Then we had to saddle the horses imme-

diately as the enemy advanced in great numbers. We rushed to a hill, descended on the other side to put the horses in shelter, and then returned to the ridge. There, with our two cannons, we awaited the attack of over 4000 enemies. We were 60 Germans, 98 Dutch, and 200 Afrikanders from Fordsburg and Johannesburg.

The British Attack.

“The enemy had two batteries of artillery with twelve guns, three regiments of infantry, a regiment of lancers, a regiment of light and a regiment of heavy cavalry. I do not know the number of the cavalry, but the infantry was 3000 strong.

“The enemy’s artillery opened a violent fire on our two poor guns, and shells fell among us. At the end of twenty minutes one of our guns was dismounted. Meantime we had opened fire on the advancing infantry, who replied with a hail of bullets. At this moment the majority of the Fordsburgers and Johannesburgers gave way in spite of the encouragements of our commander, who cried: ‘Stand firm! All my Dutchmen are here yet.’ The advancing infantry kept up a terrible fusillade on our 300 men. I was firing lying down on my stomach and, having lost sight of the troops coming from the plain, I resolved to wait until they showed themselves anew.

“Except the dead I saw nothing. The others had gone without my perceiving the movement on account of the infernal noise of the shells. A few, however, still remained a little behind me. I waited, still lying down, a couple of shells covering me with dirt, while the little leaden bullets fell, without exaggeration, on my back and beside me.

Gordon’s Final Rush.

“Finally, their artillery fire began to decrease, and as the balls began to whistle I concluded that the infantry had arrived on the hill. Then I saw it a couple hundred yards off and began to fire my last cartridges. It was the Gordon Highlanders, and at every shot two or three fell at once. Then our men began to fire again. I was very glad because I had thought at first that I was alone.

“My cartridges being exhausted I retired. The bullets whistled right and left, and I heard nothing but the noise of the projectiles

striking the rocks. In about two minutes I reached the slope of the hill, my escape from being hit in that time being incredible and miraculous, even in my own eyes.

"At this point I met another regiment of British infantry. All our people were gone and, surrounded by cavalry, were proceeding over the plain. In an instant the British came up to me and took away my rifle and empty cartridge bag. Nine others who had resisted to the last were taken prisoners at the same time."

Colonel Chisholm.

The British exultation at this victory was marred by the death of Colonel Chisholm. He had left a coveted command in the Lancers to organize and lead the Imperial Light Horse. He had chosen his men, taking not all who offered themselves, but those only whom he selected as comrades likely to follow his leading. There are stories told of his reckless bravery on this fatal field. The bullets, which came so near him in such numbers, and which actually struck his horse, seemed to have no power over him, and perhaps he had become almost callous to their threats when the fatal bullet struck him. The fight was already over, and the victory won, and won by such bravery as his, when Colonel Chisholm fell.

So ended prematurely the career of a soldier of whom, had he lived, great things were yet to be heard, or the predictions of all who knew him were to go unfulfilled. He was not yet fifty, and his twenty-seven years of service in the army included some particularly good work in the Afghan War of 1879. The three years in which he served as military secretary to Lord Connemara, when Governor of Madras, gave Colonel Chisholm valuable opportunities of study and observation, of which he eagerly availed himself, and which some day he hoped to turn to good purpose. With the Lancers—the 9th and the 5th—his name will always be associated to their glory as well as to his own. The Imperial Light Horse is a regiment that ought to be, and at Elandslaagte proved itself to be, particularly well qualified to meet and outmatch the Boers.

The difference between the opposing armies is, in the main, remarkable. On the Boer side are ranged men who fight for their

homes ; they decide in their Parliament to fight, and they go forth to give effect to their own decision. The English Parliament votes for war, but does not—except in the case of Lord Edmund Talbot, and one or two others—go forth personally to conduct it. The nation has to rely on that valor which Mr. Bright once affronted by saying that it could be bought for a shilling at the corner of any street. Perhaps it can ; and happy is the nation with whom valor is a ready-to-hand commodity. All the same, the man fighting in his own cause and not by hired proxy has his own strength and intensity. Agency is very well, but there are few departments of life in which the saying does not hold good among competent men, that if you want a thing to be properly done you must do it yourself. The English inhabitants of Johannesburg were of that mind ; and the Imperial Light Horse was almost entirely composed of men who had lived and labored in the Transvaal, and whose attitude towards the war was a personal, as well as a political, one. That is why they were found at the front of the battle line at Elandslaagte, and why they did not hesitate to follow where Colonel Scott Chisholm led.

A newspaper correspondent who was sitting with the well-known artist, Mr. Melton Prior, sent home some profoundly interesting details of the fatal fight. Colonel Scott Chisholm came to where the two non-combatants sat, and told them that, in his first fight, a shell had fallen between his horse's legs and had not burst ; and that on that very morning, in a skirmish, the last shot of the Boers at the Imperial Light Horse had come equally close to him. "It was, indeed," the correspondent continued, "a strange coincidence that such a thing should happen in the popular officer's first and last fight, for the battle of Elandslaagte was his last fight, and at nightfall he was numbered with the slain. I found it hard to believe the truth." "Mind you, stick in my whistle," he said laughingly to Mr. Melton Prior, who was rapidly sketching him ; and then bade him good-bye, saying : "I must get the boys together for more work." The next news heard of him by the artist was that he was among the fallen.

CHAPTER XXXIII.

The Battle of Rietfontein, or Tinta Inyoni—Rietfontein—The Fiercest of the Fight—Valor of the Boers—A Victory of Strategy—The Retreat from Dundee—Moving in the Rain—Shell Took Effect—Party of Boers—A Narrow Escape—A Night March—An Anxious Time—Tired Out and Sleepy—The Imperturbable British Soldier—A Trying Experience—More Misadventures.

THE way thus being cleared by the battle of Elands-laagte, the British force at Glencoe and Dundee, under General Yule, on October 23d, set out upon the march to Ladysmith. That the occupation of Dundee was a tactical mistake is acknowledged. Sir George White is said to have been opposed to this division of the Natal force, but had to accept the situation as he found it. This policy was dictated by political rather than military considerations. The natural line of defense was the Tugela River, with Estcourt for the base. To have fallen back on the Tugela would have involved the abandonment of a large part of the colony. The moral and political effect of such a sacrifice would, it was held, have outweighed any risk that might arise from the retention of Dundee and the difficult mountainous country south as far as Ladysmith.

On the day after General Yule's departure from Dundee, however, some further clearing of the way was necessary. The Transvaal army, under General Kock, had been disposed of at Elands-laagte. But now a larger army from the Orange State menaced the road. Accordingly, on October 24th, General White fought the battle of Rietfontein, or Tinta Inyoni, only seven miles from Ladysmith.

Rietfontein.

"At daybreak," writes a correspondent with the British forces, "four regiments—Gloucesters, Devons, Liverpools, and King's

Royal Rifles—with two field batteries, one mountain battery, and a large body of cavalry, moved out of camp. Following the road towards Elandslaagte, the mounted men, who were well in advance, took up positions under the spurs of the hills, within two or three thousands yards of the enemy. A squadron of Lancers was pushed forward to Modder Spruit. As we passed a kopje three miles from the spruit, the Boer scouts opened fire, and two troopers dropped from their saddles. Arriving within sight of the railway station, and finding that the infantry and artillery were still far in the rear, I returned in the direction of Ladysmith. The ground over which I rode was open veldt, covered with stones and ant hills, among which the grass was beginning to appear in tender green. To the east was the railway—useless a mile or two south, where the invaders had torn up the rails—bounded in the distance by a range of low hills.

“The physical features on the west offered as many obstacles to an attacking force as the weakest enemy could desire or the most ingenious sapper could devise. Along the edge of the plain, at intervals of three or four hundred yards, rose a series of kopjes connected by neks. Beyond these hills—most tedious to traverse, because of the round stones sticking out like almonds in a cake—the ground sloped gently to a height of four or five hundred feet. To reach the summit one had to pass over an exposed plateau commanded by two mountains divided by a broad ravine. Here on these buttress ranges, the tops of which were wreathed in soft mist, lay the enemy. As usual, he was not in sight. Hidden among the rocks and boulders on the dark and precipitous mountain side, he awaited our advance.

“General French had made his dispositions with extreme caution. A screen of cavalry was drawn along the western boundary, the flanks thrown forward, so as to guard against any attempt to turn our position. Lancers, Hussars, Mounted Infantry, Light Horse, Carabineers, and Natal Mounted Rifles were collected under cover of the kopjes. The infantry, at a safe distance, stood ready for the order to advance as soon as our guns had disclosed the

enemy and silenced their artillery. After a little skirmishing with the scouts, who fell back on Tinta Inyoni and Maatowans Hoek—two precipitous hills occupied by nearly 2000 Boers—our guns got into action. The enemy's gunners again showed the accuracy of their aim. The first shell dropped right in the midst of the 42d Battery, but did no damage beyond killing a horse. In a few minutes our guns had the range, and the artillery on Maatowans Hoek was silenced under a hail of shrapnel.

The Fiercest of the Fight.

“Covered by this searching fire our infantry pressed forward in extended order up the slope in the direction of the ravine that divided the two mountains. Before they could reach the crest the air began to hiss with the sharp ring of Mauser bullets. Protected by stones and boulders, our men were able to creep steadily up the slope as our shells drove in the enemy. Their centre was slowly forced back upon the mountain, whose summit and slope were raked with shrapnel. As the engagement became general our infantry were moved to the left, where the Boers had again concentrated. Here, within sight of Pepworth Farm, the fight was fiercest.

“In order to watch the progress of the battle I had crept up the slope in the rear of the Devons, but the ground became so hot that I was compelled to beat a hasty retreat. On my way down the hill I passed three of our slain, and was overtaken by two wounded Gloucesters, whom I assisted to the field ambulance. The losses of this unfortunate battalion—destined to fall into the hands of the enemy a few days later—must have been great. They had pressed on over the exposed plateau in advance of the other battalions, and had been met with heavy musketry fire. ‘We could not see the enemy,’ said the wounded soldiers. A barbed wire fence which they encountered was responsible for some of the severest casualties. The bullets striking this obstacle glanced upwards, and inflicted several serious wounds in the head. I saw more than one helmet pierced. It may also be that the black powder burned by the Mountain Battery, which shared the fate of the Gloucesters, drew upon them the attention of the Boer marksmen.

Valor of the Boers.

“The action developed rapidly, Maxims, musketry, and artillery playing with increasing energy. As the fight moved away to our left, I rode along the ridge towards the farm at Rietfontein, from which the Boers were plainly visible. It was impossible to withhold admiration for the skill and courage with which they defended their position. During the last week or two many delusions with regard to the enemy have been destroyed. Those who profess to have the most intimate acquaintance with the Boer character were wont to declare that the first British success would send him scampering home, that he would never attack, that he would never face our soldiers, and that our artillery would frighten him out of his wits. In short, they persuaded themselves that the Boer was an arrant coward. Events have modified these opinions.

“Though our shells swept the hills with flame and steel the Boers maintained their position, and their dark figures were often silhouetted on the gray sky-line. These peasants have one decided advantage. They have initiative and capacity to act independently, while their extreme mobility and their knowledge of the country gives them the confidence that comes of a sense of security. There was nothing unusual in the spectacle of two or three men conducting a fight of their own under conditions that seemed more than hazardous. Three of these small groups of brave men kept up a regular fusillade on the face of the mountain long after the main body had been driven back. They remained to the end and added a few Mauser bullets to the shells that hastened our departure when the signal was given to retire.

“Among the gallant deeds of the action, one by Lieutenant Compton deserves to be recorded. A carabineer, named Cleaver, fell while the men were clearing from an exposed position. He was shot through the body. Lieutenant Compton ran back to him, despite the galling fire, and said, ‘I will carry you under cover.’ Cleaver replied, ‘No, let me rest,’ as he was in great pain. Compton, after another appeal to be allowed to take him to an ambulance, left him. He was taken up shortly after by an ambulance.

A Victory of Strategy.

"The firing ceased about three. There was no apparent reason why it should. The Boers had killed a few of us. Probably we had killed more of them. But mere loss of life does not make victory or defeat, and to all appearance we were both on much the same ground as at first, except that the Boers had lost a gun and were not at all comfortable on the positions they had held. Our withdrawal, however, was due to deeper reasons. A messenger had brought news of the column which had unhappily been driven from Dundee. The messenger brought the news that the column was safe and returning unmolested on Ladysmith by the roundabout road eastward, near Helpmakaar. We had held back the enemy from intercepting them on their march. Our long and harassing fight, then, had been worth the sacrifice. It was a victory in strategy. Sir George White gave the order for the infantry to withdraw from the ridge by battalions and return to Ladysmith. By evening we were all in the town again.

"General White had accomplished the task he had set himself. He had removed the danger of attack by the Free State commando on the Dundee garrison. But that was not the only peril. There was always the risk of pursuit by the force under General Joubert, who arrived at Dundee on the day after Meyer was defeated on Talana Hill. Our scouts reported that no Boers were to be seen on the Helpmakaar road, along which Colonel Yule's column was making forced marches. It was known that they had abandoned their stores, ammunition and kit, and were suffering privations, as well as hardships. General White accordingly sent out a large stock of provisions and several teams of mules, accompanied by a small body of infantry and cavalry, who came up with the garrison at Waschbank."

The Retreat from Dundee.

We have already spoken of the flight of the people from Dundee. The army, under General Yule, evacuated that place on October 23. Despite the brilliant victory over the Boers at the battle of Dundee on Friday, it was found advisable on Sunday night to evacu-

ate the town to avoid the possibility of being cut off from the main body at Ladysmith. That General Joubert was close at hand with no less than 17,000 men and three forty-pounders was known on Friday evening after the battle, and the distant firing plainly heard in the Dundee camp that evening seemed to indicate that he was at that time engaged with a body of reinforcements expected from Ladysmith, and as the firing grew less distant it was presumed the Boers had been successful in preventing a junction.

No definite news was brought in by the scouts that night, and on Saturday morning everything seemed peaceful and quiet. About noon the cheering news was brought in that reinforcements had arrived at Glencoe, had halted there and gone out to meet the enemy. Soon afterwards the distant boom of big guns was heard, but the sounds of conflict did not last long, and as the reinforcements did not return, the whole affair was shrouded in mystery. It was not apparently known whether they were cavalry or infantry.

Moving in the Rain.

That afternoon there was a heavy downpour of rain. The tents had all been struck preparatory to shifting camp, and the men who had been fighting all the previous day were drenched to the skin, and just about making an effort to get settled in their new quarters when the startling boom of a big gun was heard from close by, and a shell fell right in the middle of the camp, followed by others at rapid intervals. It was found that the Boers had taken up a position at two points on the Impata Mountain on the north of the camp. No damage was done by the shells, and one or two shots were fired by way of return. The Boers made admirable shooting with their heavy guns, and it was apparent that the camp must be evacuated.

This was done, and wet and weary they were marched out of range of the Boer artillery, but not before one

Shell Took Effect.

killing Lieutenant Hannah and a private of the Leicester Regiment, as well as a couple of horses. One of the enemy's shells fell so close to the field telegraph that the operator very properly cleared

out. Again the Boers fired on the field hospital, and many of the poor fellows wounded in Friday's battle left their tents and made for the town.

Amid consternation the townspeople, including the Town Guard, were leaving the hotels and houses and making for the open field, the majority wending their way to the baggage-wagons of the Imperial forces, which had been conveyed out of range near the Indumeni Mountain. Here they camped under the wagons all the wet, chilly night, most of them in damp clothes to start with. It was bitterly cold—too cold for sleep—and most of us were glad enough when morning dawned, though it brought with it the sound of the Boer guns once again shelling the camp.

Early on Sunday morning the welcome news was brought in that the Boers had been routed by the Imperial forces at Elands-laagte, and a squad of Hussars, under Colonel Knox, was dispatched in the direction of Glencoe to the mouth of the Biggarsberg, with a view of cutting off the retreat of the Boers. A battery of artillery accompanied the squadron. At the mouth of the Berg, a Dutchman was caught pushing a wounded comrade along the railway on one of the trolleys. He said he had been in the fight at Elands-laagte, where the Lancers had done terrible execution amongst the Boers. He was sent into camp. There being no more signs of the retreating enemy, the squadron was on its way back, when

A Party of Boers.

were seen crossing over from the Umpati Mountain towards the north side of the Berg, which commands the railway. A battery of artillery was speedily got into position, and a couple of shells were fired right into the midst of them, killing and wounding a large number. This drew the fire of the Boers from the mountain, and once again the British artillery had to get out of range, which was done without losing a man.

A Narrow Escape

A squadron of Hussars and Mounted Infantry had a very narrow escape from being blotted out, shells bursting quite close to

them without injury to a single man. It was pretty to watch the artillery fire of the enemy. Their marksmanship was admirable, but they had no shrapnel, and only the common shell was used, which sometimes buried itself in the earth without exploding.

All day on Sunday the British cavalry and infantry were kept busy skirmishing, scouting and keeping their transport out of range of the Boer big guns. For four days saddles had scarcely been off the horses' backs, and the majority of the men were absolutely suffering for want of rest and sleep.

A Night March.

Late on Sunday the order was given for another move in the night. The transport wagons were again formed up, and in the darkness of the night the whole column trekked right past the Boer encampment, through the town of Dundee, and along the Helpmakaar road. It realized that the British column was retiring from Dundee, though when the column formed up, the majority of the men believed it was for a night attack, and seemed quite ready for it. The march was accompanied without incident, the cavalry and mounted infantry leading the column as soon as it was daylight. Everything was done quietly, and the utmost order prevailed, the retreat being accomplished in a masterly fashion, and the column being prepared to resist attack from any quarter at a moment's notice.

Arriving at the junction of Helpmakaar and Waschbank roads, the column rested until 11 P. M. on Monday, when a fresh start was made, and the column proceeded to Waschbank, via Van Tondeer's Biggarsberg Pass. Going through this pass was

An Anxious Time.

for every one. It extends about six miles, and had the Boers been in waiting there, it is not too much to say that the column would have had a bad time. It was here the guides rendered excellent service, first going ahead of the column thoroughly to inspect the pass, and afterwards taking the column down through without mishap or accident. The British got out of the pass about three o'clock

in the morning—a pass which could have been effectively held by fifty men against an army—and trekked on to Waschbank River, where the column again halted for the night.

On arrival at Waschbank, they heard heavy firing in the direction of Elandslaagte. A battery of artillery, a squadron of Hussars, mounted infantry and carabineers were dispatched towards Elandslaagte for the Newcastle-Ladysmith road, with a view of cutting the enemy, but unfortunately the latter were driven off the other way, in the direction of Candyi Kloof.

Towards evening a heavy downpour of rain fell, which again prevented the men from obtaining much rest. About 4 o'clock next morning the column was again on the march, a halt for breakfast being made at Sunday's River. The weather having cleared up and there being no signs of the enemy, the men were able to enjoy a good rest and have their biscuits and beef in comparative comfort.

They were in hopes of going forward to Ladysmith, but this hope was soon dispelled by the report that a covering column was coming out to meet them from Ladysmith, and they were consequently to have a much-needed rest before continuing the march.

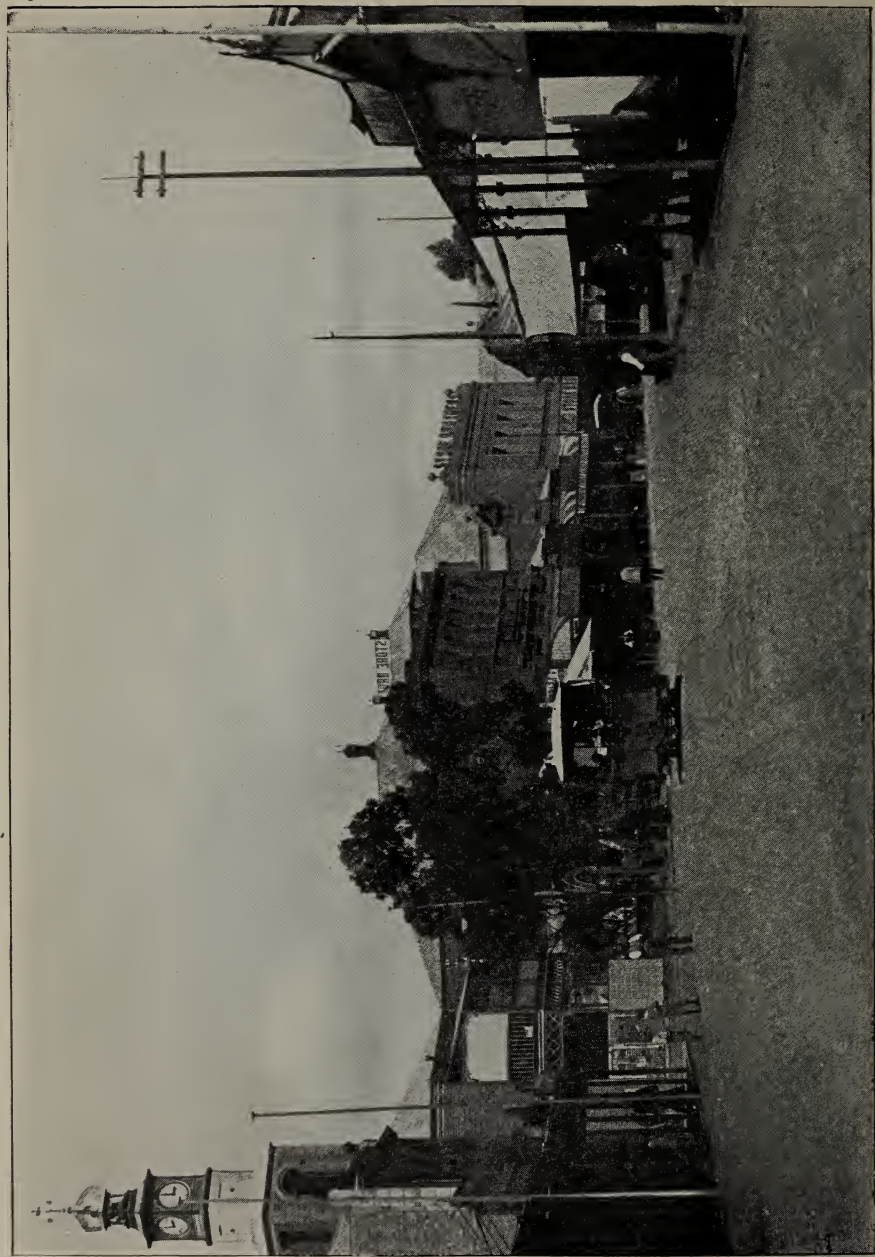
Tired Out and Sleepy.

as they were, the majority of the men would have preferred continuing the march, but they off-saddled uncomplainingly and partook of what breakfast the commissariat could supply. Patrols were as usual sent out, and returned reporting no enemy in sight, and then the column settled down for a good rest.

It was here that a correspondent, accompanying a small party of British troops from Ladysmith, came upon them. "The track," he says, "went steep down hill to a spruit where the water lay in pools. And there on the opposite hill was that gallant little British army, halted in a position of extreme danger, absolutely commanded on all sides but one, and preparing for tea as unconcernedly as if they were in their own rooms at home. Almost as unconcernedly: for, indeed, some of the officers showed signs of their long anxiety and sleeplessness. When I came among them, some mounted men suddenly showed themselves in the distance. They



Fierce Battle of Elands-laagte.



Principal Business Street, Kimberley.

took them for Boers. I could hardly persuade them they were only our own carabineers—the outposts through whom I had just ridden. Three of our own scouts appeared across a valley, and never were Boers in greater peril of being shot. I think I may put their lives down to my credit.

The Imperturbable British Soldier.

“The British private was even here imperturbable as usual. He sat on the rocks singing the latest he knew from the music-halls. He lighted his fire and made his tea, and took an intelligent interest in the slaughter of the oxen, for all the world as if he were at manœuvres on Salisbury Plain. He is really a wonderful person. Filthy from head to foot, drenched with rain, baked with sun, unshorn and unwashed for five days, his eyes bloodshot for want of sleep, hungry and footsore, fresh from terrible fighting, and the loss of many friends, he was still the same unmistakable British soldier, that queer mixture of humor and blasphemy, cheerfulness and grumbling, never losing that imperturbability which has no mixture of any other quality at all. The camping ground was arranged almost as though they were going to stay there forever. Here were the guns in order, there the relics of the 18th Hussars; there the Leicesters, the 60th, the Dublins, the Royal Irish Fusiliers, and the rest. The guards were set and sentries posted. But only two hours later the whole moved off again for three miles’ farther advance to get them well out of the mountains.

“It was the intention to pitch camp for the night at Modder Spruit, so as to give both the horses and mules the much-needed care and men much-needed rest, and some oxen were shot for fresh meat and breakfast. The order was given, however, to inspan at once, and go into Ladysmith in one march.

A Trying Experience.

“The news was not received with much satisfaction, as there had been practically no rest for anyone since Saturday, and there was every prospect of a wet night. The column commenced to move to Ladysmith, and just as we started rain commenced to fall,

and soon settled down to a heavy, soaking rain. The rain made the roads exceedingly heavy for our heavy artillery and transport, while, with the exception of a fortunate few who got under a tarpaulin on a light wagon, the whole of the troops and civilians were soaked to the skin ere they got over the hill from the spruit.

More Misadventures.

"We had spent some miserable sleepless nights since we were shelled out of Dundee, but Wednesday night was worse than all the others put into one. The heaviness of the roads made it imperative that we should walk most of the way instead of riding on one of the wagons. In addition to the roads being perfect rivers of mud, the night was as dark as pitch. We had barely started when the word was passed from the rear to halt, as a company had lost their way. Then two wagons in front got stuck, and the order was given to send forward cavalry. Then part of the convoy took the wrong road, and more time was wasted. It was impossible to see the road clearly in the darkness, and one wagon got overturned and had to be left. The rain still continued to soak into the bones of those without very ample covering. It was dangerous to fall asleep, and exceedingly difficult to keep awake. However, men fell asleep on their horses; wagon guards clambered up on the wagons and dropped off to sleep, regardless of the jolting of the wagons or rain. One man fell off his wagon, and another dropped his carbine into the road. Stoppages were frequent; all through the night we were slipping and falling. Old soldiers put it down as one of the most fatiguing nights they had ever known. Everyone who had to walk for even a short distance was covered with mud up to the knees at least. When morning broke we seemed no nearer our destination, and it was not until six A. M., or twelve hours after we started, that we arrived at camp, six miles outside Ladysmith, very, very weary, and very much exhausted. We had been on our feet for thirty-six hours, with two wet nights. At the Ladysmith outside camp, tea was made for the men, and they moved into the town barracks about twelve o'clock. With the arrival of these survivors of the northern garrison began the difficulties and dangers of Ladysmith."



CHAPTER XXXIV.

**The Boers Advance to the Siege of Ladysmith—Beginning the Battle
—Among the Hills—A Desperate Conflict—An Artillery Duel—
Good Work of the Boer Guns—The Navy to the Rescue—
A Heavy Loss.**

NO sooner had General Yule and General White joined forces at Ladysmith than the Boer armies gathered around and laid siege to the place. For some days the British forces kept up a running fire of attacks and sorties, but these were found of no avail. It did not take the Boers long to encircle the town, cut off all communications with Durban, and make the investment complete.

The first serious engagement which occurred at Ladysmith was on October 30th, and comprised the battles of Farquhar's Farm and Nicholson's Nek, the latter being disastrous to the British. "Late in the evening of October 29th," says a correspondent who was with the British army, "several infantry regiments, including the Loyal Irish Fusiliers and the Gloucester, were sent out with the 10th Mountain Battery to take up position on the road to Nicholson's Nek, marked Walker's Hook on the map. Early this morning the 13th, 21st, 42d, 53d, 67th, and 69th Batteries of Artillery, the 5th Lancers, 5th Dragoons, Natal Volunteers, Imperial Light Horse, Mounted Infantry, Gloucester Mounted Infantry, Manchester Mounted Infantry, Leicestershire, Devons, Gordon, and King's Royal Rifles were sent out to make a reconnoissance of part of the Dutch position, which centered on a spur of Signal Hill, about three miles from the town, where they had three guns and two 40-pounders securely and well mounted. As in all previous instances, their position was ably chosen, and one of great natural strength.

Beginning the Battle.

“The next morning was clear and warm, and sunshine prevailed. The theatre of operations may be described as a semi-circle with the Red Hill on the Newcastle road, north of Ladysmith, as the centre, and Lombard’s Kop the eastern limb of the semi-circle, and a series of hills on the western, all within a radius of from two to three miles in front. In the middle of the circle was a green hill, not high, smooth surfaced, and most unlike the hills usually selected by the Boers from which to attack. On this hill were placed several guns, evidently twelve or fifteen pounders, and “Long Tom,” understood to be a forty pounder—the same as, if not the veritable piece of ordnance, that was placed on the Impatyi Mountain, behind Dundee and Glencoe. After several shots had been fired at the artillery the Boers on the hill diversified proceedings by dropping the shells into the town of Ladysmith. Viewed from half way between the two limits of the semi-circle, with the main Boer position right in front, the summit of the hill about 2500 yards off, the battle was remarkable for two things, namely, the overwhelming force of the British artillery fire, and the frequent retreats of the Boers from the hill.

“There were three columns of British. The right flank column consisted of four batteries of artillery, the 1st and 2d King’s Royal Rifles, the Royal Dublin Fusiliers, the Liverpools, and the Leicesters. The central column comprised the Gordon Highlanders, the Manchester, 2d Rifle Brigade, and the Devons. The left flank had for its column the Gloucester, the Loyal Irish Fusiliers, one Mounted Battery, and Mounted Infantry (which had started overnight). The cavalry, early in the morning, were drawn up on the south of the Ladysmith side of the Red Hill. The Boers occupied the hills and the country in front, with our troops on their left and right.

Among the Hills.

“On the west side are two hills, about 1000 feet above the surrounding country, the one smooth-surfaced and easy of access; the other steep, rocky, and brush-covered, with one part, on the north-east, inaccessible, being apparently a succession of sand-slips. These

were occupied by our left column (subsequently captured). Between these hills on the left and the green hill in front were about three or four miles of broken hilly country, parts of it thinly covered by trees and bushes, and here the Boers were ensconced. Desultory firing was heard amongst the hills on the west side shortly after six o'clock, and at a quarter to seven a furious fusillade suddenly broke forth from both rifle and Maxim. Meantime the big guns were thundering on the east or right hand. The top of the hill on which the Boers had placed their artillery is a mile in length. Very soon from end to end it was enveloped in the smoke and fire of bursting shells. What execution was done may be surmised. By ten minutes to seven the Boer guns were for the time silenced, but our guns continued to shell the hill and to drive out the Boers, who were lying low on the summit and in dongas (gullies) on its side. Between 50 and 100 Boers had taken shelter in a donga on the west end of the hill, and at seven o'clock one of our shells burst in their vicinity, throwing masses of brown dust high into the air. The Boers fled from their hiding-place, and rushed in a crowd down the hillside, never stopping until they reached a tree-covered road, where they mounted horses and precipitately galloped off, behind all possible shelter, towards the west.

"The Devons, who lined the hills near the Newcastle road, gave the flying Dutchmen a few volleys, which considerably accelerated their movements. On the summit of the hill a few figures were visible, though an occasional Boer could be seen on the skyline, some of them standing at times behind one of the small trees, as if for shelter. By ten minutes past seven o'clock our firing had slackened off considerably, and shortly after this what appeared to be an additional commando was now streaming down a hill in the background. There must have been several thousands. The move downwards, viewed from a distance, looked like a colony of black ants on the march. Rifle and Maxim fire could be heard on the right and left flanks. The fight grew hotter. At 7.30 A. M. the Boers' big guns almost ceased. Our infantry were advancing, and volley firing and Maxim firing were active on our left flank.

A Desperate Conflict.

"At 8.15 A. M. a strong body of cavalry came up to Lombard's Kop and moved away to the south-east, evidently to the support of the infantry engaged in that direction. The Maxim had been in use for some time past, and all-round firing of one kind or another was persistent, although occasionally there was a distinct lull, but only momentary. Following the silence probably half a dozen guns would be fired at once, with a deafening noise. The fighting spread over the whole quadrant of the circle, and very little could be seen of the combatants, although evidence that they were engaged in a deadly game of war was but too palpable. The Boer guns on the flat kopje from which they first opened fire started again ; but one at least was evidently disabled. High above Ladysmith a war balloon was distinctly visible. Sir George White's column was still in reserve. We had six batteries of artillery in action, and practice was good ; but the Boers had undoubtedly good guns, and used them better than hitherto. They appeared to have some of their 40-pounder guns with a Hotchkiss, which was used very frequently against our infantry. Several of our shells burst in among the Boer guns, but with remarkable nerve the Boer gunners still stood by their weapons, evidently trying to remove one of them. After several determined attempts to remove it, they appeared to have left it, but some of their guns on the kopje, as well as their long-range gun on the ridge directly eastward, were still firing.

An Artillery Duel.

"At 9.45 A. M. the artillery duel recommenced. We thought the enemy's guns had been silenced, but they pluckily remanned them, and the shells were dropping amongst our artillery. They also renewed the shelling of the town. The shelling continued brisk, three of our batteries returning the fire very fast, and there was a rapid fire from rifle and Maxim away on our right flank. The action grew more furious, and neither side had so far any advantage. The fight was most determined about 2000 yards from

Tinta Inyoni, the scene of last Tuesday's battle, and nearer the town. Their position was well and carefully chosen. A strong body was sent out to meet and engage our left flank movement. At ten o'clock the Gordon Highlanders were marching forward under cover of a low hill facing Lombard's Kop. The 5th Lancers, who were operating on the extreme northerly point of the Boers' position, were taken at a disadvantage, and were met with a withering fire, but the range was inaccurate, and only one man was wounded. The Border Mounted Rifles and the Natal Mounted Rifles were in a similar position to the Lancers, but even nearer the enemy's guns. Over 2000 Boers were entrenched near our cavalry, and delivered a volley into them, but with little effect.

"At 10.25 A. M. the Boer guns reopened; a sharp fight was going on on our right flank. The enemy's front in this direction extended about four miles. The fight in that quarter was extremely hot and sharp, the Maxim and Hotchkiss working like fury. The artillery duel proceeded with great vigor, and in the moments between the reports of the big guns and the explosion of shells, the rattle of musketry and the heavy bang of the Boer Maxim, Nordenfeldts and other machine guns kept up a perpetual din. The wide area of the battlefield made it impossible to say if one position or another had been gained. Our guns literally raked the top of the green hill held by the Boers with a tremendous shell fire, but there seemed to be no great impression made. The Boer forty-pounder guns on the hill appeared to be entrenched in pits, and although they seemed to be silenced, they opened fire again with redoubled vigor, while another forty-pounder on the top of the other hill banged away as rapidly as the gunners could load and fire it.

Good Work of the Boer Guns.

"As the time wore on, indeed, the Boer artillery fire increased rather than diminished, and, although several of their smaller guns were put out of action (thirteen, it is stated), their gunners only worked the harder. We had forty-two guns in action exclusive of the Mountain Battery, but inclusive of the Natal Field Artillery.

The latter, although in action, were not called upon to fire, as their guns were never within range of the long-distance rifles of the Boers. Our guns manœuvred a good deal to try and get at the Boers from different positions, and to silence 'Long Tom,' as their forty-pounders have been nick-named. The Boer gunners sent shells flying through the air in scores; but, although they were experts in getting the range, their shot did no great damage. Gradually, as the forenoon crept on, the Boer fusillade and cannonade grew more continuous, and every minute two or three Maxims and Nordenfeldts, which, by the way, fire a kind of a small shell of a comparatively harmless character, were engaged. Our batteries stuck valiantly to their work, and their range and direction were all that could be desired, but the Boer artillery was superior, and it was easily seen that they greatly outnumbered our brigade. They formed the segment of a circle round us, with an artillery cross-fire sweeping down on us.

"Wherever our infantry or cavalry went they drew Boer fire on them, and it was made very plain that those who estimated the total Boer force as numbering 20,000 were not exaggerating so much as was supposed. There was no central objective, no individual position to storm and take. The Boers seemed to be in every position in the vicinity, and we had not the men to storm half a dozen hills at once. Our men, were, therefore, slowly withdrawn, keeping up their fire as they retired, and by noon we were starting to make our way back to Ladysmith in sections and in good order. How long our batteries might have striven in vain to silence the Dutch pet gun, on which they seemed to place so much reliance, one cannot estimate.

The Navy to the Rescue.

"Luckily, a Naval Brigade from her Majesty's ship *Tartar* had just arrived in town, and quickly had two long twelve-pounders in position, with the loss of only one man and a slight hurt to one of the guns. Then the story had quite a different complexion, and 'Long Tom' found an opponent fit to grapple with. At 1.05 p. m. eight or nine shells from the guns of our Naval Brigade had sufficed to put

the enemy's forty-pounder out of action, and thereupon all firing ceased. Our right flank retired and took up a position on two strong kopjes, while our left flank was still efficiently protected, and our line strong and effective. The dead silence after the awful roar and rattle of cannon was peculiar. At 1.45 P. M. our Naval Brigade again opened fire on the enemy's position. Their shot was not replied to. At 2.10 P. M. the enemy fired on our ambulance train, without, however, doing any damage. At 2.20 P. M. firing had not been resumed. The Boers had vacated their position, and our force returned to town. The Boers made no attempt to pursue us, although for some time after we had ceased firing 'Long Tom' was spitting out shells on the line of our exposed retirement, but no damage was done. As regards our losses little can be said. One of our guns which was damaged was speedily put right, and the whole of the batteries came in intact, with the exception of the Mountain Battery."

A Heavy Loss.

The Mountain Battery, with the Irish Fusiliers and Gloucestershire Regiment, were afterwards found to have been captured by the Boers at Nicholson's Nek. It seems that the column, under Colonel Carleton's command, proceeded on its night march unmolested until within two miles of Nicholson's Nek. At this point two boulders rolled from the hill and a few rifle shots stampeded the infantry ammunition mules. The stampede spread to the battery mules, which broke loose from their leaders and got away with practically the whole of the gun equipment. The greater portion of the regimental small-arm ammunition reserve was similarly lost. The infantry battalions, however, fixed bayonets, and, accompanied by the *personnel* of the battery, seized a hill on the left of the road two miles from the Nek with but little opposition. There they remained unmolested till dawn, the time being occupied in organized defence of the hill and constructing stone sangars and walls as cover from fire.

At dawn a skirmishing attack on their position was commenced by the Boers, but they made no headway until 9.30 A. M., when strong

reinforcements enabled them to push the attack with great energy. The fire became very searching, and two companies of the Gloucesters in an advanced position were ordered to fall back. The enemy then pressed to short range, the losses on the British side becoming very numerous.

At 3 P. M. the British ammunition was practically exhausted. The position was captured, and the survivors of the column fell into the enemy's hands.

The enemy treated the wounded with great humanity, General Joubert at once dispatching a letter to General White offering safe conduct to doctors and ambulances to remove the wounded. A medical officer and parties to render first aid to wounded were dispatched to the scene of action from Ladysmith.

The want of success of the column was due to the misfortune of the mules stampeding and consequent loss of guns and small-arm ammunition reserve. This was the first serious loss of the British in the war.

CHAPTER XXXV.

Sending a British Army to South Africa—Feeding the Army—The Hospital Ship “Maine”—The Ship of Mercy—Arrival of General Buller.

THE ultimatum of the Transvaal Government expired on October 11th. Nine days later the first transports conveying the Army Corps left England for South Africa. By November 16th the entire force, with horses, guns, ammunition, stores, hospitals, pontoon troop, telegraph division, balloon sections, and other engineering details, had been despatched. The actual numbers were 1,836 officers, 49,783 men, 8,821 horses, and 120 guns (20 batteries). The embarkation of this force was effected in four weeks at seven ports and in sixty-one vessels. Within five weeks and two days from the beginning of the war the whole fleet of transports had started, and within six weeks of the same date about half of them had accomplished the voyage of more than 6,000 miles, had reached Cape Town, and landed their troops or gone on to Natal.

Such are the facts in brief concerning the despatch of the main body of the British army to South Africa. It was an event unexampled in the history of the world. Never before had anything like so large an army been sent over sea by any nation. Never had there been anything like the great procession of ocean liners steaming from England down the west coast of Africa, laden with soldiers and munitions of war. The list of them is worth reproducing here, as a curiosity in transportation. Here it is:

SHIP.	OWNER.	TONNAGE.	DATE OF SAILING.	PORT.
Roslin Castle	Donald Currie	4,487 . .	Oct. 20 . .	Southampton
Harlech Castle	“	3,264 . .	“ . .	“
Linsmore Castle	“	4,046 . .	“ . .	“
Yorkshire	Bibby	4,261 . .	“ . .	“
Manila	P. and O.	4,210 . .	“ . .	“
Nubia	“	5,914 . .	Oct. 21 . .	“

SHIP.	OWNER,	TONNAGE.	DATE OF SAILING.	PORT.
Gascon	Union	6,288 .	Oct. 21 .	Southampton
Goorkha	"	6,287 .	" . . .	"
Moor	"	4,464 .	" . . .	"
Mongolian	Allan	4,838 .	Oct. 22 .	Glasgow
Malta	P. and O.	6,064 .	" . . .	Southampton
Pavonia	Cunard	5,588 .	" . . .	"
City of Vienna	G. Smith & Sons	4,672 .	Oct. 23 .	London
Mohawk	Atlantic Transport Co.	4,212 .	" . . .	"
Jamaican	West Indian & Pacific	4,502 .	" . . .	Queenstown
City of Cambria	G. Smith & Sons	3,844 .	" . . .	Liverpool
Oriental	P. and O.	5,284 .	" . . .	Southampton
Hawarden Castle	Donald Currie	4,380 .	" . . .	"
Aurania	Cunard	7,269 .	" . . .	"
Nomadic	White Star	5,749 .	" . . .	London
Orient	Orient Line	5,365 .	Oct. 24 .	Tilbury
Armenian	Leyland	8,825 .	" . . .	"
Cephalonia	Cunard	5,606 .	" . . .	Southampton
America	National S. S. Co.	5,158 .	" . . .	Tilbury
Siberian	Allan	3,846 .	Oct. 25 .	Queenstown
Britannic	White Star	5,004 .	Oct. 26 .	"
Glengyle	McGregor, Gow & Co	3,455 .	Oct. 27 .	London
Orcana	Pacific Stm. Nav. Co.	4,803 .	" . . .	Queenstown
German	Union	6,763 .	Oct. 28 .	Southampton
Carisbrook Castle	Donald Currie	7,626 .	" . . .	"
Persia	Anchor Line	" . . .	" . . .	Queenstown
Manchester Port	Manchester Line	5,656 .	Oct. 30 .	Tilbury
Pindari	Brocklebank	5,674 .	" . . .	Birkenhead
Urmston Grange	Houlder	4,830 .	Nov. 1 .	"
Rapidan	Furness, Witty	7,500 .	Nov. 2 .	Liverpool
"	"	" . . .	Nov. 13 .	Birkenhead
Kildonan Castle	Donald Currie	9,653 .	Nov. 4 .	Southampton
Briton	Union	10,248 .	" . . .	"
Idaho	Wilson	6,300 .	" . . .	Chatham
Wakool	Lunds	5,013 .	" . . .	Tilbury
Ismore	Johnston	7,744 .	" . . .	Birkenhead
Servia	Cunard	7,392 .	Nov. 5 .	Queenstown
Catalonia	"	4,841 .	" . . .	"
Colombian	West Indian & Pacific	5,614 .	" . . .	Liverpool
Formosa	P. and O.	4,044 .	" . . .	London
Ranee	Asiatic S. N. Co.	5,750 .	" . . .	Glasgow
Englishman	Dominion	6,336 .	Nov. 6 .	Queenstown
Dictator	Harrison	4,116 .	" . . .	"
Algeria	Anchor Line	4,500 .	Nov. 8 .	Chatham
Chicago	Wilson, Leyland	6,400 .	" . . .	London
Cheshire	Bibby	5,708 .	Nov. 9 .	Liverpool
Bavarian	Allan	10,200 .	Nov. 10 .	Queenstown
Templemore	Johnston	6,276 .	" . . .	Liverpool
The Scot	Union	7,815 .	Nov. 11 .	Southampton

SHIP.	OWNER.	TONNAGE.	DATE OF SAILING.	PORT.
The Greek	Union	4,747 . .	Nov. 11 . .	Southampton
Canning	Lamport and Holt	5,400 . .	Nov. 12 . .	London
Montfort	Elder Dempster	5,481 . .	Nov. 13 . .	Queenstown
Goth	Union	4,738 . .	Nov. 15 . .	Southampton
Sicilian	Allan	6,284 . .	" . .	"
Antillian	West Indian & Pacific	5,608 . .	" . .	"
Narrung	Lunds	5,078 . .	Nov. 16 . .	London
British Princess	British Shipowners' Co	7,326 . .	" . .	Southampton

These were, of course, not all. Others followed later, in unending procession. A single ship the *Karami*, took in one cargo 40,000,000 rounds of small arm ammunition in 3640 boxes, 7000 rounds of shrapnel and common shell and 4000 rounds of 5 inch Lyddite shells in 2000 boxes, 851 boxes of fuses, and 40 boxes of pistol ammunition.

Feeding the Army.

The provisioning of the army was a tremendous undertaking, practically all supplies having to be sent down from England. The basis of the arrangement was that there should be four months' supplies always available at the seat of war for 116,000 troops and native transport helpers, and 51,000 horses and mules. At the moment there were only three months' supplies on hand in South Africa, but the additions necessary to bring the totals up to the four months' limit were dispatched with speed, and that limit, once reached, was maintained.

Of the enormous quantities of food which go to make up a four months' supply for this number of men and animals few persons can have even the remotest idea. The one item of preserved meat alone stands at 12,000,000 pounds, and of biscuit there is the same quantity. Coffee stands at 400,000 pounds, tea at 200,000 pounds, sugar at 2,200,000 pounds, compressed vegetables at 800,000 pounds, and salt at 400,000 pounds. One article of diet which has been found particularly suitable for troops on active service is a preparation of meat and vegetables cooked together. Of this a single contractor was sending tins at the rate of half a million each month. Of condensed milk, sweetened and unsweetened, the four months' supplies represent 360,000 tins.

Particularly interesting is the item of jam. This commodity was first given to the British troops in the Soudan expedition of 1884 and 1885, and it was afterwards supplied to the Ashanti expedition. It was reported on very favorably on each occasion, for not only was it regarded with favor by the troops, but it was found to be a distinctly healthy food, especially on account of its antiscorbutic properties, an important consideration in the absence of a good supply of fresh vegetables. Jam has therefore taken its permanent place as one good thing among others for troops to fight on, and the quantities to be kept in South Africa as a four months' reserve amounted to no less than 1,450,000 pounds, consigned in tins, each containing a single pound. In regard to the liquids the list provided for 80,000 gallons of rum, 12,000 bottles of whiskey, 32,000 bottles of port wine, nearly 40,000 pounds weight of lime juice, a vast quantity of "sparklets" for making soda water, and 80 tons of alum for purifying spring or river water of which the quality might be doubtful.

The Hospital Ship "*Maine*."

Conspicuous among the preparations for caring for the wounded we must mention the hospital ship *Maine*. This fine vessel was provided by Americans at a cost of nearly \$200,000. The work was undertaken and successfully executed by a committee of American ladies living in London, in co-operation with others in the United States. The idea originated with Mrs. Blow, the honorary secretary of the committee. Lady Randolph Churchill undertook the task of giving form and direction to the scheme, of obtaining the permission of the War Office for carrying it into execution, and secured the co-operation of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid in giving it its distinctive and national character. But when the scheme had been formulated, after it had been set afoot, and even when it was receiving enthusiastic support, there still remained a great deal of work for the executive committee of American ladies entrusted with its welfare to do. An extremely large proportion of it fell upon Mrs. Ronald, the honorary treasurer. Subscriptions came from the United States, from Americans in Paris, from Americans in every part of England and

Europe. The committee resolved that every cent subscribed should go into the ship, and nothing at all to secretarial expenses. Consequently, the work of the treasurer, besides being a labor of love, was a labor of great difficulty and complexity. It was, however, grappled with by Mrs. Ronald, aided by Mrs. Van Duzer, in the most triumphant way. To Mrs. Van Duzer as much as to anyone the success of the undertaking has been due, for besides her executive and secretarial duties she assumed those of giving information of every kind to the Press. Of the other ladies who constitute the executive committee it would be as hard as it is unnecessary to single out anyone as having contributed more especially to the work. The experience of Mrs. Paget and of Mrs. Griffin, in raising subscriptions, has been of the greatest use. Although the generous offers of British firms of goods and stores in kind have been gratefully accepted by the *Maine* committee, the whole of the subscriptions for the ship have come from American men and women.

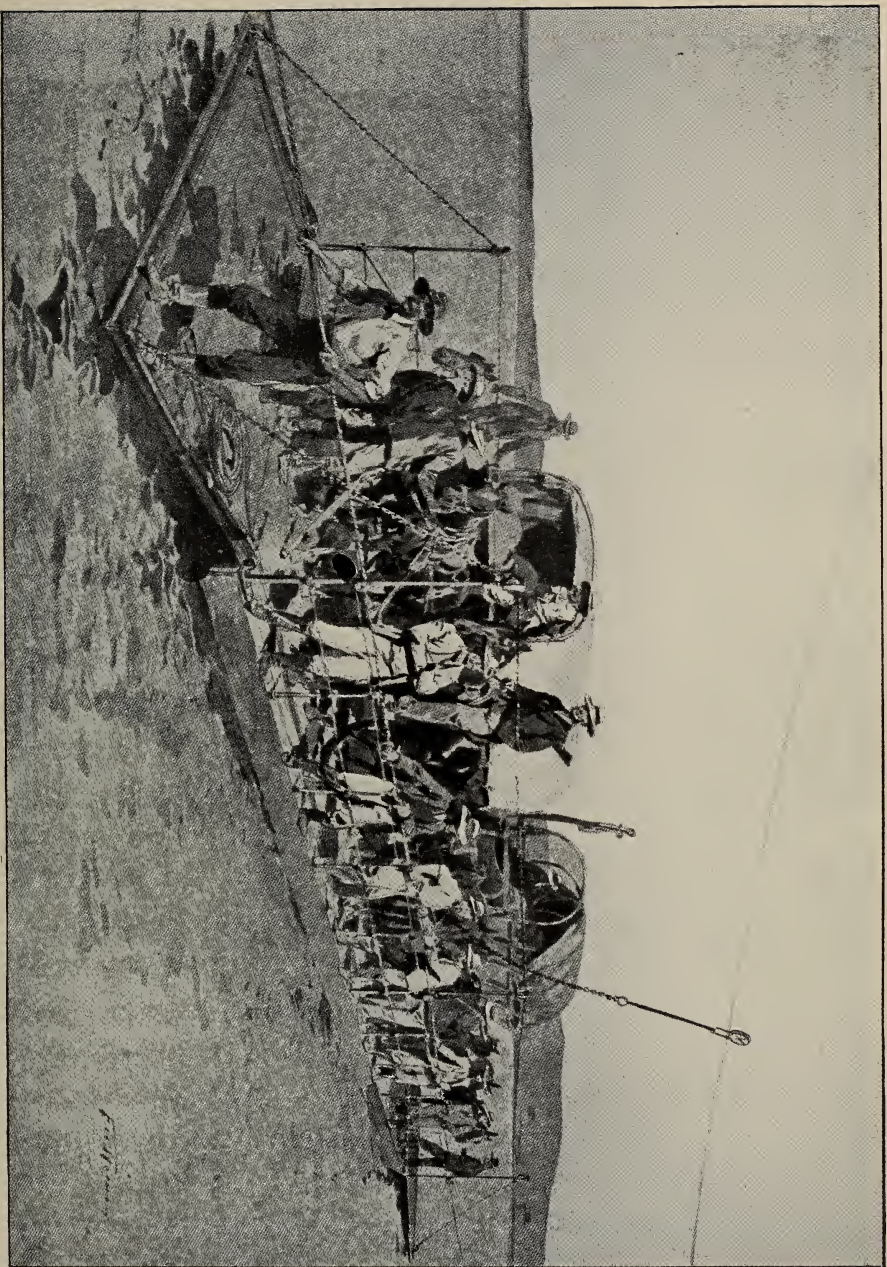
The Ship of Mercy.

As regards the *Maine* herself, she was a freight steamer of the Atlantic Transport line before she was converted into a hospital ship. Her gross tonnage is nearly 3,000 tons; she is 314 feet long by 40 feet broad, and her depth of hold is 27 feet. Her speed is ten to eleven knots. The alterations which have been made in her in order to fit her for a hospital consist chiefly of the addition of a shelter deck and fittings similar to those supplied to her sister ship *Missouri*, which was fitted as a hospital ship for the Spanish-American War. She has four wards and 200 beds. She is painted white, and she has an operating theatre fitted with Röntgen ray apparatus, electric sterilizers, and all the most modern requirements of surgery. She has a crew of fifty, and her medical and nursing staff consists of three surgeons, five nursing sisters and twenty-three "orderlies"—as in England they call the men-nurses. The three medical men are Dr. George Eugene Dodge and Dr. Harry Heth Hodman, of New York, and Dr. Charles Henry Weber, of Philadelphia. Both the first-named surgeons have been the head hospital assistants of Dr. M'Burney at the Roosevelt Hospital. The party of trained

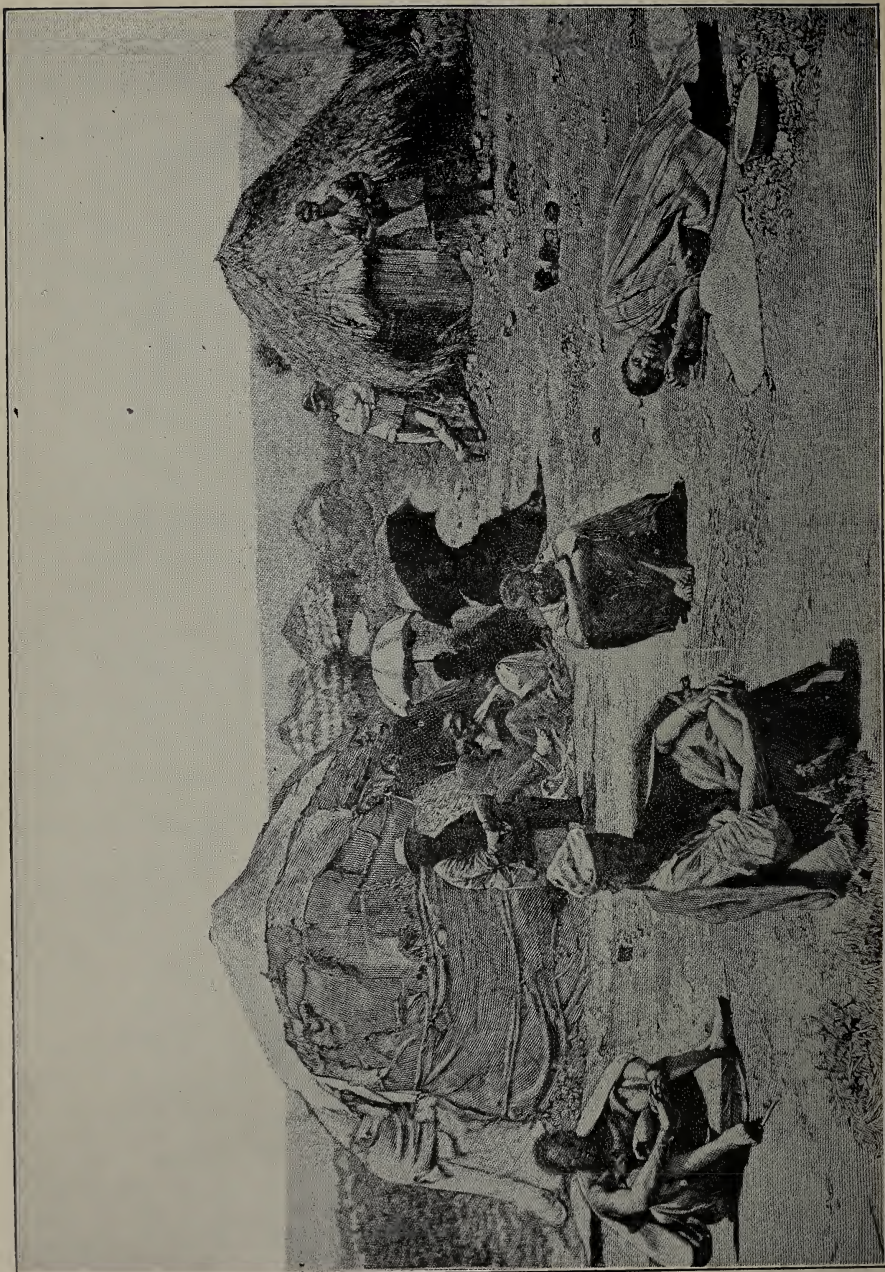
nurses include, Miss M. E. Hibbard, who has served as head of the United States General Hospital at Savannah, and later still has been on duty in the Surgeon General's Office in Washington, and is also Chairman of the Order of Spanish-American War and Army Nurses. Miss Manley also received her training in Philadelphia, of which city she is a native. She has been assistant superintendent in the Pennsylvania Hospital, and she has served as a Red Cross nurse during the late war. Miss McPherson is from Maryland, and graduated from the Rhode Island Training School for Nurses at Providence. She has been in the United States Army service since 1897. Miss McVean is from Scottsville, New York. She received her training at the Bellevue Hospital, and has since seen much active service. An ambulance which was taken over by the American surgeons is the personal gift of Mrs. Whitelaw Reid. It was constructed after designs by Major E. T. T. Marsh. It will carry four wounded, and is fitted for immediate service.

Arrival of General Buller.

Almost simultaneously with the battle at Farquhar's Farm and the disaster at Nicholson's Nek, related in the preceding chapter, General Sir Redvers Buller reached Cape Town to take supreme command of the British forces in South Africa. Sir F. Forestier-Walker and his staff came to meet him. The ship was decked out in bunting from end to end. A guard of honor of the Duke of Edinburgh's volunteers lined the quay. A mounted escort attended the carriage. An enormous crowd gathered outside the docks. At nine o'clock precisely the general stepped on to the gangway. The crew and stokers of the *Dunottar Castle* gave three hearty cheers; the cinematograph buzzed loudly; forty cameras clicked; the guard presented arms and the harbor batteries thundered the salute. Then the carriage drove briskly off into the town through streets bright with waving flags and black with cheering people. So Sir Redvers Buller went back again to South Africa, the land where his first military reputation was made, where he won his first Victoria Cross, the land in which he was now to discharge the heavy task confided to him by the Imperial Government.



Ferry over the Vaal River near Kimberley.



Kaffir Village, Transvaal.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

The Boer Advance—The Defender of Mafeking—Defying the Boers
—An Armored Train Fight—Unique Scene—Falling Back in
Good Order—Small Losses—In a Beleaguered Town—
Boers and Natives—The Kimberley Pot—
At Ladysmith.

WHILE the events recorded in the preceding chapters were occurring in Natal, there were scarcely less important operations elsewhere. The Boers crossed the Orange River at Aliwal North, Bethulie, and elsewhere, and seized Colesburg and other places in Cape Colony. They also pressed the sieges of Mafeking and Kimberley with vigor. Those places were completely isolated from the rest of the world, save for occasional messages sent out by native runners, who made their way through the Boer lines at deadliest peril to their lives. In each case the besieging force enormously outnumbered the garrison. Yet the latter not only held its own but now and then made a sortie, with good effect.

The Defender of Mafeking.

At Mafeking there was a British garrison of some six hundred men, under the command of Captain Baden-Powell, one of the ablest young officers, and the most inveterate practical joker in the British army.

A young man, with the light, foxy hair and the naturally sanguine complexion (when not sunbrowned, as it is in his case, by tropical and South African climates) that takes off years, he did not look his age, which was but a few months more than forty-two. He had the spare, sinewy frame that is deemed essential in the cavalry officer; he was barely above the middle height; he could hardly be called handsome, but he had a keen, bright face, which was pleasing,

if not finely featured. Strength of purpose was seen in his firm mouth, calm resolution in his pale, quiet eyes.

Baden-Powell has himself given us an insight into his character in the words he once penned: "Don't flurry; patience gains the day." It was his motto when his value was first tested as a leader of local levies on the West Coast of Africa under Sir Francis Scott, in the campaign against Prempeh, King of Ashantee. "Softly, softly, catchee monkey," was the native saying he laughingly adopted then, and he buoyed himself up with the philosophical reflection, as he put it, that "a smile and a stick will carry you through any difficulty in the world." His influence was in consequence soon established over his followers, and he got more work than most officers who have led natives with "frames of iron and hearts of mice."

Defying the Boers.

Against him and his handful of men came an army of several thousand Boers, under General Cronjé, who was second in command only to General Joubert himself. A messenger was sent in to Baden-Powell, summoning him to surrender.

"Surrender? Why should I?" asked "B-P."

"To avoid further bloodshed," was the Boer's reply.

"Ah, really!" said "B-P.," with a smile. "Will you be so good as to let me know—ah—when the—the bloodshed is going to begin? Haven't had any in here yet, you know. Any of your men get hurt? Sorry, awfully sorry; but—ah—hadn't they better move away, you know, out of danger? Wha-a-at?"

And the grim Boer could not help laughing.

A few days later General Cronjé sent in another messenger, with a similar summons. It was the early afternoon of a hot day and Baden-Powell was asleep in his easy chair, taking his accustomed siesta. He was aroused and told a messenger had come. The messenger was shown in and stated his errand, saying that General Cronjé did not want to prolong the bombardment and inflict needless damage.

"Ah, really!" said "B-P." Very kind of him; very kind, indeed. But please tell him not to be concerned on my account.

I don't mind it a bit, you know. And I'll send him word when I've had enough. Yes; have a cup of tea?"

And that messenger went away and told Cronjé there was no use in trying to do anything with such a man, whereupon Cronjé thought so, too, and went away in disgust to attack Kimberley, leaving 4000 Boers to besiege 600 Englishmen at Mafeking.

An Armored Train Fight.

There was, of course, some real fighting at Mafeking, with losses chiefly on the Boer side. The first one occurred on October 14. At daybreak that morning the garrison stood to arms, and the Boers were reported to be advancing from the south. At twenty-five minutes past five, a sharp rifle fire was heard from the north, and a galloper reported that the patrol under Lord Charles Cavenish Bentinck was in action. The firing lasted only a few minutes, and then the armored train under Capt. Williams, of the British South African Police, and Lieut. More, of the railway section, was ordered to move out and engage the enemy.

Within seven minutes of Bentinck's engagement, all the outposts had reported having heard his firing, and about twenty minutes to six Capt. Wilson was dispatched to ascertain what had actually happened. It was found that the Boers had retreated, and the alarm flag was then hauled down, and the town guard retired.

A Unique Scene.

The armored train came into action at nine minutes past six. The scene inside it was, perhaps, unique in the annals of modern warfare. The crew of the leading truck, "Firefly," consisted of a detachment of the British South African Police and railway volunteers, Captain Ashley Williams himself being in command, Mr. Gwayne being the driver of the engine, and Mr. A. Moffat acting as stoker. The second truck was in charge of Lieutenant More, an engineer on the Bechuanaland Railway. Number one truck was armed with a Maxim, and its crew mostly with Lee-Metfords. Truck number two, which carried another Maxim, rejoiced in the name of Wasp. A third truck, the Gun, carried a Hotchkiss.

As the train steamed past Lord Charles Bentinck's squadron they were received with a cheer, some one shouting "They can't shoot for nuts; go ahead." About two miles beyond Bentinck's men the Boers, about 600 strong, were sighted to the right front of the trains, and the leading truck immediately opened fire with the Maxims at 300 yards. The Boers replied with quick-firing guns and their Maxim, and in a minute or two both sides were fiercely raining bullets. The British manned every loophole, and as they served their guns passed more than one amusing and sarcastic remark, especially when the Boers retired gradually before them.

The train advanced steadily, and as the Dutchmen now and again discovered the range, and began to drop shells too close, it kept on the move up and down the line, to the discomfiture of the Boer gunners. Meanwhile the Mauser bullets rattled merrily but impotently on the armor, each new discharge or volley being greeted with what the men called "gun laughter."

After the engagement had lasted some time, Colonel Baden-Powell decided that the armored train should return, and he dispatched Captain FitzClarence with a squadron of men to cover the retreat. The train then retired to meet FitzClarence. The troopers moved away to the right of the line.

At first his advance was not opposed, but, after occupying a Kaffir kraal, the Boers attempted to outflank him, and a heavy and determined engagement ensued. The armored train at this juncture was quite unable to assist FitzClarence, as the Boers were attacking his front, and still trying to turn his flank, so that the crew of the train were unable to fire for fear of hitting their own men.

Falling Back in Good Order.

Captain FitzClarence was then ordered to retire on Mafeking, but he sent to the train (which formed a sort of base) to say that, being hampered with his wounded, he could not return without reinforcements. The phonophone, having been connected with the railway line telegraph, this message was wired to headquarters, and in response, Captain Lord Charles Bentinck was ordered to take his squadron and endeavor to disengage FitzClarence.

Meanwhile the British were behaving splendidly, and pressing the Dutch hard. As a result of this, the Boers abandoned their position a little before mid-day, thus allowing FitzClarence, who was unquestionably outnumbered, to commence a retreat in good order.

At this moment a detachment of South African Police, about 12 strong, under Captain Williams, disembarked from the train and proceeded, unarmed, with two stretchers, to the spot where the wounded had been collected, and brought in those who had been rendered absolutely helpless. Those who were in the least able, hardily mounted horses and rode to the armored train. Among them was Lieutenant Braby, of Queenstown, who, though severely hit in the side, rode up to the train.

At this juncture a newspaper correspondent galloped up to the detachment under Williams and informed that officer that more wounded men were lying farther out. The detachment then endeavored to get hold of these wounded, but the Boers opened a heavy fire upon them. The correspondent's report turned out to be unfounded, and all wounded were safely got into the train without further casualties.

FitzClarence, who had the Boers well in hand during the whole engagement, then commenced his retirement on the town, and the armored train triumphantly returned with the wounded at full speed to Mafeking, its crew doing what they could in the way of first aid to relieve those hurt. By luncheon time the red flag was hauled down in the town, and the first scrimmage with the Dutch was over.

Small Losses.

Of the crew of the train only three were struck, one, a man of the British South African Police, in the leading truck, named Corporal Taylor, and J. H. Hodge, a railway man, both of whom were scathed by splinters from a bullet which struck an iron upright, having come through the port-hole of the Maxim gun in the rear truck. A man named Kennedy was also scratched by a splinter. The efficacy of the train proved most thorough, and its crew must have done great execution amongst the Boers. They were able to fire with perfect confidence, feeling themselves secure.

In a Beleaguered Town.

A few evenings later an impromptu concert was given at the chief hotel of Mafeking. The ladies attended neatly dressed, while the men appeared in top-boots, riding breeches and shirt sleeves. The vocal contributions included selections from "The Geisha," "The Gaiety Girl," and other popular operas, and all the choruses were joined in by all present with great enthusiasm. It was difficult to realize during the entertainment that one was in a besieged town, at which the enemy's guns were ready to hurl destruction.

On Sunday, October 22, there was a truce by mutual consent. A letter was received from Commander Cronjé, in which he confessed his inability to carry the town by storm, but warned the garrison that he expected a siege-gun, and would resume the bombardment at daybreak on Monday. This warning, he explained, was given to enable the British to remove their women and children to a place of safety. Commander Cronjé further complained of the numerous Red Cross flags which were flying over the buildings in the town. Colonel Baden-Powell replied that he only wished Commander Cronjé to respect the Red Cross flying over the hospital and convent. The other places at which it was displayed, he said, were stations for the reception of the wounded, and these he might respect or not, as he pleased.

The enemy having taken up a position barring the way to the reservoir, Colonel Baden-Powell desired to ascertain the amount of the damage they had done, even if his men were unable to drive the Boers away. He consequently sent out a force on Monday morning, with instructions to remain at a distance, to "snipe" the enemy, rendering their position untenable. The party, however, got within 100 yards of the Boers, and as soon as they had placed their machine-gun in position the Boers hurriedly withdrew. Two natives were slightly wounded. As a return for Commander Cronjé's courtesy in giving notification of his intended bombardment, Colonel Baden-Powell informed him that the town was surrounded by mines, some of which were arranged to explode automatically, while others were connected with headquarters. He

added that the gaol was chiefly occupied by Commander Cronjé's fellow-countrymen, and that he had hoisted the yellow flag over it to enable him to avoid firing at it. He added that if the Boers insisted on shelling unoffending civilians and women they would afford a precedent for the British when they invested towns in the Transvaal.

Boers and Natives.

Another correspondence passed between Commander Cronjé and Montsioa, the paramount chief of the Baralong tribe. The former wrote to Montsioa informing him that the battle was not between whites and blacks, and asking him to send the women and children away from the stadt, the native compound, as he intended shelling it. Montsioa, after consultation with the magistrate, replied that he was unable to see how Cronjé was not warring with his people, because he was carrying off the cattle and threatening his men with rifles pointed at their breasts. For himself, he said, he was a subject of the Queen, and the Queen had not instructed him to fight, but on the contrary had ordered him to keep quiet, which he would do. He was, he explained, unable to find a safer place for the women and children than his own kraal, because they were unable to sleep in the open veldt without shelter.

The Kimberley Pot.

At Kimberley, the chief event of importance appears to have been the destruction of a local cooking-pot by a Boer shell, coupled with a Boer suggestion that the garrison should surrender on pain of still more terrible bombardment. Colonel Kekewich, the commandant, treated the proposition for capitulation with good-natured scorn, and pieces of the broken cooking-pot were put up at auction and realized high prices as souvenirs.

Mr. Cecil Rhodes improved the time of the siege by building new streets, laying out a park, and otherwise adorning the place. Frequent sorties were made against the besiegers, and heavy losses were inflicted upon the Boers. General Cronjé arrived from Mafeking early in November, and massed an army of twelve thousand or more Boers around Kimberley, but all his efforts to capture the

town and "take Rhodes to Pretoria in an iron cage" were unavailing.

At Ladysmith.

On October 31st the Boers commenced shelling Ladysmith early in the morning, and a proclamation was issued, giving all strangers twenty-four hours' notice to leave the town. On November 2d, telegraphic communication with Ladysmith was cut off. The first communication, by pigeon post, brought the melancholy news that Lieutenant Egerton, R.N., had been wounded in the naval battery and had since died. The investment of Ladysmith was now completed. The Boers occupied all the points of vantage, surrounding the town, and placed heavy guns in position. The town's ammunition and provisions were ample. The garrison amounted to about 10,000 men. A fitful and inefficient bombardment was kept up by the Boers. There were occasional sorties, but no assault on the town, and the investment was not close enough to prevent the British cavalry from being constantly out. General French was able to leave Ladysmith by the last train, previous to the investment, having been ordered to Cape Town to command the cavalry division. Some damage was done by the bombardment. One morning a Boer shell struck the Royal Hotel and burst under the room in which several officers, including Colonel Rhodes, were about to breakfast. A floor plank was blown up and stuck in the ceiling, the crockery was smashed, but not the pictures. Nobody was there. The officers had breakfast five minutes later. Another curious case was that of a telephone-operator of the Irish Fusiliers. He had gone out to get a light for his pipe. A shell burst in the telephone tent, pitched into his jacket and sliced the top off his helmet. The instruments were intact.

Another shell pierced the roof of the Royal Hotel, ricocheted off the wall, flew out the front door, and kicked up a paving stone without bursting. Mr. Stark, a naturalist, who was preparing a book on the entomology of Natal, was standing at the doorway. He was hurled into the street, having both his legs torn off. He said, "Look after my cat!" and then died.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

The Plan of General Buller's Campaign—Lord Methuen's Advance—Belmont—A Gallant Charge—Gras Pan and Enslin—The Great Charge—A Rude Surprise—Marvelous Valor on Both Sides—Modder River—The Boer Position—Boers Superior in Heavy Ordnance—Fully 10,000 Boers—The British Advance—Terrible Shell and Rifle Fire—It Simply Rained Bullets—Rushes for the River—A Welcome Reinforcement—Cavalry in Pursuit of Cronje.

GENERAL BULLER reached Cape Town on the first of November, and soon developed his plan of campaign. This comprised the sending northward of three divisions of his army. One, under Lord Methuen, was to march to the relief of Kimberley; a second, under General Gatacre, was to strike at the Orange River, near Colesburg; and the third, under General Clery, was to advance to the relief of Ladysmith. Of this last General Buller himself at the end of November took general charge. It was intended that all three should reach their objective points at about the same time, so as to engage the enemy in the three places at once. As Lord Methuen had further to go, his army set out first.

On November 1 the Boers advanced in Natal as far as Colenso, between Ladysmith and Pietermaritzburg, while in Cape Colony they captured Colesburg. The next day the Ladysmith garrison made a successful sortie westward, toward Bester's Station, and did much damage to the Orange State army. On the third, the Boers advanced from Colesburg and seized Stormberg, and proclaimed the annexation of that part of Cape Colony to the Orange State. A day or two later the Boers wrecked the bridge over the Orange River near Hopetown, to check the advance of Lord Methuen's army.

Lord Methuen's Advance.

Lord Methuen, with about ten thousand men, reached the Orange River, on his way to Kimberley, on November 12. Some

delay was occasioned by the necessity of rebuilding the bridge which the Boers had broken down, and several small engagements occurred in that neighborhood. General Cronjé hastened down from Mafeking and massed an army of 15,000 or more Boers in strong entrenched positions in front of Lord Methuen, to check his advance. By November 20, however, Lord Methuen had crossed the river and reached Witteputs with little trouble. Two days later the Boers began shelling his army from their fortified hill-tops, and on the 23d the first battle was fought, at Belmont.

Belmont.

Setting out from Fincham's Farm the British advanced guard moved forward as far as Belmont Kopje, but were checked by the Boer shells. A messenger was sent back to Fincham's, and Lord Methuen at once dispatched the artillery to the scene of action.

The guns speedily got to work and shelled the kopje freely, driving the Boers out of their position. Two Boer guns were captured. The British loss was limited to one man, who was slightly wounded by a rifle bullet, but the Boers' casualties are estimated at thirty. Their position had considerable natural advantages. They occupied two isolated kopjes lying a quarter of a mile apart and commanding the open plain on all sides.

The road having been thus cleared, the main British column moved forward from Fincham's Farm and Witteputs at five o'clock in the afternoon, in the direction of Belmont and the Kaffir Kop range. The camp was formed after five miles had been covered. The troops were, however, given but little rest. Preparations were made for a general advance shortly after midnight, and at three o'clock the next morning the attack was delivered.

The position occupied by the bulk of the Boer forces was one of great natural strength among the hills of the Kaffir Kop range. The engagement commenced with a desultory rifle fire, begun by the Boers at a range of one thousand yards, and replied to by the British from the open plain. British artillery soon came into action and opened a heavy shell fire from the south and west on the Boers posted opposite the British right.

Under cover of the guns the Guards and the line battalions advanced with admirable steadiness in extended order.

The Boers remained well hidden until the British line was within seven hundred yards of them. Their artillery then opened fire, but was soon silenced by the battery on the right.

A Gallant Charge.

Directly the Boer guns ceased the 3d Grenadier Guards and the Northumberland Fusiliers charged straight up the face of the kopje in the teeth of a terrible fire. They stopped to raise a cheer when they had gained the summit, and then, without firing a shot, charged with the bayonet into the thick of the Boers, who were by this time in full retreat. They did considerable execution while at close quarters.

Captain Eager and Lieutenant Brine were slain as they were going forward to the assistance of a wounded Boer who was holding up a white flag.

The spectators of the charge by the Grenadiers and Fusiliers agreed that it was a magnificent feat of arms and worthy to rank amongst the most heroic deeds of the British infantry.

As soon as the heights had successively fallen into British hands the Boers broke into flight. Cavalry and mounted infantry were loosed in pursuit, but the movements of the Boers were too rapid to permit of effective work.

The British captured a large number of horses and cattle and took about 50 prisoners. They buried 69 Boers, but the latter's losses were actually much heavier, as they carried away with them a great many of the killed and wounded. They also succeeded in retaining their guns. The British losses were 226 killed and wounded, the Grenadiers alone losing 82 men.

Gras Pan and Enslin.

The next day a British armored train had a skirmish with the Boers at Gras Pan, and then, on November 25, Lord Methuen fought his second battle, at Enslin, between the Kimberley railroad line and the border of the Orange Free State.

As at Belmont, the Boers at Enslin were stationed on kopjes, or hills, about 200 feet high. These were furrowed with trenches, and the ground had been carefully measured to find the ranges. The Boers were well informed of the British movements and had carefully prepared their plan of campaign.

At Enslin the armored train advanced slowly in front of the column and was already in action when the troops reached the battlefield. Lord Methuen deployed the cavalry on the flanks while the artillery took up positions to shell the Boer trenches. At the same time the Ninth Brigade was sent forward in skirmishing order. At six o'clock in the morning an artillery duel began.

The Boer guns were splendidly posted and they had the range to a nicety. Shell after shell burst right over the British batteries, but the British stuck to their guns. One shell struck the armored train. Subsequently the British guns withdrew a distance of 1000 yards. This affected the Boer marksmanship, but the British artillery continued to make splendid practice, the Boers only replying at intervals.

The Great Charge.

Meanwhile the infantry were moving forward in preparation for the attack. The Northamptons worked from the left round to the right, where they were joined by the Yorkshires and Northumberlands. After three hours of the artillery duel Lord Methuen gave the order for the force to advance and occupy the kopje which formed the centre of the position and the stronghold of the Boer defence. This was the great feature of the day. The men advanced to the charge with a brilliancy that could not be surpassed. All believed that the attack would probably be a safe one, and that the position would be won with a trifling loss.

A Rude Surprise.

"When the Naval men started there was," says a correspondent with the British army, "no sign of the enemy. It looked as though our hot shell fire had been too much for them, and that they had fallen back from their line of defense.

"We had a sudden and rude awakening. While the Naval men were two or three hundred yards from the enemy's line they were met by one blaze of fire from right round the kopje. It was so murderous and well sustained that no troops could live before it.

"It was here that Commander Ethelston, Major Plumbe, and other officers were mowed down. The men fell back for a few moments for cover.

"Then the charge was again sounded, and this time, rushing from point to point, taking all the shelter the ground afforded, the men reached the foot of the kopje. What that run was will be realized when I say that the shower of bullets striking the ground gave all the appearance of a raging sand-storm.

"At the foot of the kopje the men halted for an instant only, then, with a wild yell, they went for the hill, burning to revenge themselves for the losses of officers and comrades.

"The capture of the second line of kopjes, every one of which was strongly held, was only accomplished after very severe fighting ; but nothing could resist the impetuous advance of the British infantry, who continued steadily onwards to the last of the enemy's positions.

"Here the fighting was fearful. The brunt of it was borne by the Marines. Though their officers were falling on all sides, the men clambered undauntedly up and over the boulders. Nothing could stop their rush. The remnant of the Boers fled to the plain, where the 9th Lancers were unable to follow them, their horses being exhausted. The detachment of New South Wales Lancers, however, intercepted one party of the enemy attempting to retreat, and, charging, forced them back to their former positions.

Marvelous Valor on Both Sides.

"The fight was a revelation. How the Boers lay low under their defences without making any sign during the terrific shelling of the artillery was regarded as a marvel by military men. It was a feat scarcely expected of them.

"On the other hand, the coolness of our men under fire, the determined work of the sailors and marines, and the persistency

with which all arms worked for the one result, is deserving of the highest praise. The fight was brilliant and picturesque in the extreme.

“Though the Boers sullenly retired their retreat was by no means a rout.”

Modder River.

Lord Methuen left Enslin with the knowledge that another and much more severe battle would have to be fought at Modder River. He had ascertained that the Boers were in strong force on both sides of the river, and would dispute his passage to the last extremity. In their retreat north after the actions of Belmont and Enslin Hill the Boers determined to offer a stubborn resistance to the advance of the Kimberley relief column, and chose for this purpose a position on the Modder River. They could not have had a better. They were well supplied with artillery, and the bridge over the Modder had been wrecked so as to make it impassable. The Boer commandant, with the river between him and the relief force, must have felt that it would require a whole army corps to drive him out. But he did not reckon on the bravery of the British infantry and the precision of its rifle fire and that of its artillery.

The Boer Position.

The Boer position can easily be described. On the south side of the Modder there is a vast plain stretching as far as the eye can reach along the river. The north bank had been strongly fortified. On the east side of the bridge stand the Rostalls Junction Hotel and the Farm Hotel—stone buildings with a number of outhouses of galvanized iron, the whole surrounded by trees. This group of buildings was the centre of the Boer position. Here their main body was concentrated.

On the right the Boer line extended two miles. On the left from the bridge, it extended three miles, reaching beyond the border into Free State territory. The Boer left flank rested on a farmhouse just across the border. The farm was surrounded with earthworks, in which two guns were mounted. There were also two guns on the extreme right and others were distributed along the line.

Boers Superior in Heavy Ordnance.

Close to the bridge were several guns, including a "Long Tom." The Boers were better equipped in the way of heavy ordnance than the British force. About 100 yards in advance of the centre the Boers had a small post. Along the whole of his front he had dug rifle-pits, strengthened with breastworks of sand, revetted with galvanized-iron plates and with parapets of sand-bags. These works were admirably constructed and gave the riflemen absolutely bullet-proof cover.

Fully 10,000 Boers.

For several days before the battle Boers from both the Free State and the Transvaal were pouring into the Modder River position. There must have been fully 10,000 present on the day of battle. Lord Methuen did not anticipate encountering such a strong force there. Commandants Cronjé and Delarey, of Kimberley, were in command.

The British force, consisting of the Scots Guards, Grenadiers and Coldstreams, under Sir Henry Colville, the Northumberland Fusiliers and West Yorkshire Regiment, under General Pole-Carew, and the 9th Lancers, the New South Wales Lancers, the Mounted Infantry and three batteries of the Royal Field Artillery, advanced from Gras Pan on Monday and camped five miles from the Modder that night.

The British Advance.

"At daybreak on Tuesday," says a British correspondent on the field, "the British advanced to the attack. Our patrols of Lancers and mounted infantry drew the enemy's fire all along the line. The engagement began at five o'clock, one of our batteries opening fire against the enemy's extreme left at a range of 4500 yards. At our third shot the enemy's guns at the farmhouse on the left replied, sending several shells in quick succession into the midst of our battery and its cavalry escort. The artillery duel became general along the line, our batteries engaging the Boer centre and right. The Boer shells fell fast. Their range was excellent, but happily few exploded.

"After two hours of this artillery engagement, the infantry brigades deployed under cover of our artillery, and the line advanced. On the right were the Scots Guards, then the Grenadiers and the Coldstreams, and then the West Yorkshire and the North-umberlands and half a battalion of the Lancashire. The 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, under Colonel Gough, arrived just in time to participate in the fight. They were at first pushed forward to support the Guards on the right, but later on were used to reinforce the 9th Brigade on our left.

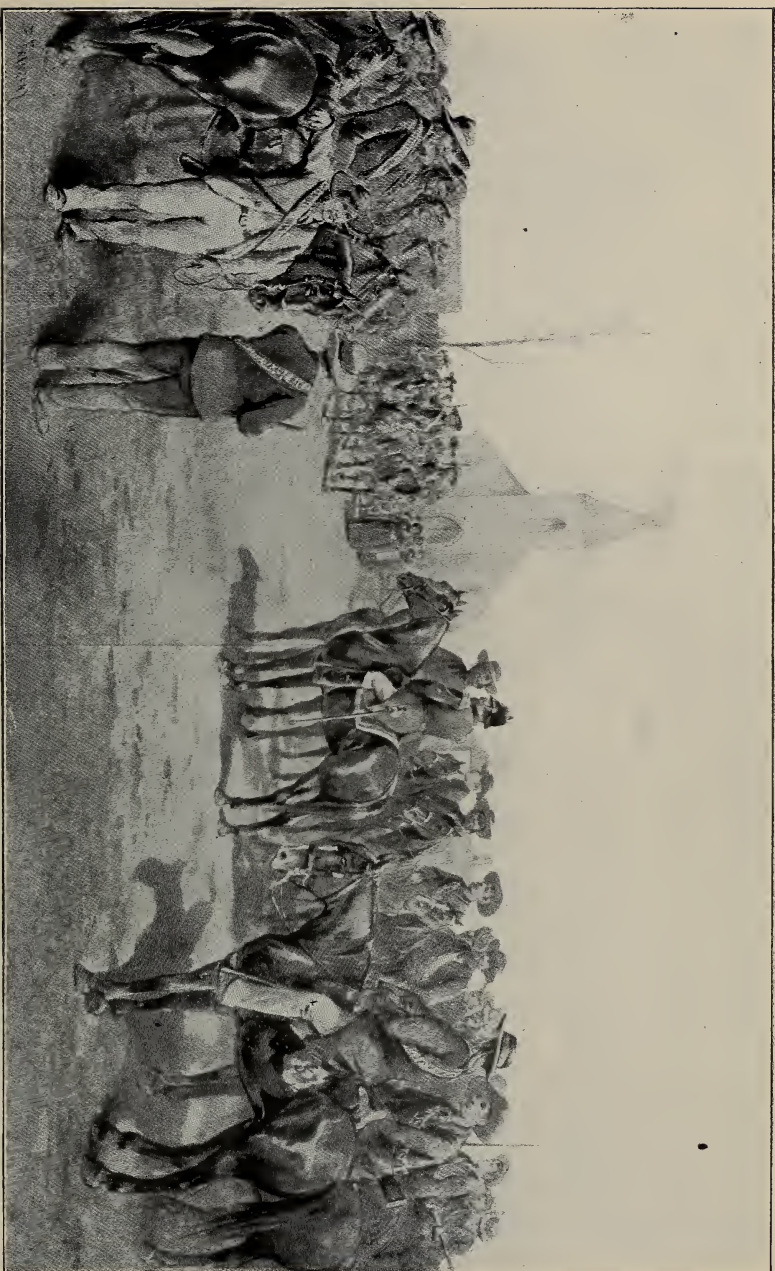
Terrible Shell and Rifle Fire.

"The enemy hailed shells on our infantry, but not a rifle shot was fired at the British until they were within 800 yards of the Boer position. Then a fearful rifle fire broke out from the entrenchments, supplemented by that of several Nordenfeldt-Maxims. The bullets poured upon our advancing line, but all the time it was absolutely impossible to catch a glimpse of the enemy. Our men fired as best they could, while under this withering fusillade they fell in scores. There was no cover procurable, so the order was given to the men to lie down, and then for three hours it rained lead without intermission. I have never seen such a terrible fire as the British were exposed to. It meant instant death to stand upright.

"By a series of short rushes our men sought to get to closer quarters with the enemy. Bravely and well they fought. Undismayed by the torrent of shot and shell, the British strove to press forward, pouring volley after volley into the enemy's works. The ground was strewn with our dead. The British officers set a magnificent example to our men, sacrificing themselves unhesitatingly. Thus fell Colonel Stopford, of the Coldstreams, and many others, till the ground was littered with our dead.

"It Simply Rained Bullets."

"At length the Scots Guards reached the bed of a dried-up watercourse. They dashed into it, while the hail of the enemy's bullets swept over their heads. Then up the slope of the opposite bank they climbed, till they stood again on the level ground, fully



Inspection of Boers in a Dorp.



Town Hall and Lancashire Regiment, Kimberley.

exposed to the enemy's fire from across the river. The cover afforded by the watercourse was gone, and they were assailed in front and flank by a murderous fire. It simply rained bullets. No one could live under this sweeping fire, and they lost heavily. Meanwhile the Grenadiers and Coldstreams and the Northumberlands, the Highlanders, and the rest of the 9th Brigade were pushing gallantly forward on both sides of the railway, which bisected our advancing line. The railway line is here higher than the surrounding plain, and everyone who tried to advance along it was hit.

"The whole of our line was now about 600 yards from the south bank of the river, and taking advantage of the little cover procurable, our infantry lay for hours returning the Boer fire. Not one of the enemy was to be seen. It was haphazard shooting. No soldiers save British could have endured such a trying experience.

Rushes for the River.

"Several rushes were now made for the river at various points. A company of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders succeeded in getting across; but they lost heavily, and had to fall back to the south bank. We found five of their dead in the Boer entrenchments.

"The Northumberlands and the Guards also attempted the desperate task, and the former surprised a number of the enemy, who were all bayoneted. While the Argylls were pushing across the river they were fired on from the house and several fell, on which a dozen of the Highlanders stormed the house, and, though the enemy hoisted the white flag, no quarter was given. They were all shot. The enemy had acted most unscrupulously, shelling our field hospital, so that some of our wounded were killed, and repeatedly firing on our stretcher parties.

"Colonel Codrington, of the Coldstreams, with twenty of his men, and Colonel Sellheim, of the Queensland Volunteers, despite a terrible fire, swam across the river and closely reconnoitred the enemy. They had to swim back through the deep river and the strong current, joining hands. Two of the men were swept away, and Codrington was rescued from the stream with difficulty.

A Welcome Reinforcement.

"In the afternoon our artillery concentrated its fire on the centre of the Boer position, our naval battery on the left making some very fine shooting. At three o'clock the 62d Battery of the Royal Field Artillery, with a detachment of the Munster Fusiliers, arrived by train from Orange River Station. This was a very welcome reinforcement.

"The effect of our artillery fire was soon visible. That of the enemy slackened, and then ceased, except the Long Tom in the centre, which blazed away to the last. The British shells were setting fire to the buildings held by the enemy along the river bank and drove them out, many of the houses collapsing. Our shells must have killed hundreds of the Boers in the trenches. We ascertained to-day that the enemy were terrified by the effect of our shells. Numbers of them threw down their rifles and fled.

Cavalry in Pursuit of Cronje.

"The contingent headed by Cronjé retreated about four o'clock towards Langeberg. Others followed in quick succession, heading for Jacobsdal. The firing continued on both sides till darkness closed in. About eight o'clock the main body of the enemy retired, taking the guns with them. In all, the fight lasted fourteen hours.

"Next day the British again shelled the Boer position, and, when there was no reply, a cavalry patrol crossed the river and discovered that the enemy had fled. They visited the Boer entrenchments, and saw the dead lying everywhere. There were also numerous graves where the enemy had buried a number of the slain. The buildings occupied by the enemy were masses of smoking ruins. The column crossed to-day, and is now in full possession of both banks of the river. Our cavalry pursued the enemy for some miles, taking a number of prisoners."

After this hard-won but decisive victory it was supposed Lord Methuen would quickly and easily advance to the relief of Kimberley; but such was not to be the case, as we shall presently see.

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

The Situation in Natal—Naval Batteries for Inland Work—Estcourt—
The Armored Train—The Boer Advance—Disaster to the Train—
A Correspondent's Work—The Naval Batteries on Land—
Good Work for the Guns—Gun Mottoes—A Brilliant Sortie—Surprising the Boers—Destruction of the Gun—The Return to Camp.

THE military position in Natal in the first days of November, after the complete investment of Ladysmith, was one of considerable anxiety. The Boers were believed to be intending to detach a considerable force, perhaps 5000 or 6000 men, from the siege of Ladysmith and advance on Maritzburg. The only troops in the colony were the small force at Estcourt, composed of the Dublin Fusiliers, the Durban Light Infantry, a mounted company of the 60th Rifles, a squadron each of Natal Carabiniers and Imperial Light Horse, and a battery of the Natal Field Artillery, who had been squeezed out by the Boers from communication with the main body at Ladysmith, and subsequently forced to retire from Colenso by the approach of a large Boer force with artillery on Grobler's Hill, which commands that village from the north. These were strengthened by the battalion of the Border Regiment, which had been hurriedly sent round from the Free State border of Cape Colony. The total force assembled at Estcourt was scarcely 2000 men. Besides these there were no troops in Natal whatsoever, though additional volunteer forces, Thorneycroft's Light Horse, Bethune's Horse, Murray's Horse, and Imperial Light Infantry, were being hastily raised in Durban and Maritzburg. The call for volunteers was readily responded to, but a force raised in a few days could hardly be considered sufficient for the protection of so large a tract of country.

On November 6th the *Terrible* arrived and Captain Scott at once prepared to assume the direction of the land defenses of

Durban. It was due to Captain Scott's energy and initiative that successful experiments had been made some weeks before with the mounting of naval guns on improvised carriages, which led to the sending up of the *Powerful's* guns, under Captain Lambton, in time to save Ladysmith from being overpowered by the superior artillery brought down from Pretoria by General Joubert.

Naval Batteries for Inland Work.

Preparations had already been begun in Simonstown, and on the voyage round the *Terrible* had been converted into a regular arsenal, where the construction of axles and bolts and the fitting together of gun-carriages went on night and day in spite of the most boisterous of southwesterly gales. Within a few hours of arriving outside of Durban the *Terrible* landed one 4.7-inch 48-pounder gun with a range of 13,000 yards, sixteen naval 12-pounds with a range of 9000 yards, two ordinary military 12-pounds and a number of 3-pounds and Maxims. Other guns were landed from the *Thetis*, which had come round the east coast of Africa, as well as from the *Tartar* and *Forte*. All the men-of-war in the harbor likewise landed detachments of bluejackets in khaki, with khaki-painted straw hats, and in two days Durban was made strong enough to resist any force that could be brought to bear against it. So strong, indeed, was the force, and so unlikely the prospect of an attack on Durban by any large army, that there was a general feeling of disappointment among the representatives of the Navy that Admiral Harris's orders strictly prevented any moving of the guns beyond Durban. If the sailors on the spot had been allowed their own way they would, no doubt, have taken the most of the guns straight up to Estcourt, with the determination to hasten on to the relief of Ladysmith the moment a sufficient force of infantry could be collected together.

Estcourt.

The whole burden of a possible defense of Maritzburg lay on the little force at Estcourt. For this task it was but poorly qualified, not only by its smallness but by its composition and the character

of the country. It was almost entirely an infantry force. The three small mounted detachments that had come down with it from Ladysmith were insufficient even for scouting purposes. The antiquated 9-pounders of the Natal Field Artillery with their limited range of less than 4000 yards could hardly be reckoned capable of meeting the guns that the Boers might bring against them. Estcourt, like every other town or village in Natal, lies in a hollow surrounded by hills, and can only be safely held by a force large enough to occupy the whole range of encircling heights. But there was no other position that could well be taken without abandoning the protection of the railway and endangering the line of retreat on Maritzburg which it was essential to keep open. At any rate, it was not so completely dominated by surrounding heights as Colenso, and it was sufficiently advanced to keep to some degree in touch with the movements of the Boer forces, and whenever possible to secure communication with Ladysmith by heliograph or by means of native runners. Accordingly the small force at Estcourt was instructed to remain there as long as it could do so with safety, but to fall back along the railway line if there was any danger of its being surrounded. The task which General Wolfe Murray and, after November 10, Colonel Long had to carry out was not a very satisfactory one. The force was too small to venture on an effective attack on the Boers, and not mobile enough to harass them or even to keep properly in touch with them. The mere task of furnishing pickets for the numerous roads leading out of Estcourt absorbed a very considerable portion of the men. It was impossible to do anything heroic, and General Wolfe Murray probably did the best thing possible in taking his men on route marches to get them into proper trim by the time reinforcements should arrive.

The Armored Train

The only other active operation was the daily expedition of the armored train up the line towards Colenso. What the object of these expeditions was it really is not quite easy to discover. Every one in camp from the very first predicted the disaster which eventually occurred, but with strange *insouciance* a new officer and another

company or two of the overworked little force were dragged for several hours every day in the stifling boxes of boiler iron. The construction of the train was of the simplest character. It consisted merely of open trucks with walls of thick boiler plate all round to a height of about seven feet from the floor of the trucks. In these walls were three rows of loopholes, and outside were a few handles for climbing up. The trucks had no sliding doors and the only method of getting in was by clambering over the sides, a feat quite impossible to do with a rifle in one hand, and very difficult and slow without. No more admirable target could be devised than a soldier climbing in and out of one of these death-traps. In a perfectly flat country a properly constructed armor train may be of some use for reconnoitering purposes. But between Estcourt and Colenso the line was like a regular switchback railway up and down a number of narrow valleys, and there is not a point for twenty miles up from which an unbroken view of 500 yards can be obtained on both sides of the line. For scouting purposes the armored train was perfectly useless. It could see nothing itself, while the puffing of its approach could be heard miles off. It had not even the advantage of speed. To sum up, the armored train was about as useful as one singularly inefficient scout, while, at the same time, it daily endangered the lives of 100 or 150 men.

The Boer Advance.

About November 11th the Boers, who had been perfectly inactive on Grobler's Hill for the whole preceding week, began to show signs of advancing. Skirmishing parties entered Chieveley, the next station south of Colenso, while others were reported to be advancing east of Estcourt towards Weenen, and it was feared that an attempt might be made by them to march south of Estcourt and Mooi River. On the 13th, the battalion of the West Yorkshire Regiment arrived, and was followed early the next morning by the naval detachment from the *Tartar*, which had been sent up from Maritzburg. On the morning of the 14th it was reported that the Boers were advancing in some force along the Colenso and Weenen roads, and on the firing of an alarm gun at about eleven o'clock the

camp was mobilized. Almost the whole force was sent out on to the hills east of the town, while at the same time tents were struck and the wagons packed, so that everything should be ready for an immediate retreat if a serious attack by any very large force should be contemplated. The Boers, however, who probably did not number much more than 200 men, and were a scouting and foraging party rather than an attacking force, made no attempt to advance, after having exchanged a few rounds with the mounted detachments which Colonel Long had sent to the front, but remained on the hills behind Hodgson's farm, about five miles north-east of Estcourt. Heavy rain fell in the afternoon, which made things very uncomfortable for the soldiers. For though it had been decided not to retreat that night it was thought wiser to let the men bivouac out in the open and not to pitch the tents again until sufficient reinforcements arrived to render Estcourt absolutely secure.

Disaster to the Train.

On that same day a mounted patrol advanced beyond Chieveley and found the Boers had tried to blow up a culvert, without doing more than bending the rails upwards, and drove a party of them who were engaged in breaking up the line in headlong flight. The next morning the armored train went out at five o'clock, this time with a naval seven-pounder and six men of the *Tartar's* gunners on an open truck in front of the train. Behind the gun was an armored truck, then the engine, then two more armored trucks, and an open car containing track-layers' materials. Captain Haldane, of the Gordons, was in command, with one company of the Dublin Fusiliers, and a company of the Durban Light Infantry. The train went nearly as far as Chieveley. On its way back, about one and a half miles from Frere, it was fired upon from rising ground on both sides of the line, and a perfect shower of bullets and shells from three guns poured into it at some 800 yards distance with an accuracy which evidently showed that the range had been marked beforehand. Full speed was put on, but shortly afterwards the track-layers' car and the two armored trucks, which were now in front, ran off the rails at a curve and toppled over.

The 7-pounder fired three shots after the train stopped, but was then struck by a shell and disabled. The Dublins scrambled out of their trucks and spread out into skirmishing order, and a running fight was carried on by them and some of the Durban with the enemy, who kept carefully under cover on the surrounding kopjes, at from 800 to 1,500 yards away. Our men endeavored subsequently when the engine got off to get back towards the bend in the Blaauw Krantz river towards Frere, but it is evident that they failed to escape being surrounded.

A Correspondent's Work.

Meanwhile, an attempt was made to get the derailed trucks in front of the line, so as to allow the engine to escape. It was here that Mr. Winston Churchill, who was in the train as correspondent of the "Morning Post," distinguished himself by his courage and presence of mind, superintending the moving of the trucks and taking over the control of the engine from the wounded engineer. After nearly an hour's hard work and harder fighting the line was cleared, but the cars behind had to be uncoupled and left. As many of the wounded and non-combatants as could be found were picked up by Mr. Churchill and a few other courageous volunteers and put on the engine and tender, which then steamed off towards Frere. Captain Haldane and Mr. Churchill, however, got off again to take part in the fighting, and are missing with about 130 others. Captain Haldane was reported to have been wounded in the shoulder and Mr. Churchill in the hand. The rest of the force surrendered soon after, as the Boers told Dr. Bristoe, when he came out to ask for information about the casualties, that there were only three killed and ten wounded. Colonel Long on receipt of the news had at once sent out all available mounted men, about 180 all told, to Estcourt, to try and relieve the force that had thus been caught in a trap, but they came too late.

The Naval Batteries on Land.

The most interesting feature of the siege of Ladysmith was the effective use of naval batteries so far inland.

From the first it would seem that what was wanted was long-range guns which could shell the enemy at a distance outside the range of their Mauser rifles, and the captain of the *Terrible*, therefore, proposed a field mounting for the naval long 12-pounder of 12 cwt., which has a much longer range than any artillery gun out here. A pair of wagon wheels were picked up, a balk of timber used as a trail, and in twenty-four hours a 12-pounder was ready for land service. Captain Scott then designed a mounting for a 4.7-inch naval gun by simply bolting a ship's mounting down to four pieces of piling. Experts declared that the 12-pounder would smash up the trail, and that the 4.7-inch would turn a somersault; the designer insisted, however, on a trial. When it took place nothing of the kind happened, except that at extreme elevation the 12-pounder shell went 9000 yards, and the 4.7-inch (lyddite) projectile 12,000 yards. Captain Scott was, therefore, encouraged to go ahead, and four 12-pounders were fitted and sent around to Durban in the *Powerful*, and also two 4.7-inch guns.

Good Work of the Guns.

A naval officer, writing from the camp, says: "The Boers complain that we are not 'playing the game;' they only expected to fight Rooineks, not sailors who use guns that range seven miles, and they want us to go back to our ships. One of our lyddite shells went over a hill into their camp, killed fourteen men and wounded thirty. Guns of this description are not, according to the Boer idea, at all proper, and they do not like our way of 'staggering humanity.' Had these guns been landed earlier how much might have been saved! It is a peculiar sight to see the 4.7-inch fired. Many thought it would turn over, but Captain Percy Scott appears to have well calculated the stresses; there is, with a full charge of cordite, a slight rise of the fore end, which practically relieves all the fastenings. Hastily put together, and crude as it looks, it really embraces all the points of a scientific mounting, and it wants a great expert to pronounce an opinion on it. The gun is mounted so high that to the uninitiated it looks as if it must turn over on firing, but it does not, and the higher the angle of elevation, the less

strain there is on it. The arrival of our guns practically put the R. A. guns out of use, for they come into action 2000 yards behind those supplied to the soldiers and then make better practice. Their arrival has, everyone admits, quite changed the situation."

Captain Scott also rigged up a searchlight on a railway truck with flash attachment, the idea being to use it for communication with Kimberley and Ladysmith. It has been tested at a distance of forty miles, and proved a great success.

Gun Mottoes.

Each mounting, by the way, has an inscription upon it, presumably concocted by the ship's painter. One, a parody upon the Scotch proverb, runs: "Those who sup with me will require a devil of a long spoon;" another, "For what we are going to receive, may the Lord make us truly thankful—Oom Paul"; and a third, "Lay me true and load me tight, the Boers will soon be out of sight."

A Brilliant Sortie.

One of the most brilliant and successful sorties made from Ladysmith was that of December 8, effected at night by the Natal Volunteers, under the leadership of General Hunter. The force consisted of 500 Natal Volunteers, under Colonel Royston, and 100 Imperial Light Horse, under Major Edwards, together with a small detachment of engineers and artillerymen under Captain Fowke and Lieutenant Turner, R.E. Major Henderson, of the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, accompanied the party.

More than one halt had to be called to collect the scattered soldiers before the storming party reached its objective—the eminence known as Gun Hill, whence the Boer "Long Tom" has for so long been throwing its shells into the town.

At length it rose out of the darkness, a precipitous ascent of 400 feet, completely commanding the plain outstretched below it. Without waiting for the word of command, the men extended into a single line along the face of the hill, and began to make their way up. It was a stiff climb over great boulders and loose stones, with, towards the summit, a steep shelf of rock to surmount.

Surprising the Boers.

The force had made considerable progress towards the top before they were challenged by a Boer picket posted amid the bush on the plain. No answer was returned, and the sentries at once took the alarm. They raised a frantic shout of "Shoot, shoot! The Redcoats are upon you!" and effectually roused their comrades above to a sense of the situation.

A rifle shot rang out, and then another, and Major Henderson and one of the guides fell wounded.

The Boers on the crest of the hill—who, it appears, had been nearly surprised in their sleep—rushed to the edge and opened an indiscriminate fire. It was impossible, however, to see anything except the red flashes at the muzzles of the rifles.

The alarm had been taken too late, and the defense was unavailing. Firing a few shots in reply, the storming party dashed upwards with ringing cheers and secured a footing on the top.

The well-known aversion of the Boers to any form of hand-to-hand fighting served the British in good stead. Some one called out, "Fix bayonets!" notwithstanding that there were only four bayonets, belonging to the sappers, in the whole force, and at the cry of "Give them the cold steel!" the enemy turned and fled into the darkness.

In order to give the rest of the force time to complete its work, Major Edwards, who was the first man to set foot on the summit, led his men of the Imperial Light Horse to the far side of the hill, and poured volleys in the direction of the Boer retreat.

Destruction of the Gun.

Meanwhile, the volunteers and sappers were making a hurried search for the big guns. For a moment the horrible thought arose that there might be no guns at all—that the enemy, as had often been the case of late, had somehow got wind of the projected attack and had removed the cannon to a safe distance.

But at last, to the delight of everybody, "Long Tom" itself was discovered, snugly ensconced behind a parapet of sandbags no less than 31 feet thick. A 4.7-inch howitzer was found in an em-

placement hardly less strong, with a Maxim gun between the two—posted there, apparently, for the purpose of repelling any such assault as the one that had actually been delivered.

Lieutenant Turner, with a party of two sappers and six artillerymen, at once took charge of "Long Tom," and, getting to work with crowbars and hammers, smashed the breech and the elevating gear. Two charges of gun-cotton were then placed in the breech and muzzle and connected with fuses.

While "Long Tom" was thus being provided for, similar attentions were bestowed on the howitzer by Captain Fowke and the other sappers and gunners.

The preparations being complete, General Hunter ordered the men to make their way back down the hill, and the fuses were lighted with the burning ends of the officers' cigars.

Everybody fell back, excepting Captain Fowke, who remained midway between the big guns, and, after a couple of minutes' suspense, a loud report showed the object had been accomplished.

Captain Fowke hastened to examine the debris, and found that the 6-inch gun had two gaping holes in its muzzle, which was badly bulged, and that the breech and rifling had been destroyed beyond all chance of repair. The howitzer was in an even worse plight, the explosion having wrecked the carriage as well as the gun.

The Maxim was seized and carried off, and the men began the return journey to camp across the plain, without being in any way molested by the enemy.

The Return to Camp.

In the course of the march back, the storming party were joined by a body of 400 of the Natal Volunteers, who had come out to protect the flanks. The town was reached just as dawn was breaking, and the triumphant little force were received with enthusiasm by their comrades.

Sir George White himself met them at the farthest outpost, and expressed himself highly pleased with the result of the sortie. He afterwards visited the men in camp and congratulated them in the warmest terms.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

**A Week of British Disasters—Meeting the Foe—Forced to Retire—
Magersfontein—Making the Attack—Fine Work of the Boers—
Heroic Deeds—Dreadful Losses—The Third Disaster.**

CLOSE upon the successful sortie from Ladysmith recorded in the preceding chapter came a series of disasters all along the British line. The first was at the centre, where General Gatacre was led into a Boer ambush. General Gatacre left Putter's Kraal, his headquarters, in the afternoon of December 9th with a fighting force slightly over 4000 strong, including a battalion of the Northumberland Fusiliers, the Royal Irish Rifles, details of mounted infantry, and the 77th and 74th Field Batteries. Train was taken as far as Molteno, and thence the force proceeded on foot.

The night march was a memorable one. The moon shone brightly till half past eleven, and then went down. On and on went Gatacre's men, tramping over a rocky surface road, kicking against stones, and occasionally pulled up by large boulders, which had fallen in the way, and ever and anon striking off into the veldt, where the footing was softer, and the ceaseless tramping was silenced.

Thus for seven hours the little force slipped and tumbled onwards until a natural basin was entered, at the end of which, the Rooi Kop, the enemy's main position, stood out in strong silhouette against the morning sky.

Meeting the Foe.

Morning was just breaking, and it was comparatively bright. Just as the Irish Rifles, with Gen. Gatacre and his staff at the head of the column were entering the depression, a hot and unexpected fire was opened by the Boers on the right. Following the

Rifles were 106 of the Northumberland Fusiliers, and the rear was brought up by the artillery.

The column was marching four abreast, but notwithstanding the suddenness and fierceness of the attack, there was not the slightest confusion or consternation. Gen. Gatacre and his officers, with the utmost coolness and promptitude, brought the column into line of action, and in a short time the battle was raging at its hottest.

The British artillery climbed up and got into position to the left, on the side of a small kopje, while the Rifles and Northumberland Fusiliers clambered up the hill held by the Boers in skirmishing order. They were met by a galling fire, but bravely pressed forward, and, notwithstanding the extremely difficult nature of the ground, succeeded in reaching the top.

Forced to Retire.

When they arrived there, however, they found they were the centre of a tremendously hot rifle fire, which was poured in upon them from three different directions in flank and rear, and they were forced to retire.

Meanwhile the artillery had got into action, and drew the fire of the enemy's guns. A protracted artillery duel ensued, in which the guns belched forth a terrific fire, demoralizing the Boer gunners in the fort which they had constructed at the corner of the kopje.

The position being unassailable, and the Boers in overwhelming numbers, the British infantry, with Maxim detachments, were ordered to retire towards Molteno. The artillery remained to cover the retreat.

Their fire was terrific; but the Boers brought their guns along the tops of the kopjes and followed the troops on the road below for miles, sending shell after shell down into the valley. The Boers' practice was good, their shells dropping and bursting on the road-way close to the British, but so skillfully were the troops handled that not a man was hit during this stage of the retirement.

Finally, the Boers gained a kopje commanding the road at closer range, and from this position opened with rifle fire.

The bullets, however, fell short, and the troops arrived at Molteno about 11 A. M., after some thirty hours' work, including a desperate engagement lasting three hours.

Not less than 607 British soldiers of the Northumberland Fusiliers and Irish Rifles were taken prisoners by the Boers, and the net result of the whole affair was a serious loss to the British. The British lost 25 killed and 68 wounded. The Boer loss was only 5 killed and 14 wounded.

Magersfontein.

Almost simultaneously with this disaster to General Gatacre came a drawn battle amounting almost to a disaster to Lord Methuen, at Magersfontein, north of the Modder River, and just across the Orange frontier—the first engagement on Boer ground.

No precaution that could be dictated by prudence had been overlooked. On Saturday the kopjes occupied by the Boers were heavily shelled by the Naval Brigade, and on Sunday the howitzer battery and others, with the Naval 4.7 gun, poured a hot fire into the Boer laager and kopjes.

The latter operation was planned in the way best calculated to demoralize the Boers. The Naval gun was posted to the west of the railway and the batteries to the east, with the Northamptonshire Regiment, the Yorkshire Light Infantry and the Cavalry in support.

The whole of the Artillery shelled the position, almost without intermission, until nightfall, the howitzers and the Naval gun using lyddite with destructive effect. The Boers, however, made but a feeble attempt to reply with the twelve guns at their disposal.

Making the Attack.

At midnight, on Sunday, the Highland Brigade, under Major General Wauchope, consisting of the 1st Highland Light Infantry, the 1st Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders, the 2d Royal Highlanders, and the 2d Seaforth Highlanders, were ordered to move on the enemy's position. They were led thither by guides, through a night the darkness of which was intensified by a heavy rainfall.

At twenty minutes past three, while they were still in quarter column, they encountered a terrific fire from the trenches at the base of the kopjes in the occupation of the Boers.

Although it was not yet daylight, the Boers' volleys did tremendous execution at a point-blank range of 300 yards.

The Brigade was compelled to fall back after suffering heavy loss. The old 42d (the Black Watch) could, on reforming, muster only 160 men.

Nothing more could be done until the rest of the main body had come up. Then, at daybreak, the artillery, consisting of thirty-one guns, began a bombardment which lasted throughout the day, the howitzers, as before, throwing their heavy lyddite shells.

The Boers made no attempt to reply with their guns until the evening, when a few shells were sent among the troops.

But though their artillery was virtually silent, their rifle fire was so persistent, concentrated, and well-aimed that it was impossible for the British infantry to take their position by assault.

Fine Work of the Boers.

A detachment of Boers, posted among some thick bushes to the east, kept up a most destructive fire on the British right, and, with that remarkable talent for taking cover which they have displayed throughout, the Boers were practically invisible.

In the course of the forenoon, the 1st Battalion of the Gordon Highlanders were sent to the front by Lord Methuen, and advanced with the utmost gallantry to attack the enemy's centre, close to the place where lay their dead and wounded comrades of the Highland Brigade.

It was, however, physically impossible even for these troops to take the enemy's trenches. The Boers had had free recourse to barbed wire entanglements, which offered sufficient obstacles even after the damage inflicted by the fire of the artillery.

Heroic Deeds.

Many acts of heroism are recorded. An officer of the army Medical Corps attended the sick in the firing line until he was killed.



A Wealthy Burgher.



Sir Redvers Buller, British Commander-in-Chief.

A Seaforth Highlander told that while he was lying wounded he saw a Boer, a typical German in appearance, faultlessly dressed, with polished top-boots, walking about among the ant-hills, with a cigar in his mouth, picking off the British troops. He was quite alone, and it was very apparent, from his frequent use of field-glasses, that he was doing his best to single out the officers.

A wounded Boer prisoner, who was brought in with the wounded Highlanders, stated that one lyddite shell which was fired on Sunday fell plump in the middle of a large open-air prayer-meeting, which was being held to offer up supplications for the success of the Boer arms. The lyddite shells are reported to have had an enervating effect on the Boers who, while not objecting to taking the risk of rifle fire, when safely entrenched, objected to the "gift (poison) bombs," as the shells are described.

Dreadful Losses.

The losses on both sides in this battle were very heavy. The famous Black Watch Regiment, on the British side, was nearly annihilated, and the guards suffered heavily. Among the killed were the gallant and distinguished General Wauchope and Lord Winchester, the premier Marquis of England. On the Boer side the loss was even heavier, the total roll of dead and wounded amounting to nearly 2,000.

It was the bloodiest battle of the war thus far, and the most indecisive. Both armies remained where they had been before. But, morally, it was a disaster to the British. It showed that Lord Methuen's force was not strong enough to break through the Boer line for the relief of Kimberley; and it tended greatly to increase disaffection among the Dutch of Cape Colony. Hundreds of these joined the Boers as a result of General Gatacre's mishap. Thousands of them did so after this terrible check to Lord Methuen's advance.

The Third Disaster.

Nor was that all. The British had now suffered disaster to two of the three armies that were moving northward. News from the

third was anxiously awaited, and when it came, to the dismay of all Britain, it, too, was bad. General Buller had personally taken charge of the advance in Natal, toward Ladysmith, and he met, at the Tugela River, a repulse even worse than that of either Gatacre or Methuen. This occurred on December 15, in the same week with the other two reverses. On the evening of that day General Buller himself sent to London this report of his mishap :

“I regret to report serious reverse.

“I moved in full strength from camp near Chieveley this morning at 4 A. M.

“There are two fordable places in the Tugela, and it was my intention to force passage through at one of them.

“They are about two miles apart and my intention was to force one or the other with one brigade, supported by a central brigade.

“General Hart was to attack the left drift, General Hildyard the right road, and General Lyttelton in the centre, to support either.

“Early in day I saw that General Hart would not be able to force a passage, and directed him to withdraw.

“He had, however, attacked with great gallantry, and his leading battalion, the Connaught Rangers, I fear suffered a great deal. Colonel Brooke was severely wounded.

“I then ordered General Hildyard to advance, which he did, and his leading regiment, the East Surrey, occupied Colenso Station and the houses near the Bridge.

“At that moment I heard that the whole of the artillery I had sent back to the attack—namely, the 14th and 66th Field Batteries, and six naval 12-pounder quick-firing guns, the whole under Colonel Long, in his desire to be within effective range, advanced close to the river.

“It proved to be full of the enemy, who suddenly opened a galling fire at close range, killing all their horses, and the gunners were compelled to stand to their guns.

“Some of the wagon teams got shelter for troops in a donga, and desperate efforts were made to bring out the field guns, but the

fire was too severe, and only two were saved by Captain Schofield and some drivers, whose names I will furnish.

"Another most gallant attempt with three teams was made by an officer whose name I will obtain.

"Of the eighteen horses, thirteen were killed, and as several of the drivers were wounded, I would not allow another attempt, as it seemed they would be a shellmark, sacrificing loss of life to gallant attempts to force passage unsupported by artillery. I directed the troops to withdraw, which they did in good order.

"Throughout the day a considerable force of the enemy was pressing on my right flank, but was kept back by the mounted men under Lord Dundonald and part of General Barton's brigade.

"The day was intensely hot, and most trying to the troops, whose conduct was excellent.

"We have abandoned ten guns, and lost by shell fire one.

"The losses in General Hart's brigade are, I fear, heavy, though the proportion of severely wounded is, I hope, not large.

"The 14th and 66th Field Batteries also suffered severe losses.

"We have retired to our camp at Chieveley."

CHAPTER XL.

Great Britain Roused to Action—Great British Preparations—Lord Roberts—The Hero of Kandahar—Lord Kitchener—Winning His Way—The March to Khartoum—Macdonald.

THIS series of disasters roused the British Government and nation to full realization of the magnitude of the task before them. It was seen that the military strength of the Boers was far greater than had been supposed. The Boers had twice as many men, and twice as good armaments, as the British had given them credit for. General Joubert himself frankly explained the secret of it. Since the Jameson raid the Boers had, according to him, regarded war as inevitable, and they had acted on that belief. "To arm ourselves unremittingly, and to hide these armaments from the English—such was our object. We have fully succeeded therein. We often allowed secret English agents to penetrate into our arsenals, where there was merely old artillery material, but we carefully concealed our modern material, of which they thus knew nothing until the very eve of the war."

Great British Preparations.

The British Government promptly decided to increase the forces in the field to the neighborhood of 200,000 men, and at the same time to call out reserves and volunteers at home to the number of 300,000 more, so as to show the Powers of Europe what the British Empire could do in case of need.

The British people responded to the call with splendid patriotism. Rich men equipped companies and regiments at their private expense. Cities vied with each other in raising troops. Men rushed eagerly to enlist. Where 10,000 volunteers were called for 100,000 offered themselves. The Queen's son, the Duke of Connaught, was eager to go to the front, but was prevailed upon to

remain at home and take the important place of Commander-in-Chief of the Army in Ireland, in place of Lord Roberts, who was sent to the Cape to take supreme command there.

For now it was decided to send to the scene of war the three foremost generals in the British army—Lord Roberts, the hero of the march to Kandahar; Lord Kitchener, who had conducted the campaign to Khartoum and had smashed Mahdism and redeemed the Soudan; and General Macdonald, the hero of the battle of Omdurman.

Lord Roberts.

Field Marshal Lord Roberts, who was selected to supersede General Buller as Commander-in-Chief in South Africa, had long been the idol of the British army. He is popularly known as "Bobs." His deeds and career have furnished a theme for many a stirring and patriotic verse, notably by Rudyard Kipling. Lord Roberts is regarded by the military authorities of the leading countries of Europe as the foremost British commander of the Victorian era, his celebrated forced march to Kandahar constituting one of the finest feats of English arms in modern times. He is a pigmy as regards size, and is famed for modesty and for his entire absence of self-assertiveness, bombast or false pride. He won his Victorian Cross as a young lieutenant during the Indian mutiny in a hand-to-hand fight at Khodadunge.

Frederick Sleigh Roberts is the son of the late Sir Abraham Roberts, G. C. B., and was born in 1832. He was educated at Eton and Sandhurst. He entered the Bengal Artillery at the age of nineteen, and in 1852 he was posted as a lieutenant with a mountain battery at Peshawur, India. During the following eight years he performed conspicuous service in the numerous campaigns, being invalided to England in 1858. He returned to India in 1860 and found himself a captain and brevet major for distinguished services, and attached to the staff of army headquarters as assistant quartermaster-general in charge of the commander-in-chief's camp. He continued to perform the work intrusted to him in such exceptional manner and with so much coolness and courage that in

1867 he was promoted to be a lieutenant-colonel with the command of a battalion of the Royal Horse Artillery. In 1875 he obtained the qualifying promotion to colonel and was nominated to the permanent appointment of quartermaster-general with the local rank of major-general. Such was the result of a career of twenty-four years' hard head work and fighting, whenever or wherever a fight was to be had by an Indian officer. In 1878 he became a major-general of the army, being appointed to the command of the Punjab force, the lancehead of the armament of India.

The Hero of Kandahar.

On November 11, 1879, he was placed in command of all the forces in Eastern Afghanistan, from Cabul to Jamrud. The general uprising of the Afghan forces soon afterward, their nine days' investment of Cabul, and the frustration of their assault by an English counter attack on December 23, 1879, formed one of the most instructive episodes in the history of Indian warfare.

On hearing of the disaster of the Bombay troops at Maiwand, the following July, General Roberts at once telegraphed to Simla urging that an expedition should start at once from Cabul to relieve Kandahar and restore confidence. His gallant force of 10,000 men departed from Cabul on August 9, 1880, and at once plunged into regions beyond the reach of news. England was kept in breathless anxiety until Roberts re-emerged from the wilds, on August 31, at Kandahar. He broke up the entire Afghan army the following day, thus causing the English nation to realize that in Frederick Roberts it had found a new hero.

Roberts was rewarded by the commandership-in-chief of the Madras army and with the special thanks of Parliament. He was also advanced to the Order of the Red Cross of the Bath. He was invalided by a severe malady and arrived in England in the fall of 1880, where he was received with an immense popular acclamation. The Queen summoned him to Windsor Castle. London conferred upon him the freedom of the city, Oxford its degree of D. C. L. and Dublin its LL. D. The great civic companies—the Fishmongers, the Tailors and the Grocers—immediately made him a member,

while various learned bodies and clubs elected him in their honorary fashions. Important banquets were given to him at Liverpool, Bristol and Dublin.

The festivities in his honor were cut short in 1881 by the news of Majuba Hill. He was immediately appointed Governor of Natal, with the command of the troops in South Africa. However, peace was concluded while he was on the voyage to the Cape of Good Hope, and he was recalled immediately upon his arrival, and soon after received a baronetcy.

In 1885 he was elevated to the chief command of all the forces in India. He held this post until 1893, when he was succeeded by General White. He was then raised to the peerage as Lord Roberts of Kandahar, and put in command of late of the forces in Ireland. He is looked upon as the most popular of England's war-scarred veterans, and it is doubtful if even Kitchener enjoys a more idolatrous devotion of the British soldier than Lord Roberts.

Lord Kitchener.

Lord Kitchener of Khartoum and Aspull was England's latest and most popular war hero. His successful conquest of the Egyptian Soudan won for him a fame in England to be compared with that of Admiral Dewey in this country. In return for the services General Kitchener rendered his country in Egypt he was raised to the peerage and was voted a gift of \$150,000 by the House of Commons. His visit to England was the occasion of a series of brilliant celebrations in his honor. At the time his engagements during his stay of a little over a month were summed up by an English paper as follows :

He has dined with the Queen both at Balmoral and at Windsor. He has been presented with the freedom of the City of London, of Cambridge, of Edinburgh, of Cardiff and of the Fishmongers' Company, and has received addresses from Dover, Chatham, Brompton and Bath, besides an Aldermanic reception at Windsor Station. Both the universities of Cambridge and Edinburgh have conferred an LL. D. upon him. Many banquets, dinners and luncheons have been given in his honor, among the principal being those

given by the Lord Mayor of London, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the Mayors of Dover and Cardiff, the Fishmongers' Company, the officers of the Royal Artillery, Woolwich; the Army and Navy Club, the East Anglian Society, the Royal Engineers, Chatham; the Savage Club, the Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge, Christ's College, Cambridge, and the Drury Lane Lodge of Free Masons. He has also been the guest of the Prince and Princess of Wales, of Prince and Princess Christian, of Lord Salisbury and of Lord Rosebery. He has besides attended various meetings in the city regarding the Gordon Memorial College, has been to Netley Hospital and has distributed Soudan medals.

Winning His Way.

Horatio Herbert Kitchener was born in 1851. He obtained his commission as lieutenant in 1871 as an officer of engineers. During the next twelve years he did not gain any great reputation for brilliancy, for they were spent in civil employment. In 1874 he joined the survey of Western Palestine under Major Condor. After the attack on the party at Safed, in 1875, he returned to England, and until 1877 was engaged in laying down the Palestine Exploration Fund's map. Returning to the Holy Land in 1877, he executed the whole of the survey of Galilee. In 1878 he was sent to Cyprus to organize the courts. He was next appointed Vice-Consul at Erzeroum, and subsequently made a survey of the entire island of Cyprus. On his promotion to a captain's rank, in 1883, he had the good fortune to take service in Egypt under Sir Evelyn Wood, who as Sirdar was then reorganizing the Fellahin army. There his capacity for hard work, together with his eagerness to accept responsibility, found recognition.

He received an appointment on the intelligence staff when the troubles of the Soudan made necessary the dispatch of trustworthy English officers to Dongola in advance of Lord Wolseley's Nile expedition fifteen years ago. There Kitchener was always the one selected for any work that demanded great force of character, combined with tact and resourcefulness in dealing with intrigues of disloyal officials or winning over the chiefs who wavered between fear

of Egyptian power and a hankering after the good things promised by Mahdism.

The March to Khartoum.

With the Nile expedition Kitchener's promotion was rapid. He became one of the two majors of cavalry in 1884, was made lieutenant-colonel in 1885 and became colonel in 1888. He was deputy assistant adjutant and quartermaster-general in the expedition. He was in command of a brigade of the Egyptian army in the operations near Suakim in December, 1888, and was present in the engagements at Gemaizah and at Toski, in 1889.

At the beginning of the last campaign he was made Sirdar, or commander-in-chief, of the Egyptian army.

The British cabinet, when it placed Kitchener in command in Egypt and reinforced his troops from India and England in 1895, evidently knew the man in whom it placed the execution of its plans. The Sirdar was slow and deliberate, but he was sure. After the recapture of Dongola, in the summer of 1896, Kitchener became, with a K. C. B., Major-General on the British list. In the end, by reoccupying town after town and winning battle after battle, he annihilated the best troops of the Khalifa and scattered them broadcast as fugitives in the desert.

Macdonald.

Major-General Hector Macdonald's appointment was one of exceptional interest, since the gallant Highlander, quite apart from the high and conspicuous merits which qualified him for the post, was ordered to a scene which was closely associated with his romantic career in the army. When a sergeant in the Gordon Highlanders, General Macdonald was one of the non-commissioned officers in charge of the detachment which took part in the fight on Majuba Hill. There he was taken prisoner by the Boers. One of the most picturesque episodes related of his brilliant career bears upon the personal valor he displayed against General Joubert's men. So impressed were the Boers with the dash and pluck of the Highlander in the fight, that General Joubert decided, as a mark of their admiration, to return him his sword, which, like the others taken

prisoner, Macdonald had been compelled to give up. Some difficulty was experienced in discovering the sergeant's property, and it says a good deal for Joubert's genuine appreciation of gallantry that he offered a large sum of money as a reward for finding the sword. Alone of those taken prisoners after the disastrous struggle on Majuba, Macdonald had the distinction of receiving from the hands of the enemy the sword he had been compelled to surrender.

This tribute to the soldierly qualities of "Fighting Mac" may serve to remind the public of the romantic career of the general. Originally a Highland peasant, his first employment was as ostler's boy. He next became an assistant in a draper's shop in Aberdeen. In 1880 he enlisted. From the Afghan war up to the reconquest of the Soudan his career in the army has been one splendid record of grit, brains, and pluck. Repeatedly mentioned in dispatches, he obtained his commission, and from that moment he has advanced rapidly in the noblest profession in the world. So far the crowning success in his career was the part he played in the battle of Omdurman. "Beyond all else," wrote Mr. Bennett Burleigh, in his description of the battle, in the "Daily Telegraph," "the double honors of the day had been won by Colonel Macdonald and his Khedivial brigade. He has proved himself a tactician and a soldier, as well as what he has long been known—the bravest of the brave. If the public want a hero, here they have one." The public bore this recommendation in mind, for one of the most interesting of the social events which followed the triumphant return of Lord Kitchener and his men was the banquet at which Macdonald's brother Highlanders entertained him, and the sword of honor he then received.

CHAPTER XLI.

After the Week of Disaster—On the Road to Kimberley—Baden-Powell's Proclamation—Sortie From Mafeking—After the Battle—Surrender of Kuruman—Operations at Dordrecht—General French's Victory—Another Boer Repulse—Pilcher's Raid—Colonial Troops in Action—Accuracy of Gun Fire—Winston Spencer Churchill's Escape—Boer Aggressiveness—Delagoa Bay—Stopping German Ships.

AFTER the week of triple disaster a period of quiet followed. The British waited for reinforcements, if not for the coming of Lord Roberts and his comrades, who were expected to reach Cape Town about January 10th. The Boers busied themselves with fortifying their positions on the Tugela and Modder rivers, and preparing to oppose any renewal of the British advance.

General Buller called into Natal every battalion and battery upon which he could lay his hands, and stiffened his force in every way practicable for a supreme attempt to break through the Boer line of defense and relieve Ladysmith. The Boers facing him on the other bank of the Tugela River established themselves in a fortified and entrenched position, sixteen miles in length, with relays of horses behind it by which the forces could be rapidly concentrated at any point that might be strongly attacked. This position was one of extraordinary strength, with high hills lined tier on tier with trenches and galleries, rising from an almost unfordable river, and with a smooth plain in front.

The Boers had all the ranges marked, and many powerful guns dominated the various points of the river, while the drifts were commanded by converging musketry fire from probably twelve thousand Boers. There were sixteen miles of wild, broken country before reaching Ladysmith.

On the Road to Kimberley.

Equally effective work was done by the Boers on the Modder River, or just north of it, to block General Methuen's advance

toward Kimberley. At the beginning of January Lord Methuen's cavalry scouting developed the fact that the Boer intrenchments extended some forty miles, far overlapping the British positions and making a flank attack exceedingly difficult. At the same time the defenses of Kimberley itself were greatly strengthened, no less than seventeen miles of intrenchments encircling the town.

Baden-Powell's Proclamation.

Up at Mafeking, Colonel Baden-Powell and his little band—among them a son of the British Prime Minister, Lord Salisbury—held out, cheerfully and defiantly. Learning that the Boers were spreading reports calculated to lead the people of the surrounding country to revolt against the British, Colonel Baden-Powell issued to them the following proclamation:

“To the Burghers under arms round Mafeking:

“Burghers—I address you in this manner because I have only recently learned how you have been intentionally kept in the dark by your officers, the Government, and the newspapers as to what is happening in other parts of South Africa. As the officer commanding her Majesty's troops on this border, I think it right to point out clearly the inevitable result of your remaining longer under arms against Great Britain. You are aware that the present war was caused by the invasion of British territory by your forces without justifiable reasons. Your leaders do not tell you that so far your forces have only met the advanced guard of the British forces. The circumstances have changed within the last week. The main body of the British are now daily arriving by thousands from England, Canada, India and Australia, and are about to advance through the country. In a short time the Republic will be in the hands of the English, and no sacrifice of life on your part can stop it. The question now that you have to put to yourselves, before it is too late, is: Is it worth while losing your lives in a vain attempt to stop the invasion or take a town beyond your borders, which, if taken, will be of no use to you?

“I may tell you that Mafeking cannot be taken by sitting down and looking at it, for we have ample supplies for several months.

The Staats Artillery has done very little damage, and we are now protected both by troops and mines. Your presence here and elsewhere under arms cannot stop the British advancing through your country. Your leaders and newspapers are also trying to make you believe that some foreign combination or Power is likely to intervene in your behalf against England. It is not in keeping with their pretence that your side is going to be victorious, nor in accordance with facts. The Republic having declared war, and taken the offensive, cannot claim intervention on their behalf. The German Emperor is at present in England, and fully sympathizes with us. The American Government has warned others of its intention to side with England should any power intervene. France has large interests in the goldfields, identical with those of England. Italy is entirely in accord with us. Russia has no cause to interfere. The war is of one Government against another, and not of a people against another people. The duty assigned to my troops is to sit still here until the proper time arrives, and then to fight and kill until you give in. You, on the other hand, have other interests to think of—your families, farms and their safety. Your leaders have caused the destruction of farms, and have fired on women and children. Our men are becoming hard to restrain in consequence. They have also caused the invasion of Kaffir territory, looting their cattle, and have thus induced them to rise and invade your country and kill your burghers. As one white man to another, I warned General Cronjé, on November 14th, that this would occur. Yesterday I heard that more Kaffirs were rising. I have warned General Snyman accordingly. Great bloodshed and destruction of farms threaten you on all sides.

“I wish to offer you a chance of avoiding it. My advice to you is to return to your homes without delay and remain peaceful till the war is over. Those who do this before the 13th will, as far as possible, be protected, as regards yourselves, your families and property, from confiscation, looting and other penalties, to which those remaining under arms will be subjected when the invasion takes place. Secret agents will communicate to me the names of

those who do. Those who do not avail themselves of the terms now offered may be sure that their property will be confiscated when the troops arrive. Each man must be prepared to hand over a rifle and 150 rounds of ammunition. The above terms do not apply to officers and members of the Staats Artillery, who may surrender as prisoners of war at any time, nor to rebels on British territory.

"It is probable that my forces will shortly take the offensive. To those who, after this warning, defer their submission till too late, I can offer no promise. They will have only themselves to blame for injury to and loss of property. They and their families may afterwards suffer.

(Signed)

"R. S. S. BADEN-POWELL, Colonel.

"Mafeking, Dec. 10."

Sortie from Mafeking.

The plucky Colonel was not able to make good his words, though he strove hard to do so. On December 26th, in the early dawn, he made a fierce but unsuccessful sortie from Mafeking against the Boers at Gametree, two miles away. During the night the armored train, with Maxim and Hotchkiss guns, under Captain Williams and troops, took up positions for attack from two sides. Captain Lord Charles Bentinck and a squadron were in reserve upon the left, while the extreme left wing was occupied by artillery under Major Panzera and a Maxim of the Cape Police, the whole being under Colonel Hore.

"Emplacements were thrown up during the night, the orders being to attack at dawn and the artillery fire to desist upon prolonged tooting from the armored train. At daybreak," says our correspondent, who was with the British troops, "the guns opened fire and rapidly drew the reply of the enemy, our shells bursting within effective range. Captain Vernon gave the signal to cease firing and to advance, his squadron leading off.

"As our men engaged the position with their rifle fire, it was soon found that the strength of the fort was greater than we had supposed. The enemy concentrated such an exceedingly hot fire that the advance of Captain Vernon was almost impossible, but with

remarkable heroism and gallantry, Captains Sanford and Vernon, Lieutenant Paton and Scout Cooke, who guided the squadron, and a few men actually reached the sand-bags of the fort, within 300 yards of the area of the fort.

“But nothing could exist there, since the ground was swept by Mauser and Martini bullets. The men who charged through this zone of fire suffered terribly, and in following their officers to capture the fort, twenty men lost their lives. Captain Sanford was the first to fall, and Captain Vernon, already twice wounded, and Lieutenant Paton were killed at the foot of the fort. These two officers, climbing a ditch which surrounded the fort, thrust their revolvers through the enemy’s loopholes, only to be shot themselves the next moment.

“Gametree is surrounded with scrub, which contained many sharpshooters, and their accuracy of fire still further confused the men who had followed Captain Vernon and who saw him and his brother officers killed. Being without commanders, they were driven off at one point, but they endeavored to scale the fort at others. They found the position of the Boers, however, almost impregnable.

“When we retired under cover of the armored train so many men had been wounded that a suspension of hostilities occurred under the auspices of the Red Cross. The veldt around the Boer position was at once dotted with flags of mercy, and it was seen that our wounded were scattered within but a short radius of the fort. We had almost completely surrounded it, and, had it not been so extraordinarily well protected, we should have been in possession.

After the Battle.

“I went with an ambulance to Gametree. The fort itself is circular, with a wire interior and a narrow frontage, between six and seven feet high, pierced with triple tiers of loopholes, and surrounded by a ditch.

“I was permitted to assist in dressing the wounds, a majority of which appeared to have been caused by explosive bullets, the point of entry being small, but the area of injury covering a wide region. While the wounded were being attended to, numbers of

Boers left their intrenchments and gathered round. At the conclusion of the dressing, I spoke to several tattered and dirty, but physically fine, men. Many of them were undersized, and all wore beards. They referred me to the Field Cornet, who denied the use of explosive bullets. On being shown the horrible wounds, he admitted that at one time explosive bullets had been served out, but he said he was certain they had all been previously expended and that none could have been used on this occasion. He then produced a bandolier filled with dum-dums, and I pointed out that, so far as Mafeking was concerned, these had been recalled.

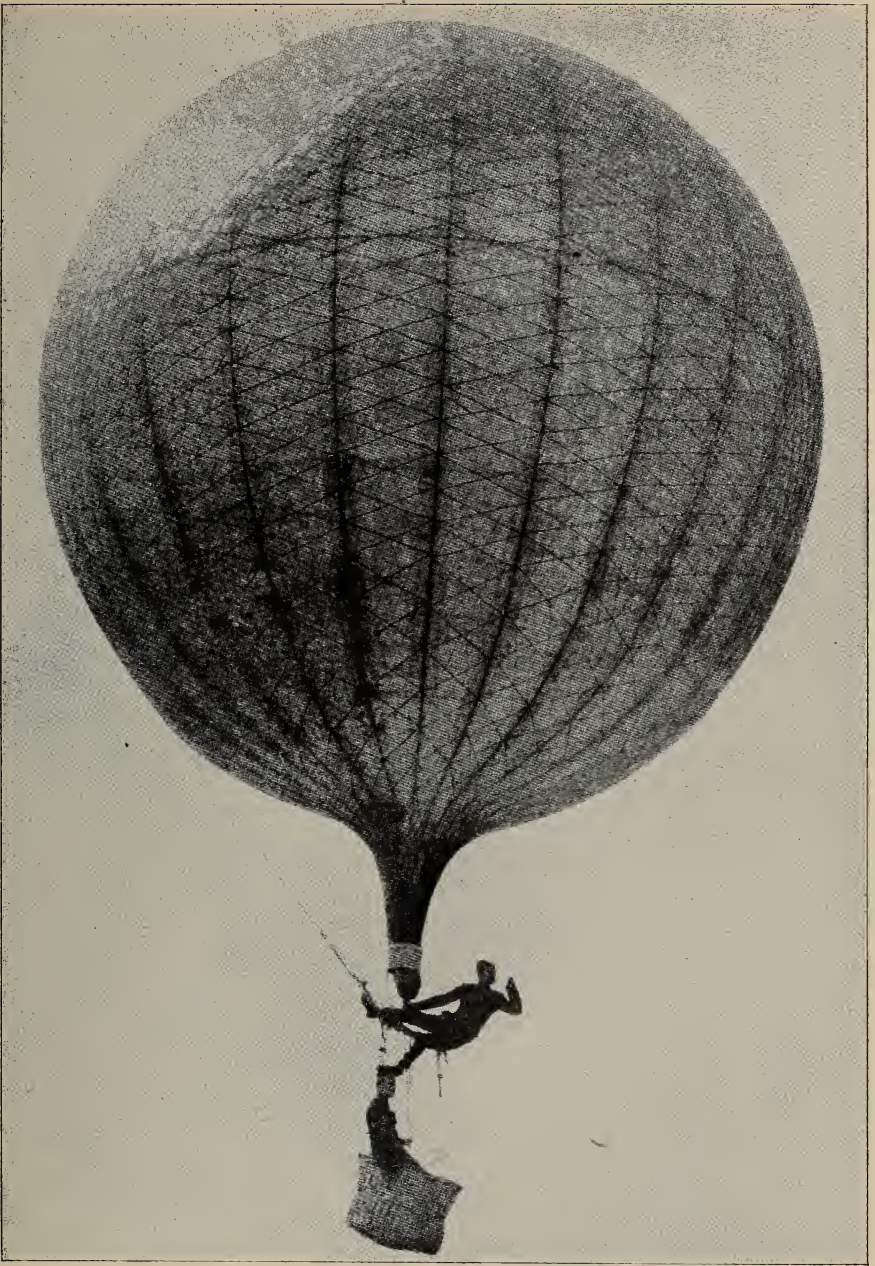
"Later on I called the attention of the Field Cornet to four of his own men, who were rifling dead bodies. He expressed his regret to a British officer that, despite his instructions to respect the dead, the younger Boers were beyond his control, and he accused the British soldiers of stripping General Koch and leaving him naked and wounded on the field, thus indirectly causing his death."

The correspondent then describes a scene of angry recriminations between the Field Cornet and the Boers regarding the existence of orders about robbing the dead, and also about the facts themselves, some of the Boers asserting that they only took arms, despite the arrival at that very moment of the bodies of five British, under Boer escort, with the pockets of their uniforms turned inside out. He goes on to say:

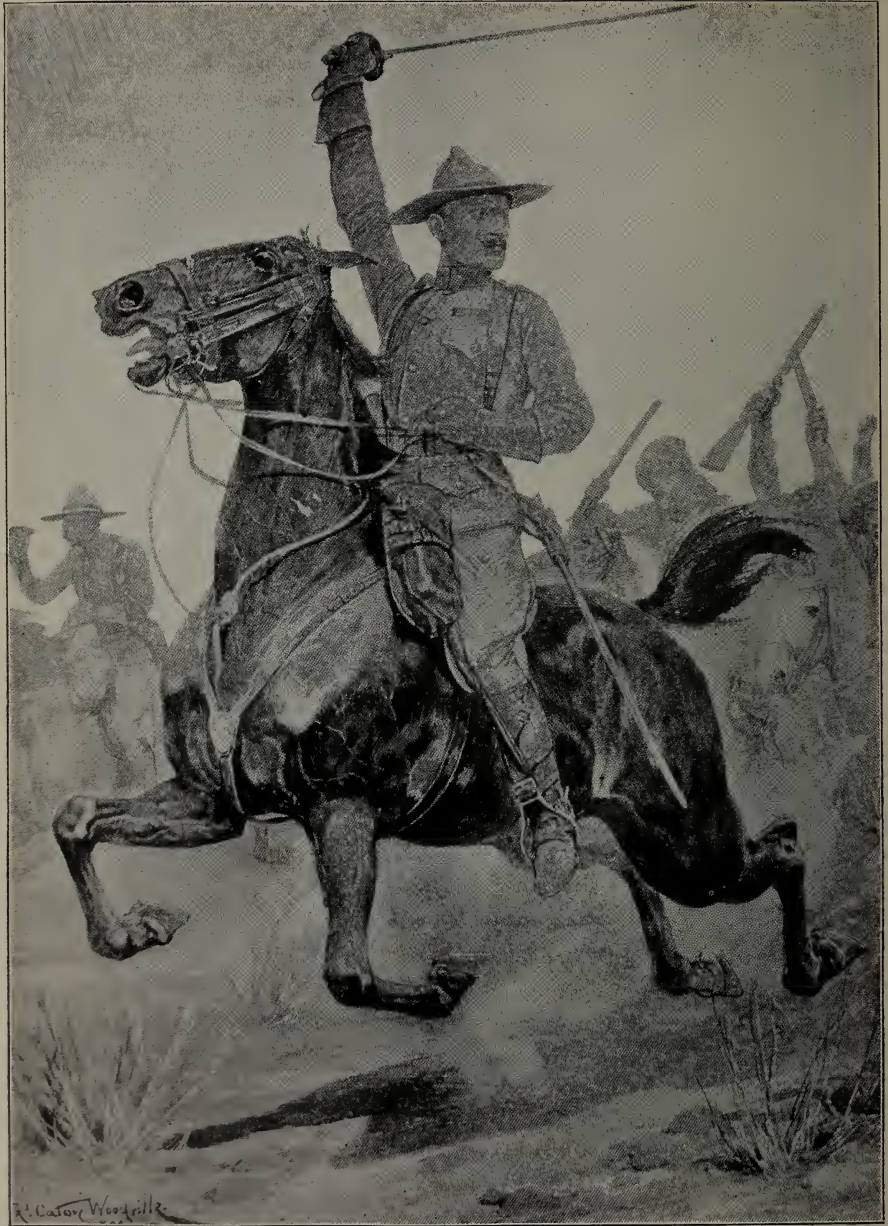
"Some of the British wounded flatly accused the Boers of stealing their money, rings and other valuables. We had great difficulty in getting permission to use the armored train to remove our wounded. We believe that spies carried the news of our contemplated sortie to the Boers. The Field Cornet admitted that he was reinforced during the night by 100 mounted men, and acknowledged withdrawing his guns."

Surrender of Kuruman.

On New Year's Day the little village of Kuruman, in Bechuana-land, which had bravely held out for two months against overwhelming forces of Boers, was compelled to surrender. About 120 British were taken prisoners by the Boers.



A Military Balloon.



British Mounted Infantry in Action.

Operations at Dordrecht.

As the first of the three disasters to the British line of advance occurred at the centre, under General Gatacre, at Stormberg, it was fitting that the first attempt to retrieve them should be made in the same quarter. The first was a mere skirmish, near Dordrecht. Captain Montmorency's sortie with a patrol of one hundred and twenty men of the 21st Lancers, and his retreat, on December 30, were followed up the next day by a successful British engagement.

Under Captain Goldsworthy, a force of one hundred and ten men, with four guns, accompanied by Captain Montmorency's scouts, sallied out of Dordrecht during the morning of December 31 to relieve Lieutenant Turner and twenty-seven men left overnight at Laonschagnes Nek. The Boers were driven back and Lieutenant Turner's party was rescued. Eight Boers and thirteen horses are known to have been killed.

Captain Montmorency's scouts were cut off owing to their refusal to leave a wounded officer, Lieutenant Warren, of Brabant's Horse. These men, under Lieutenants Milford and Turner, of the Frontier Mounted Rifles, defended themselves most gallantly against the repeated attacks of some 800 Boers. The enemy resorted to trickery during the night, but were repulsed with loss.

At 5.15 o'clock next morning Captain Goldsworthy, with the Cape Mounted Rifles, arrived, and the Boers immediately fled to the hills. Turner's party, whose horses had nearly all been killed, were rescued. They displayed splendid pluck, and the brilliant manner in which Captain Goldsworthy effected their relief on his own responsibility is deserving of the highest praise. The British loss was two men wounded. The Boers lost about thirty men, including eight men killed.

This little movement was on the whole satisfactory to the British, but a still more gratifying one was close at hand; indeed, it began before this one was ended.

General French's Victory.

The first day of the New Year was marked with a British victory, small in magnitude, but significant and encouraging to the

British army and nation. It was effected by General French, the victor of Elandslaagte, with a small force, over a much larger force of Boers, at Colesberg, in Cape Colony, near the Orange River. His own modest report of the battle was as follows :

“Leaving at Rensburg, holding the enemy in front, with half of the 1st Suffolks and a section of the Royal Horse Artillery, I started thence at 5 o'clock in the afternoon, December 31, taking with me five squadrons of cavalry, half of the 2d Berks and 80 mounted infantry, carried in wagons, and ten guns. I halted for four hours at Maider's Farm, and at 3.30 this morning occupied the kopje overlooking and westward of Colesberg. The enemy's outposts were taken completely by surprise. At daylight we shelled the laager and enfiladed the right of the enemy's position. The artillery fire in reply was very hot from a 15-pounder using Royal laboratory ammunition, and other guns. We silenced the guns on the enemy's right flank, demonstrating with cavalry and guns to the north of Colesberg toward the junction, where a strong laager of the enemy was holding a hill, and a position south-east of Colesberg, as far as the junction. Our position cuts the line of retreat via the road and ridge. Some thousand Boers, with two guns, are reported to be retiring toward Norval's Pont. All Remington's scouts proceeded toward Achterland yesterday morning. Slight casualties. About three killed and few wounded.”

The British losses were three men killed and seven wounded. No officers were killed or wounded. The Boers are supposed to have suffered heavily from the accuracy of the British artillery fire. General French's statement that the Boers were using a 15-pounder and Woolwich ammunition evidently refers to one of the British guns captured at Stromberg.

The Boer strength in the engagement with General French was estimated at from five thousand to seven thousand men.

Another Boer Repulse.

The Boers unexpectedly attacked the British left at daybreak on January 4, but were repulsed. They occupied hills to the north of the town, but were eventually driven out of their positions after

an hour's shelling by the British guns. They still held, however, the hills immediately surrounding the town, preventing the British from advancing along the railway.

The British loss in this last engagement was light, while the Boers are reported to have lost one hundred, including twenty prisoners who were taken by the mounted infantry about midday.

The Boer attackers numbered a thousand men. The Inniskillen Dragoons cut their way through the Boers, who were forced to retreat by a heavy artillery and musketry fire.

Pilcher's Raid.

The second of the three disasters was the repulse of General Methuen's advance, at Magersfontein, and in turn the second movement to retrieve it was made by a detachment of his army. On January 1 Colonel Pilcher reported :

"I have completely defeated a hostile command at Sunnyside laager this day, January 1, taking the laager and forty prisoners, besides the killed and wounded. Our casualties are two privates killed and Lieutenant Adie wounded. Am encamped at Dover Farm, twenty miles northwest of Belmont and ten from Sunnyside."

Colonial Troops in Action.

Another dispatch, from Dover Farm, dated January 1, says :

"The colonial troops who have been longing to be allowed to meet the Boers, have at last had an opportunity to do so, and scored a brilliant success. The raid conducted by Colonel Pilcher was difficult, owing to the fact that the movements of the troops were immediately communicated to the Boers by natives. In order to prevent this, Colonel Pilcher, in making his forced march from Belmont, left a British trooper at every farmhouse, with instructions not to allow the natives to leave their huts, the patrols calling the names of the natives hourly in order to prevent their escape.

"In the manœuvre at Cook's Farm Colonel Pilcher sent mounted patrols east. One of these, consisting of four men, commanded by Lieutenant Adie, suddenly encountered fourteen Boers, who opened fire. The lieutenant was severely wounded, and Private

Butler gave up his horse in order to carry the lieutenant out of range.

Accuracy of Gun Fire.

"Meanwhile Lieutenant Ryan, who had worked magnificently, reported that the veldt on the right of the enemy was clear, whereupon Major De Rougemont ordered the guns to a trot. They arrived within 1500 yards of the laager, unlimbered and planted five shells in as many minutes within the laager. Immediately the enemy could be seen streaming over the kopje. They were completely surprised, but quickly opened a well-directed fire.

"Orders were sent to the Toronto company to double-quick into action. The order was received with great satisfaction. The company rushed forward until within 1000 yards of the enemy's position, when it opened a hot fire upon the kopje and completely subdued the Boer fire.

"The British artillery shelled the position with wonderful accuracy, while Lieutenant Ryan, with mounted infantry, worked round and completely uncovered the fire of the Boers, who had been ensconced in the bushes.

"Meanwhile Colonel Pilcher, with the Queenslanders, taking advantage of every cover, made a direct attack, the Australians moving slowly but surely, and only shouting when they saw the enemy retiring under their steady fire. The Queenslanders behaved with great coolness, laughing and chaffing even at the moment of greatest peril.

"During the advance the Boer fire suddenly ceased. Thirty-five Boers hoisted a white flag and surrendered. A portion of the Torontos moved across the front of the guns and entered the laager. The Boers had fled. Fourteen tents, three wagons, a great store of rifles, ammunition, forage, saddles and camp equipment, and numerous incriminating papers were captured.

"The Boers lost six killed and twelve wounded. The Torontos stood the galling fire with admirable patience, never wasting a shot."

The immediate result of Colonel Pilcher's success was the entire dispersal of the Boers who had been governing the country for

the last six weeks. After Sunnyside was captured the Torontos occupied the laager for the night and joined the main body the following morning, bringing the whole of the Boer tents, wagons and loot, and leaving the Cornwalls in garrison at Sunnyside. The British force then started for Douglas, the Torontos bringing up the rear in wagons. In the afternoon the troops entered the town unopposed and amid extraordinary scenes. The inhabitants were overjoyed, and crowded about the soldiers, shaking hands with them, and when they learned that their deliverers were Canadians and Australians the enthusiasm became frenzied. There were deafening cheers as the troops traversed the main street, and it was almost impossible for them to make progress, the crowds being so eager to shake hands with the Colonials.

Winston Spencer Churchill's Escape.

Mr. Winston Spencer Churchill, son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill, who had been serving as a newspaper correspondent, and had been captured by the Boers, succeeded in making his escape from Pretoria and rejoining his friends, in December. On December 21 he sent to the London "Morning Post," from Lorenzo Marques, Delagoa Bay, the following account of his adventures:

"On the afternoon of December 12 the Transvaal's Secretary of War informed me that there was little chance of my release. I therefore resolved to escape, and the same night I left the State School's prison in Pretoria by climbing the wall when the sentries' backs were turned momentarily. I walked through the streets of the town without disguise, meeting many burghers, but was not challenged in the crowd. I got through the pickets of the town guard, and struck the Delagoa Bay railroad. I walked along it, evading the watchers at the bridges and culverts, and waited for a train beyond the first station. The 11.10 freight train from Pretoria had arrived before I reached the place and was moving at full speed. I boarded it with great difficulty and hid under coal sacks. I jumped from the train before dawn and was sheltered during the day in a small wood in company with a huge vulture, who displayed a lively interest in me.

"I walked on at dusk. There were no more trains that night. The danger of meeting the guards of the line continued, but I was obliged to follow it, as I had no compass or map. I had to make wide detours to avoid bridges, stations and huts, and so my progress was very slow. Chocolate is not a satisfying food. The outlook was gloomy, but I persevered, with God's help. For five days my food supply was very precarious. I was lying up by daylight and walking by night.

"Meanwhile my escape had been discovered and my description telegraphed everywhere. All trains were searched and every one was on the watch for me. Four times the wrong people were arrested. The sixth day I managed to board a train beyond Middleburg, whence there was direct service to Delagoa.

"In the evening I concealed myself in a railway truck under a great pile of sacks. I had a small store of good water. I remained hidden so, chancing discovery. The Boers searched the train at Komati Poort, but did not search deep enough. After sixty hours of misery I came safely here. I am very weak, but am free. I have lost many pounds in weight, but am light in heart. I shall avail myself of every opportunity henceforth to urge earnestly the unflinching and uncompromising prosecution of the war."

Boer Aggressiveness.

The Boers were busy, too, with efforts to swell the ranks of their army with recruits from among the disaffected Dutch in Cape Colony and Natal. Early in January the President of the Orange Free State issued a proclamation declaring that every white man, irrespective of nationality, was to be considered a burgher, and was liable to be compelled to fight for the defense of the country.

Ugly rumors were in circulation of a Dutch rising, with the object of seizing Cape Town and the docks and of capturing the Governor of Cape Colony, Sir Alfred Milner. The centre of the movement was said to be Paarl, a village about thirty miles from Cape Town, where a meeting of the Afrikaner Bund was held. The colonial authorities of course used every precaution to prevent an insurrection on the part of the disloyal Dutch in Cape Colony

and to suppress a rising if it should occur. Everywhere the British colonists were organized into home guards, drilled, armed and made ready to act in their respective localities should armed Dutch colonists gather.

Delagoa Bay.

From the beginning of the war the British were much annoyed by the constant shipment of arms, ammunition, supplies of all kinds, and even of mercenary troops, to the Boers by way of Delagoa Bay. That bay being Portuguese territory, and, therefore, neutral, it was difficult for the British to put a stop to this. Toward the close of the year, however, the British began to exercise pretty vigorously the right of searching all vessels bound to that port, and of seizing all contraband goods found on them.

Among the first goods thus seized were several cargoes of flour, which had been shipped from the United States in British ships, for Delagoa Bay. It was contended by the British that, as it was to go on from Delagoa Bay to the Transvaal, the flour was contraband of war. This claim was not acquiesced in by the United States, and the United States Ambassador at London, Mr. Choate, made strong representations to the British Government upon this subject. Mr. Choate received no definite reply, the Premier informing him that the British Government had not yet arrived at any decision as to whether or not foodstuffs were contraband of war. But Lord Salisbury assured Mr. Choate that the commercial rights of the United States would be equitably considered and that a decision in this important matter would be reached as soon as possible.

Stopping German Ships.

The German steamships, plying from Europe through the Suez Canal and down the East Coast of Africa, were objects of British suspicion, and on December 29th one of them, the *Bundesrath*, was seized by a British cruiser and taken to Durban. It was said that she had on board cannon, ammunition and soldiers, bound for the Transvaal. A few days later the steamer *General*, of the same line, was stopped and searched at Aden, and several other German vessels were similarly treated.

CHAPTER XLII.

Boer Movement Against Ladysmith—The Boer Attack—The First Repulse—A Fight at Daybreak—On Wagon Hill—A Critical Position—The Final Charge—Buller's Co-operation—The British Advance—Crossing the Tugela—Across the Tugela—The Advance Upon Spion Kop—The Plan of the Trap—The British Retreat—Colonel Thorneycroft—Preparing for Another Attack.

THE next important movement, following closely upon, indeed almost simultaneous with, those just recorded, was made by the Boers. Hearing of the impending arrival of Lord Roberts, Lord Kitchener, General Macdonald, and large reinforcements for the British army, they determined to make one more desperate effort to capture Ladysmith before that place could be relieved.

General Buller and all his army were at Frere and Chieveley, many miles south of Ladysmith. The bulk of the Boer army lay between him and Ladysmith, with headquarters at Colenso, and with from twenty to thirty miles of powerful fortifications along the Tugela River, which was now in flood. Thus while a portion of the Boer army faced south, to guard against any attempt of the British to cross the Tugela, the bulk of it, resting upon the same base, faced north and struck furiously at Ladysmith. More than 20,000 Boers were available for the attack, while the garrison, under Sir George White, depleted by battle and disease, numbered less than half as many.

The Boer Attack.

The assault was made upon Ladysmith from the south, in the early morning of January 6th. The chief effort was made to capture two positions, Cæsar's Camp and Wagon Hill. The latter is a lofty eminence to the southwest, possession of which would have brought the Boers within rifle range of the town. Cæsar's Camp was held by the 1st Battalion of the Manchester Regiment.

The position was separated from that of the Boers by a rocky ravine. In the early hours of the morning, under cover of darkness,

the Heidelberg commando succeeded in evading the British pickets, making their way through the thorn brush and reaching the foot of the slope at 2.30 o'clock. The alarm was raised by the British sentries, but before the full extent of the danger could be realized the outlying sangars had been rushed and their defenders slain.

The First Repulse.

On hearing the firing, two companies of the Gordon Highlanders went to the assistance of the Manchesters. At first it was thought that the Boers were concentrating on the southern slope, where they had already secured a footing on the plateau. Here, however, their advance was checked by the steady volleys of the British infantry and the deadly fire of an automatic gun.

Lieutenant Hunt-Grubbe went out to see if any aid were needed by the troops stationed on the ridge near the town. He was not aware that the Boers had already captured the breastworks, and called out to the sergeant. He received the reply "Here I am, sir," and then he suddenly disappeared from sight. Captain Carnegie, suspecting a ruse, ordered the Gordons to fire a volley and to charge. The enemy thereupon fell back precipitately, leaving behind them the officer whom they had captured with so much presence of mind. The lieutenant was quite unhurt.

A Fight at Daybreak.

It was now evident that the camp was being assailed on the left flank and on the front. By daybreak reinforcements of Gordon Highlanders and of the rifle brigade had been hurried up the fighting line. Lieutenant-Colonel Dick-Cunyngham, who was leading the Gordons out of camp, fell mortally wounded, being hit by a stray bullet while still close to the town. The 53d Battery of Field Artillery, under Major Abdy, crossed the Klip River and shelled the ridge and reverse slope of the front position, where the Boers were lying among the thorn bushes. The shrapnel which flew over the British soldiers' heads did terrible execution. It effectually held the Boers in check and rendered it impossible for them to send reinforcements to their men through the ravine.

The Boers fought throughout with the most stubborn courage, being evidently determined to take the camp or die in the attempt. Their 6-inch gun on Umbulwana Mountain and its smaller satellites threw more than a hundred shells at Abdy's battery and at the troops on the hill. The British troops, however, were not less gallant and resolved, and the Boers were pressed back step by step until at length those who were left broke and fled in utter disorder.

A terrific storm of rain and hail, accompanied by peals of thunder, had burst over the camp during the fighting. This served to swell the streams into raging torrents. In their efforts to escape, numbers of the Boers flung themselves into the current and were swept away. The struggle in this part of the field was now ended, and the finale was a terrific fusillade all along the line, the crash of which almost drowned the incessant thunder above.

On Wagon Hill.

Meanwhile, a more exciting contest was in progress in the direction of Wagon Hill. At 2 o'clock a storming party of Boers, furnished by the Harrismith commando, crept slowly and cautiously along a donga in the valley which divided the British posts from their camp. A few well-aimed rifle-shots killed the pickets. Taking advantage of every inch of cover, the Boers then gradually reached the crest of the heights. Here a body of Light Horse was posted, but they were forced to retire before the advance of the Free Staters, there being no breastworks for defense on the western shoulder of the hill. With little to impede their progress the Boers soon came to an emplacement, where they surprised working parties of the Gordon Highlanders and the 60th Rifles.

Lieutenant Digby Jones, of the Royal Engineers, collecting a handful of men, made a gallant effort to hold the position, but the numbers were against him, and after a stubborn resistance he was driven back and the Boers got possession of the summit. Even then, however, the Free Staters were afraid to venture far or to face the heavy fire from the sangar. Here it was that Lieutenant Macnaughten and thirty of the Gordons were captured, although not until every man among them was wounded.

At 5 o'clock Colonel Edwards, with two squadrons of Light Horse, arrived upon the scene, and the 21st Battery of the Royal Field Artillery, under Major Hewitt, came into action, preventing the storming party being reinforced from the Boer camp.

A Critical Position.

At the same time the 18th Hussars and the 5th Lancers checked the movement from the spruit on the British right flank. Nevertheless, the British position at this point had become critical. The men had retired for cover behind the northern slope, while the Boers had made their way into the pass dividing them from the hill. Major Bowen rallied a few of the Rifles, but fell while leading them to the charge. His example was at once followed by Lieutenant Tod, but the latter met the same fate.

The Boers were making good the footing they had already secured in the emplacement, when Major Miller Walnutt, calling the scattered Gordons together, charged in and drove them back. Having thus cleared the ground, he joined Lieutenant Digby Jones in a newly prepared emplacement on the western shoulder.

A pause ensued for a time, but the Boers were not yet finally beaten. Taking advantage of the storm now raging, they essayed to capture the position by another rush. Three of their leaders reached the parapet, but were shot down by Lieutenant Digby Jones and Lieutenant Walnutt, the latter also falling.

The renewed check effectually discouraged the assailants, and the deadly duel was now practically at an end. Nevertheless, small parties of the braver spirits kept up a murderous fire on the British from behind the rocks.

The Final Charge.

The moment had evidently arrived to strike the final blow, and Colonel Park quickly issued the necessary orders. Three companies of Devonshires, led by Captain Lafone, Lieutenant Field and Lieutenant Masterson, made a brilliant charge across the open, under a terrific fire and fairly hurled the Boers down the hill at the point of the bayonet. In the course of the struggle Captain

Lafone and Lieutenant Field were killed and Lieutenant Masterson received no fewer than ten wounds.

Buller's Co-operation.

News of these operations was flashed by heliograph from Ladysmith to General Buller's camp at Chieveley. General Buller was not prepared to make a serious counter-attack upon the Boers, but he made a feint to do so, and thus compelled the Boers to hold back much of their army from the attack upon Ladysmith, to oppose him at the Tugela. He took advantage of the battle to push forward his scouts, familiarize himself with the country north of him, and prepare for an advance. The latter was not, however, to be made directly against the centre of the Boer lines, as before. It was to be a flanking movement, around one end of the Boer position. General Charles Warren was chosen to lead in this work. A strict censorship over all news dispatches was maintained, and for a week or more the world was kept in ignorance of what was going on. There were rumors of a British advance, now at the east, now at the west, but nothing was definitely known. Meantime, Lord Roberts and his aids arrived at Cape Town, and assumed direction of the campaign.

The British Advance.

The forward movement for the relief of Ladysmith began on Wednesday, January 10th, from Frere and Chieveley. Lord Dundonald's mounted brigade, with the Fifth Brigade, under General Hart, comprising the Dublins, the Connaughts, the Inniskillens and the Border Regiment, proceeded northwesterly to Springfield. The position had previously been thoroughly reconnoitred.

A few miles outside of Frere, Lord Dundonald passed targets erected by the Boers, to represent a force advancing in skirmishing order. Evidently the Boers had been firing at these from adjacent hills. Lord Dundonald pushed on, and as the main column advanced he was informed that Springfield was not occupied by the Boers, and the Fifth Brigade had taken possession. The British transport extended for several miles, and comprised some five thousand vehicles.

The mounted brigade advanced rapidly, not meeting with any

opposition. The British scouts had minutely searched all suspicious country, but there was no sign of the enemy.

Crossing the Tugela.

The Boers had been at Potgieter's Drift the previous day, but a body of South African Horse swam the stream under fire and brought over the pont from the Boers' side.

The Boers were evidently suprised at the appearance of the British on the scene. A large camp could be seen on Tugela Heights, facing Mount Alice, but the enemy quickly struck camp and cleared off into the mountains.

On Friday a loud explosion was heard. Subsequently it was found that the Boers had destroyed a bridge under construction seven miles above Pötgieter's Drift.

General Buller issued a spirited appeal and instructions to the forces, beginning: "We are going to the relief of our comrades in Ladysmith. There will be no turning back."

General Lyttleton's brigade, with a howitzer battery, crossed the Tugela River at Potgieter's Drift on Tuesday, January 16th. The water rose above the waists of the men. The Boers fired two shots and then recalled their forces to the trenches.

At about the same time General Warren executed a similar movement at Wagon Drift, six miles further west. He met with considerably more opposition than did Lord Dundonald. A hot and heavy fire was poured upon him by the Boers, from rifles and cannon. In the face of this he crossed the river, with comparatively little loss, and established himself in a strong position two miles north of the river.

Thus the Tugela was safely crossed, and a strong British force was massed upon the west flank of the Boers. This flanking force consisted of about 14,000 men and forty cannons. General Buller himself was with it. At the same time the rest of his army, of about equal size and strength, remained facing the Boers' position at Colenso, ready to co-operate with the movement on the flank. Thus by the third week of January all seemed ready for the striking of a decisive blow.

Across the Tugela.

The objective point of the British army on crossing the Tugela River was a hill called Spion Kop. It was supposed to command the road to Ladysmith, and to dominate the entire Boer position in that quarter. Accordingly, General Warren pushed straight for it, sending forward a brigade led by General Woodgate. A vigorous assault was made upon the hill. Only a few Boers were found upon it, and they seemed to be taken by surprise. They fled, and the British secured possession of the hill. That was on January 23d. The news of this apparent success caused great joy among the British, and the relief of Ladysmith was confidently looked for within a few days.

Next morning, however, the scene was changed. It then appeared that the Boers had once more led the British into a trap. They had purposely abandoned Spion Kop to them, after making it the centre of a semicircle of their batteries, all trained so as to rake it with a merciless and irresistible fire. They had the range of the place to an inch. The result was that on the morning of January 24th they began pouring upon the British a destructive fire.

The Advance Upon Spion Kop.

The fighting, after the occupation of the hill, was of a desperate character. Spion Kop is a precipitous mountain overtopping the whole line of kopjes along the Upper Tugela. On the eastern side the mountain faces Mount Alice and Potgieter's Drift, standing at right angles to the Boer central position, and the British General Lyttleton's advanced position. The southern point descends in abrupt steps to the lower line of kopjes. On the western side, opposite the right outposts of General Warren's force, it is inaccessible until the point where the nek joins the kop to the main range. Then there is a gentle slope, which allows easy access to the summit.

The nek was strongly held by the Boers, who also occupied a heavy spur parallel with the kop, where the enemy was concealed in no fewer than thirty-five riflepits, and was thus enabled to bring to bear upon the British a damaging crossfire, the only possible point

of attack being the southern side, with virtually sheer precipices on the left and right.

The Plan of the Trap.

A narrow footpath, admitting men in single file only to the summit, opens into a perfectly flat tableland, probably of 300 square yards area, upon which the Boers had hastily commenced to make a transverse trench. The British were able to occupy the farther end of this tableland, where the ridge descended to another flat, which was again succeeded by a round, stony eminence held by the Boers in great strength.

The ridge held by the British was faced by a number of strong little kopjes at all angles, whence the Boers sent a concentrated fire from their rifles, supported by a Maxim-Nordenfeldt and a big long range gun. What, with the rifles, the machine guns and the big gun, the summit was converted into a perfect hell. The shells exploded continuously in the British ranks, and the rifle fire from an absolutely unseen enemy was perfectly appalling.

Reinforcements were hurried up by General Warren, but they had to cross a stretch of flat ground, which was literally torn up by the flying lead of the Boers. The unfinished trench on the summit gave very questionable shelter, as the Boers' machine guns were so accurately ranged upon the place that often sixteen shells fell in the trench in a single minute.

The British Retreat.

Early in the day Gen. Woodgate was seriously wounded, and a little later died from his wounds. There were urgent demands that a new commander be sent immediately. Reinforcements were sent, and Capt. Thorneycroft was appointed Brigadier-General commanding the whole force on the hill-top.

There was a bitter, bloody struggle throughout the day, the Boers concentrating every man and gun on the place. The British artillery was unable to cope with the superior range of the Boer guns.

During the afternoon it became evident that the British could not endure another day on the hill, and Colonel Thorneycroft

reluctantly gave the order to retire from the untenable place. On the way down the hill he met artillery coming up to reinforce him. But it was too late. The hill was abandoned. The losses on both sides were very heavy. On the British side nearly 200 were killed and twice as many wounded. The total loss to the British in killed, wounded and missing in the operations north of the Tugela, was about 1,300.

Colonel Thorneycroft.

Of Colonel Thorneycroft, General Buller says: "It is due to him to say that I believe his personal gallantry saved a difficult situation early January 24th, and that under a loss of at least 40 per cent. he directed the defence with conspicuous courage and ability throughout the day. No blame whatever for the withdrawal is, in my opinion, attributable to him, and I think his conduct throughout was admirable."

Preparing for Another Attack.

The news of this repulse struck consternation into the hearts of the British. The most gloomy forebodings were everywhere indulged in. The immediate fall of Ladysmith was expected. But General Buller remained hopeful. He told his troops that he would try again, and would raise the siege of Ladysmith within a week. He withdrew General Warren's division of his army to the south side of the Tugela, but kept General Lyttleton's division at the north and retained control of the fords across the river. The Ladysmith garrison bravely announced its determination to hold out as long as might be necessary. On every hand the British made preparations for a prompt and vigorous renewal of the campaign.

CHAPTER XLIII.

A Shrewd Feint—Roberts' March to Kimberley—Kimberley Relieved—
Pursuit of Cronje—The Boers at Bay—The Anniversary of Majuba—How the Work Was Done—Valor of the Canadians
—The Surrender—The News in London—Hard
Fighting Around Ladysmith—Entering Ladysmith—Buller's Dispatch—General White's
Speech—Story of the Siege.

GENERAL BULLER returned to the attack upon the Boer lines south of Ladysmith, on February 5th crossing the Tugela River at two points. Two days later he ceased his efforts once more, and withdrew to the south of the river. He had not, however, failed in his design. On the contrary, he had splendidly succeeded. His movement was a mere feint, intended to keep the attention of the Boers fixed upon Ladysmith, and to keep all their troops busy there, while a great move was being made elsewhere. The latter was made by Lord Roberts, with Lord Kitchener, General French, and others, in the direction of Kimberley. General French had long been near Colesberg, and was supposed to be still there. But while all eyes were turned toward Ladysmith, he crossed the Orange River and swept northward with bewildering rapidity. His movements were so swift and so well masked that nothing was known of them until his troopers went galloping into Kimberley.

Roberts' March to Kimberley.

Lord Roberts reached Modder River, beyond which point Lord Methuen had failed to make any important advance, on February 10th. Heavy additions of cavalry, mounted infantry and artillery had been made within the preceding few days to the British force at this point, General Kelly-Kenny's division and General French's force on the Cape Colony frontier having been drawn upon for this

purpose. The lack of cavalry and mounted infantry had proved the greatest weakness of Lord Methuen's army in its efforts to relieve Kimberley. The most trustworthy estimates of the force accumulated under Lord Roberts and Lord Kitchener, his chief of staff, put the number at 40,000 men. The greatest element of strength in this army was the exceedingly mobile force of mounted men under General French.

It was with this portion of his command that Lord Roberts struck his first blow at the Boer army investing Kimberley. On Monday, February 12th, General French crossed the Riet River at Dekiel's Drift, driving off the Boers who opposed his advance, and 6th and 7th Divisions encamped on the east side of the river. Next day General French resumed his march on Klip and Rondeval drifts, on the Modder River. Here he had a short engagement, but the British drove the Boers back and captured five laagers and a large quantity of supplies.

Kimberley Relieved.

The next news which came to revive the drooping spirits of the British was the report from Lord Roberts that General French had been able, by a dash with his flying column of cavalry and artillery, to relieve Kimberley, which had been closely invested for four months. The relief column entered the town on the evening of Thursday, February 15th, to the complete surprise of the British in the place, who included Cecil Rhodes. They had not believed succor to be so near, and thought at first that French's column was a Boer command.

Lord Roberts had in the meantime occupied Jacobsdal, which had been General Cronje's base of supplies, and the Boers fell back on Bloemfontein, closely pursued by Lord Kitchener and General Kelly-Kenny. Realizing the full extent of Roberts' turning movement General Cronje had, on the night of Thursday, February 15th, the same day that French dashed into Kimberley, evacuated his trenches at Magersfontein and trekked with his whole force along the north bank of the Modder River toward Bloemfontein. His retreat was discovered, and the British were close at his heels. The

Boers' rear guard fought stubbornly, but in two days 120 wagons, containing bread, flour, clothing and general implements, fell into the hands of the British.

Pursuit of Cronje.

The main body of the Boers crossed at Klip Kraal Drift to the south bank of the Modder, a severe engagement being fought at this place, and on Saturday morning, February 17th, Cronje's army was in full retreat south of the river, with Kitchener and Kelly-Kenny in close pursuit. General Macdonald, with the Highland Brigade, that night made a forced march of twenty miles in the hope of reaching Koodoos Rand Drift in time to cut off the retreat, while the cavalry division under General French also pushed eastward for the same purpose. The movement was successful, and on Monday morning, February 19th, General French's mounted troops completed a British circle around the Boer army, which intrenched itself in the bed of the Modder River at Koodoos Rand Drift.

Here, completely encompassed by an outnumbering force, and subjected at times to the concentrated fire of a half-dozen British batteries, the Boers held out for more than a week. Large numbers of burghers were known to be operating to the north and east of the British positions, and it was thought that these commands might succeed in reinforcing Cronje and enabling him to escape. It was also pointed out that Cronje, by holding out and keeping Lord Roberts occupied, would aid the Boers to complete their inner line of defences about Bloemfontein. Cronje's hope of relief was practically gone when a force under Commandant Botha was scattered by the British.

The Boers at Bay.

On the day the British line of investment was completed about the Boer laager, General Cronje sent a messenger asking for an armistice of twenty-four hours. This was refused, whereupon he offered to surrender. Lord Kitchener sent an answer that he must come to the British camp. General Cronje refused, saying that there had been a misunderstanding, and that he would fight to the death. The Boer laager was shelled throughout that night. The

following day, Tuesday, there was a terrific bombardment. An enfilading fire from both sides of the river was poured upon the Boers at a range of from 1,000 to 2,000 yards. On Wednesday, Lord Roberts learned that there were women and children in the laager, and he sent a message to General Cronje offering safe conduct for them and a free pass to any place. He also offered to lend surgeons and medicine. The offer was curtly refused, and after that the British shelling was desultory.

The Anniversary of Majuba.

The end came on February 27, the nineteenth anniversary of the disastrous British defeat at Majuba Hill. The news was sent to the British Government by Lord Roberts in the following dispatches :

“Paardeberg, February 27, 7.45 A. M.—General Cronje and all of his force capitulated unconditionally at daylight, and is now a prisoner in my camp. The strength of his force will be communicated later. I hope her Majesty’s government will consider this event satisfactory, occurring as it does on the anniversary of Majuba.”

How the Work Was Done.

“Paardeberg, eleven o’clock, Tuesday Morning.—From information furnished daily to me by the intelligence department it became apparent that General Cronje’s force was becoming more depressed, and that the discontent of the troops and the discord among the leaders were rapidly increasing. This feeling was doubtless accentuated by the disappointment caused when the Boer reinforcements, which tried to relieve General Cronje, were defeated by our troops on February 23. I resolved, therefore, to bring pressure to bear on the enemy. Each night the trenches were pushed forward toward the enemy’s laager so as gradually to contract his position, and at the same time I bombarded it heavily with artillery, which was yesterday materially aided by the arrival of four six-inch howitzers, which I had ordered up from De Aar. In carrying out these measures a captive balloon gave great assistance by keeping us informed of the disposition and movements of the enemy.

Valor of the Canadians.

"At 3 A. M. to-day a most dashing advance was made by the Canadian Regiment and some engineers, supported by the First Gordon Highlanders and Second Shropshires, resulting in our gaining a point some six hundred yards nearer the enemy and within about eighty yards of his trenches, where our men intrenched themselves and maintained their positions till morning—a gallant deed worthy of our colonial comrades and which, I am glad to say, was attended by comparatively slight loss. This apparently clinched matters, for at daylight to-day a letter signed by General Cronje, in which he stated that he surrendered unconditionally, was brought to our outposts under a flag of truce.

The Surrender.

"In my reply I told General Cronje he must present himself at my camp, and that his force must come out of their laager after laying down their arms. By 7 A. M. I received General Cronje and despatched a telegram to you announcing the fact.

"In the course of conversation, he asked for kind treatment at our hands, and also that his wife, grandson, private secretary, adjutant and servants might accompany him wherever he might be sent. I reassured him, and told him his request would be complied with. I informed him that a general officer would be sent with him to Cape Town, to insure his being treated with proper respect en route. He will start this afternoon, under charge of Major-General Prettyman, who will hand him over to the general commanding at Cape Town.

"The prisoners, who number about 3,000, will be formed into commandos under our own officers. They will also leave here to-day, reaching the Modder River to-morrow, when they will be railed to Cape Town in detachments."

The News in London.

The news of this victory aroused vast enthusiasm in London, especially because of its having occurred on the anniversary of Majuba Hill. In a few days railroad trains began running into Kim-

berley from Cape Town, as before the war. Then attention was again turned to Ladysmith, of which place the garrison was sorely beset and in great distress.

General Buller had renewed his attacks upon the Boers on February 18th. On that day he executed a flank movement, drove the Boers across the river and occupied Hlangwane Hill. He was not feinting now, but was in full earnest. On February 20th General Hart occupied Colenso, and the river for several miles was under British control. General Warren led his whole division across on the 21st, meeting with slight resistance.

Hard Fighting Around Ladysmith.

Some desperate fighting occurred the next day, at Grobler's Kloof, and at Pieter's Station. The Inniskillings made a gallant advance to within five hundred yards of the summit of a rocky hill occupied by Boers, and then charged in the face of a storm of bullets. After repeated attempts, however, and having lost heavily, they recognized that they were unable to prevail. Nevertheless, they refused to retreat, but lay down on the slope behind a shelter of walls. The Connaughts and the Dublin Fusiliers were sent to their support, but the light faded and the night closed in before the main attack had developed.

The Fusiliers went into the campaign 850 strong. After the action at Grobler's Kloof they were less than 150.

The anniversary of Majuba Hill, on February 27, was spent by the British in storming the Boers' strong position on Pieter's Hill. For several days the whole face of the position had been shelled at intervals, but from early that morning the trenches directly opposite the British front and the neck separating Pieter's Hill from another hill were simply strewn with lyddite shells and shrapnel. It appears marvelous that anything human could live on the hill. At three o'clock that afternoon the batteries fired salvos and all the heavy ordnance was in constant action. General Barton led his command to the extreme right. Colonel Kitchener, who had taken Wynne's command, stormed the centre. The brigade under Colonel Northcote attacked Railway Hill. The infantry on the right advanced

over the hill, forcing the Boers into the neck, while Colonel Kitchener led his men over Railway Hill, meeting little opposition. The Boers remained in the trenches from which a terrible cross fire was sent during the former fight. A few of them escaped to the next trench and hoisted a white flag, which they waved vigorously. Some prisoners were taken. The infantry cheered and charged, and took Pieter's Hill with fixed bayonets.

Entering Ladysmith.

Winston Churchill, who accompanied the Ladysmith relief column, relating his experiences, says:

"During the afternoon of February 28 the cavalry brigades pressed forward, under Colonel Burn-Murdoch, toward Bulwana Hill, and under Lord Dundonald, in the direction of Ladysmith. The Boers fired on both with artillery from Bulwana.

"About 4 o'clock Major Gough's regiment, which was in the advance, found the ridges surrounding Ladysmith apparently unoccupied. He reported the fact to Lord Dundonald, who determined to ride through the gap with the Light Horse and Carbineers.

"The rest of the brigade was sent back to General Buller's picket line. It was evening when we started. About an hour of daylight remained. We galloped on swiftly, in spite of the rough ground, up and down hill, through scrub and rocks and dongas, until we could see the British guns flashing from Wagon Hill; but on we went faster, until suddenly there came a challenge from the scrub, 'Who goes there?' 'The Ladysmith relieving army,' we replied; and then the tattered and almost bootless men crowded around, cheering very feebly. Even in the gloom we could see how thin and pale they looked; but how glad they were!"

Buller's Dispatch.

General Buller's dispatch to the British Government announcing the relief of Ladysmith was as follows:

Lyttleton's Headquarters, March 1, 9.05 A. M.

General Dundonald, with the Natal Carbineers and a composite regiment, entered Ladysmith last night.

The country between me and Ladysmith is reported clear of the enemy. I am moving on Nelthorpe.

General White's Speech.

General Sir George White, who had commanded Ladysmith during the siege, was the idol of his comrades and the townsfolk. A few hours after the relief, he was surrounded by cheering soldiers and civilians, and was called upon for a speech. He said:

"People of Ladysmith. I thank you for the heroic and patient manner in which you assisted me during the siege. It hurt me terribly to cut down the rations, but, thank God, we kept the flag flying!"

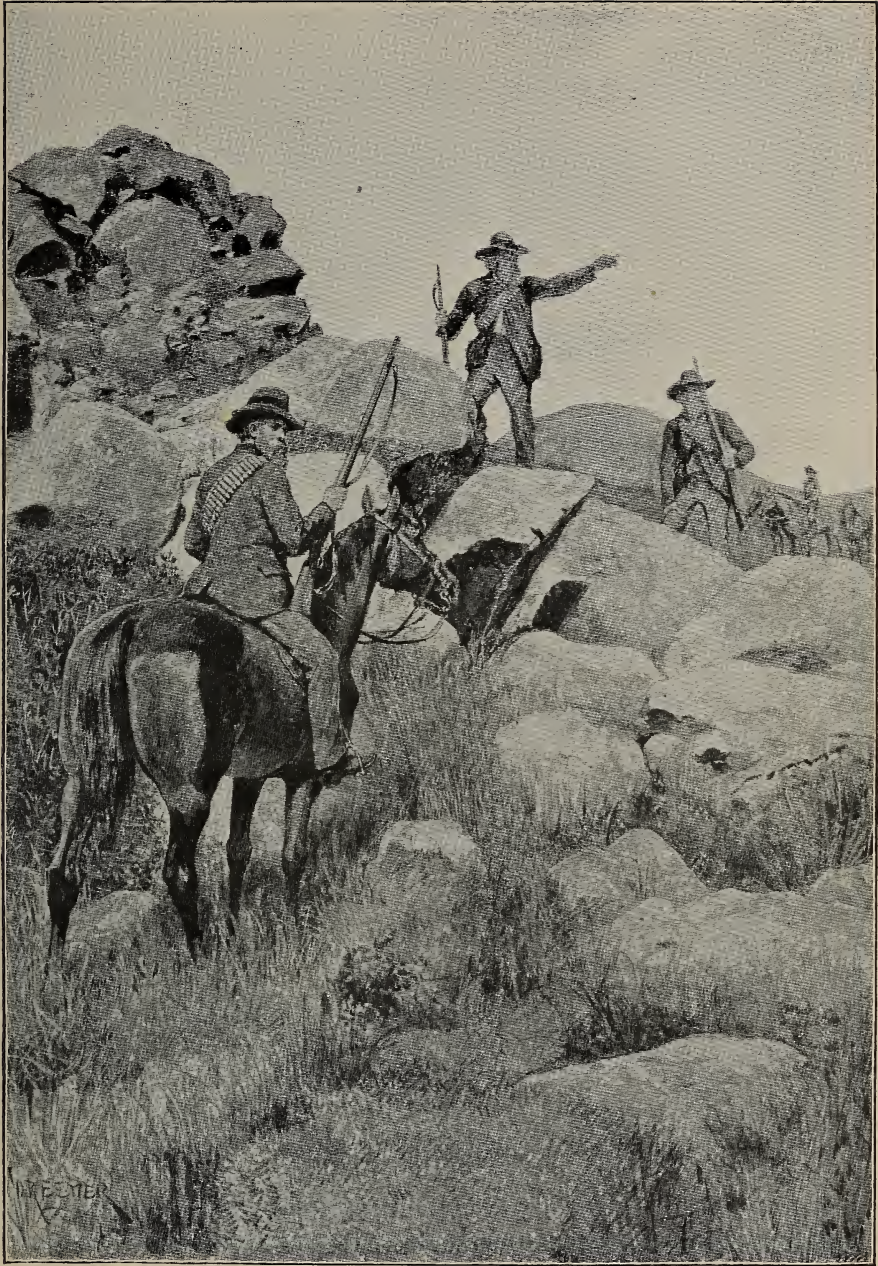
Then, profoundly moved, General White led the assembly in singing "God Save the Queen!"

Story of the Siege.

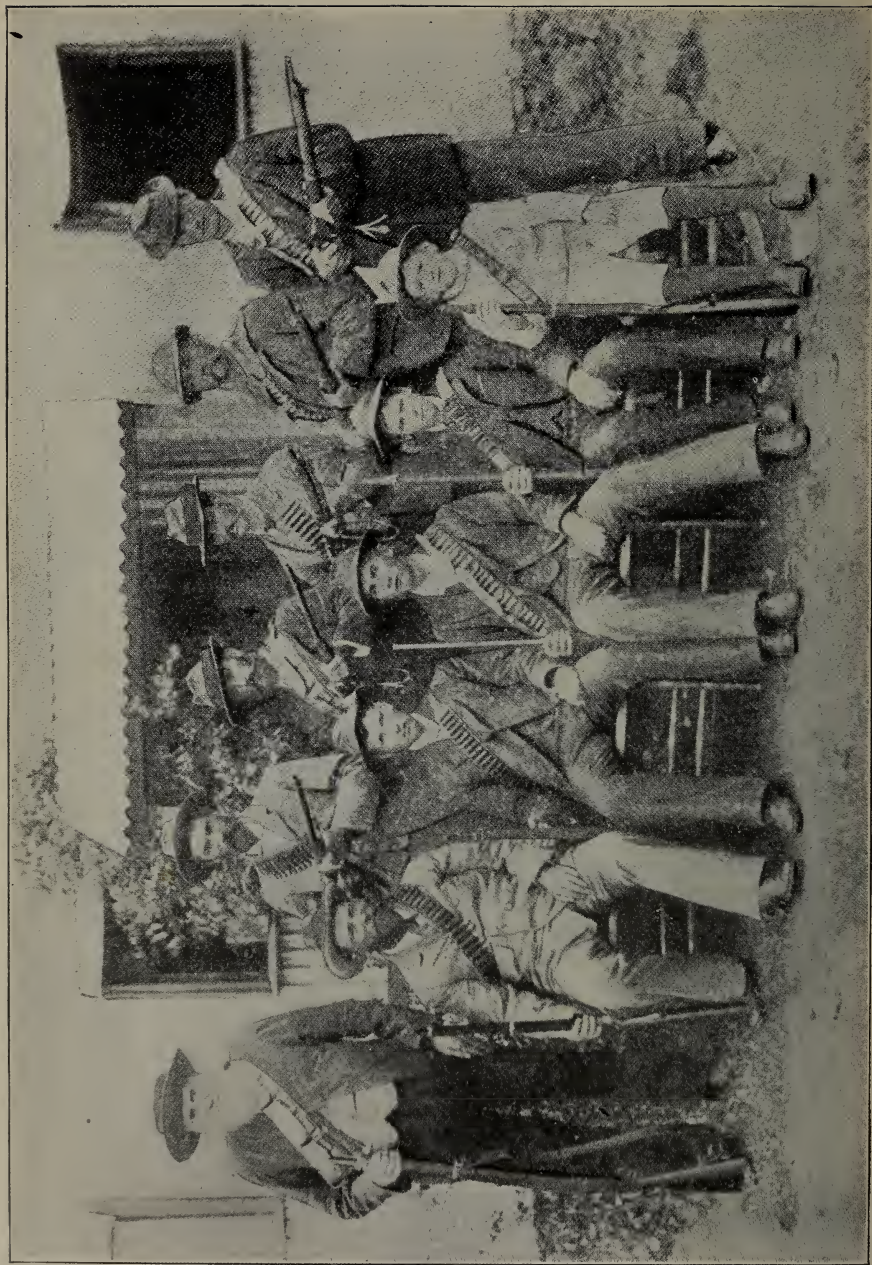
Colonel Rhodes, the brother of Cecil Rhodes, describing the entry into Ladysmith of Lord Dundonald and his men says:

"It is impossible to depict the enthusiasm of the beleaguered garrison. Cheer upon cheer ran from post to post, and staff officers, civilians, and soldiers flocked to greet them. At the ford of the Klip River, women, with children in their arms, tearfully pressed forward to grasp the hands of the gallant band. Sisters and brothers, friends, and relatives met again. It was the most moving scene I have ever witnessed. The contrast between the robust troopers of a dozen battles and the pale, emaciated defenders of Ladysmith was great. The hour for which we had so patiently waited had come at last.

"General White and his staff met the troops in the centre of the town. He was cheered with heartfelt enthusiasm. He addressed the civilians and thanked them and the garrison for their magnificent support through trials which we alone can realize. We could possibly have hung on for six weeks longer, but the privations would have been great, and sickness and the paucity of our ammunition would have limited the number of assaults we would have been able to resist.



Boer Mounted Infantry Reconnoitering.



A Boer and his Ten Sons Equipped for Field Service.

"We originally started the siege with 12,000 troops, 2,000 civilians, and 4,000 natives. Between casualties and sickness 8,000 soldiers passed through the hospital. It is impossible to over-emphasize the privations of the sick. Since the middle of January, a man once down was practically lost. The reduced rations of the soldiers just sufficed for their subsistence. Daily, thirty-odd horses and mules were slaughtered and converted into soup and sausages. From January 15th to now, there have been over 200 deaths from disease alone.

"The last fortnight saw the majority of the field-batteries unhorsed, and the guns permanently posted in our defences. The cavalry and drivers were converted into infantry and sent to the trenches. A line of defences had been constructed with the view to a possible final contingency, if the outer works should be carried by the investment.

"Since the investment the total casualties were: Killed or died of wounds, 24 officers and 235 men; died of disease, 6 officers and 340 men; wounded, 70 officers and 520 men, exclusive of white civilians and natives."

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